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THE HOUSE OF MARTHA.

IX.

WALKIRK'S IDEA.

WALKIRK very soon discovered that I had no intention whatever of giving up the writing of my book, and I quieted the fears of my grandmother, in regard to my health, by assuring her that the sedentary work connected with the production of my volume would not be done by me. Secretaries could be had, and I would get one.

This determination greatly disturbed Walkirk. He did not wish to see me perform a service for myself which it was his business to perform for me, and in which he had failed. I know that he gave the matter the most earnest consideration, and two days after my late secretary and her husband had left me he came into my study, his face shining with a new idea.

"Mr. Vanderley," said he, "to find you an amanuensis who will exactly suit you, and who will be willing to come here into the country to work, is, I think you will admit, a very difficult business; but I do not intend, if I can help it, to be beaten by it. I have thought of a plan which I believe will meet all contingencies, and I have come to propose it to you. You know that institution just outside the village, — the House of Martha?"

I replied that I knew of it.

"Well," he continued, "I did not think of it until a day or two ago, and

I have since been inquiring into its organization and nature. That sisterhood of Martha is composed of women who propose not only to devote themselves to a life of goodness, but to imitate the industrious woman for whom they have named themselves. They work not only in their establishment, but wherever they can find suitable occupation, and all that they earn is devoted to the good of the institution. Some of them act as nurses for the sick, — for pay if people can afford it, for nothing if they cannot. Others have studied medicine, and practice in the same way. They also prepare medicines and dispense them, and do a lot of good things, — if possible, for money and the advantage of the House of Martha. But every woman who joins such an institution cannot expect immediately to find the sort of remunerative work she can best do, and I am informed that there are several women there who at present are unemployed. Now, it is my opinion that among these you could find half a dozen good secretaries."

I laughed aloud. "Those women," said I, "are just the same as nuns. It is ridiculous to suppose that one of them would be allowed to come here as my secretary, even if she wanted to."

"I am not so sure of that," persisted Walkirk; "I do not see why literary, or rather clerical, pursuits should not be as open to them as medicine or nursing."

"You may not see it," said I, "but I fancy that they do."

"It is impossible to be certain on that point," he replied, "until we have proposed the matter to them, and given them the opportunity to consider it."

"If you imagine," I said, "that I have the effrontery to go to that nunnery — for it is no more nor less than that — and ask the Lady Abbess to lend me one of her nuns to write at my dictation, you have very much mistaken me."

Walkirk smiled. "I hardly expected you to do that," said he, "although I must insist that it is not a nunnery, and there is no Lady Abbess. There is a Head Mother, and some sub-mothers, I believe. My idea was that Mrs. Vanderley should drive over there and make inquiries for you. A proposition from an elderly lady of such high position in the community would have a much better effect than if it came from a gentleman."

Walkirk's plan amused me very much, and I told him I would talk to my grandmother about it. When I did so, I was much surprised to find that she received the idea with favor.

"That Mr. Walkirk," she said, "is a man of a good deal of penetration and judgment, and if you could get one of those sisters to come here and write for you I should like it very much; and if the first one did not suit, you could try another without trouble or expense. The fact that you had a good many strings to your bow would give you ease of mind and prevent your getting discouraged. I don't want you to give up the idea of having a secretary."

Then, with some hesitation, my good grandmother confided to me that there was another reason why this idea of employing a sister pleased her. She had been a little afraid that some lady secretary, especially like that very pleasant and exemplary person with the invalid husband, might put the notion into my head that it would be a good thing for me to have a wife to do my writing. Now, of course she expected me to get married some day. That was all right,

but there was no need of my being in any hurry about it; and as to my wife doing my writing, that was not to be counted upon positively. Some wives might not be willing to do it, and others might not do it well; so, as far as that matter was concerned, nothing would be gained. But one of those sisters would never suggest matrimony. They were women apart from all that sort of thing. They had certain work to do in this world, and they did it for the good of the cause in which they were enlisted, without giving any thought to those outside matters which so often occupy the minds of women who have not, in a manner, separated themselves from the world. She would go that very afternoon to the House of Martha and make inquiries.

X.

THE PLAN OF SECLUSION.

My grandmother returned from the House of Martha disappointed and annoyed. Life had always flowed very smoothly for her, and I had rarely seen her in her present mental condition.

"I do not believe," she said, "that that institution will succeed. Those women are too narrow-minded. If they were in a regular stone-walled convent, it would be another thing, but they are only a sisterhood. They are not shut up there; it's their business and part of their religion to go out, and why they should not be willing to come here and do good, as well as anywhere else, I cannot see, for the life of me."

"Then they objected to the proposition?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "they did, and without any reason whatever. I saw their superior, whom they call Mother Anastasia, and from her I learned that there were several women in the establishment who were thoroughly competent to act as secretaries; but when I pro-

posed that one of them should come and write for you, she said that would not do at all. I reasoned the matter with her: that literature was as high a profession as medicine, and as much good could be done with the practice of one as the other; and if the sisters went out to nurse and to cure, they might just as well go out to write for those who cannot write for themselves. To that she answered, it was not the writing she objected to, — that was all well enough, — but it was decidedly outside of the vocation of the order for one of the sisters to spend her mornings with a young gentleman. If he were sick and suffering, and had no one else to attend to him, it would be different. Upon this, I told her that you would be sick if you were obliged to do your own writing, and therefore I could not see the difference.

“But I must admit she was very good-natured and pleasant about it, and she told me that if you chose to come to their visitors’ room and make yourself comfortable there, and dictate, one of the sisters would sit at the table behind the grating and would write for you. I replied^a that I did not believe you would like that, but that I would mention it to you.”

I laughed. “So much for Walkirk’s brilliant idea,” I said. “I fancy myself going every morning to that nunnery to do my work in their cheerless visitors’ room!”

“Cheerless? I should say so!” exclaimed my grandmother, — “bare floors, bare walls, and hard wooden chairs. It is not to be thought of.”

That evening I informed Walkirk of the ill success of my grandmother’s mission, but to my surprise he did not appear to be discouraged.

“I don’t think we need have any trouble at all in managing that affair,” said he. “Why should not you have a grating put up in the doorway between your study and the secretary’s room? Then the sister could go in there, the

other door could be locked, and she would be as much shut off from the world as if she were behind a grating in the House of Martha. I believe, if this plan were proposed to the sisters, it would be agreed to.”

I scouted the idea as utterly absurd; but when, the next morning, I mentioned it to my grandmother, she caught at it eagerly, and no sooner had she finished her breakfast than she ordered her carriage and drove to the House of Martha.

She returned triumphant.

“We had a long discussion,” she said, “but Mother Anastasia finally saw the matter in its proper light. She admitted that if a room could be arranged in this house, in which a sister could be actually secluded, there was no good reason why she should not work there as consistently with their rules as if she were in the House of Martha. Therefore, she agreed, if you concluded to carry out this plan, to send a sister every morning to write for you. So now, if you want a secretary from the House of Martha, you can have one.”

To this I replied that I most positively wanted one; and Walkirk was immediately instructed to have a suitable grating made for the doorway between my study and the secretary’s room.

Nearly a week was required for the execution of this work, and during this time I took a rest from literary composition and visited some friends, leaving all the arrangements for my new secretary in the hands of my grandmother and Walkirk. When I returned, the iron grating was in its place. It was a neat and artistic piece of work, but I did not like it. I object decidedly to anything which suggests restraint. The whole affair of the secretary was indeed very different from what I would have had it, but I had discovered that even in our advanced era of civilization one cannot always have everything he wants, albeit he be perfectly able and willing to pay for it.

XI.

MY NUN.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the appointed day my new secretary came, accompanied by one of those sisters called by Walkirk sub-mothers.

My grandmother received the two, and conducted them to the secretary's room. I was sitting in my study, but no attention was paid to me. The sub-mother advanced to the grating, and, having examined it, appeared satisfied to find that it was securely fastened in the doorway. The nun, as I called her, although Walkirk assured me the term was incorrect, stood with her back toward me, and, after saying a few words in a low tone to her companion, took her seat at the table. She wore a large gray bonnet, the sides and top of which extended far beyond her face, a light gray shawl, and a gray gown. She sat facing the window, with her left side turned toward me, and from no point of my study could I get a glimpse of her features.

The sub-mother looked out of the window, which opened upon little more than the once husband-sheltering apple-tree, and then, after a general glance around the room, she looked at me, and for the first time addressed me.

"I will come for the sister at twelve o'clock," she said, and with that she followed my grandmother out of the room, and locked the door behind her.

I stood and looked through the grating at my new secretary. I am not generally a diffident man, and have never been so with persons in my employment; but now, I must admit, I did not feel at my ease. The nun sat perfectly motionless; her hands were folded in her gray lap, and her gray bonnet was slightly bowed, so that I did not know whether she was gazing down at the table or out of the window.

She was evidently ready for work, but I was not. I did not know exactly how to begin with such a secretary. With the others I had been outspoken from the first; I had told them what I wanted and what I did not want, and they had been ready enough to listen and ready enough to answer. But to this silent, motionless gray figure I did not feel that I could be outspoken. No words suggested themselves as being appropriate to speak out. If I could see her face but for a moment, and discover whether she were old or young, cross-looking or gentle, I might know what to say to her. My impulse was to tell her there was a hook on which she could hang her bonnet and shawl, but as I did not know whether or not these sisters ever took off their bonnets and shawls, I did not feel at liberty to make this suggestion.

But it would not do to continue there, looking at her. She might be a very shy person, and if I appeared shy it would probably make her all the shyer; so I spoke.

"You will find paper," I said, "in the drawer of your table, and there are pens, of different sorts, in that tray." She opened the drawer, took out some paper, and selected a pen, all without turning her head toward me. Having broken the ice, I now felt impelled to deliver a short lecture on my requirements; but how could I say what I required without knowing what manner of person it was of whom I required it? I therefore postponed the lecture, and determined to begin work without further delay, as probably that would be the best way to put us both at our ease. But it had been more than two weeks since I had done any work, and I could not remember what it was that I had been dictating, or endeavoring to dictate, to the lady with the malarial husband. I therefore thought it well to begin at a fresh point, and to leave the gap to be filled up afterward. I felt quite sure, when last at work, I had been treating

of the south of France, and had certainly not reached Marseilles. I therefore decided to take a header for Marseilles, and into Marseilles I plunged.

As soon as I began to speak the nun began to write, and having at last got her at work I felt anxious to keep her at it, and went steadily on through the lively seaport; touching upon one point after another as fast as I thought of them, and without regard to their proper sequence. But although I sometimes skipped from one end of the city to the other, and from history to street scenes, I dictated steadily, and the nun wrote steadily. She worked rapidly, and apparently heard and understood every word I said, for she asked no questions and did not hesitate. I am sure I never before dictated so continuously. I had been in the habit of stopping a good deal to think, not only about my work, but about other things, but now I did not wish to stop.

This amanuensis was very different from any other I had had. The others worked to make money for themselves, or to please me, or because they liked it. This one worked from principle. The money which I paid for her labor did not become her money. It was paid to the House of Martha. She sat there and wrote to promote the principles upon which the House of Martha were founded. In fact, so far as I was concerned, she was nothing more than a principle.

Now, to interfere with the working of a principle is not the right thing to do, and therefore I felt impelled to keep on dictating, which I did until the hall door of the secretary's room was unlocked and the sub-mother walked in. She came forward and said a few words to the nun, who stopped writing and wiped her pen. The other then turned to me, and in a low voice asked if the work of the sister was satisfactory. I advanced to the grating, and answered that I was perfectly satisfied, and was

about to make some remarks, which I hoped would lead to a conversation, when the sub-mother — whose name I subsequently learned was Sister Sarah — made a little bow, and, saying if that were the case they would return at nine the next morning, left the room in company with the nun. The latter, when she arose from the table, turned her back to me, and went out without giving me the slightest opportunity of looking into her cavernous bonnet. This she did, I must admit, in the most natural way possible, which was probably the result of training, and gave one no idea of rudeness or incivility.

When they were gone I was piqued, almost angry with myself. I had intended stopping work a little before noon, in order to talk to that nun, even if she did not answer or look at me. She should discover that if she was a principle, I was, at least, an entity. I did not know exactly what I should say to her, but it would be something one human being would be likely to say to another human being who was working for him. If from the first I put myself on the proper level, she might in time get there. But although I had lost my present chance, she was coming again the next day.

I entered the secretary's room by the hall door, and looked at the manuscript which had been left on the table. It was written in an excellent hand, not too large, very legible, and correctly punctuated. Everything had been done properly, except that after the first three pages she had forgotten to number the leaves at the top; but as every sheet was placed in its proper order, this was an omission which could be easily rectified. I was very glad she had made it, for it would give me something to speak to her about.

At luncheon my grandmother asked me how I liked the new secretary, and added that if she did not suit me I could try another next day. I answered that

so far she suited me, and that I had not the least wish at present to try another. I think my grandmother was about to say something regarding this sister, but I instantly begged her not to do so. I wished to judge her entirely on her merits, I said, and would rather not hear anything about her until I had come to a decision as to her abilities. I did not add that I felt such an interest in the anticipated discovery of the personality of this secretary that I did not wish that discovery interfered with.

In the evening Walkirk inquired about the sister-amanuensis, but I merely answered that so far she had done very well, and dropped the subject. In my own mind I did not drop the subject until I fell asleep that night. I found myself from time to time wondering what sort of a woman was that nun. Was she an elderly, sharp-faced creature; was she a vapid, fat-faced creature, or a young and pleasing creature? And when I had asked myself these questions, I snubbed myself for taking the trouble to think about the matter, and then I began wondering again.

But upon one point I firmly made up my mind: the relationship between my secretary and myself should not continue to be that of an entity dictating to a principle.

XII.

EZA.

The next day, when the nun and Sister Sarah entered the secretary's room, I advanced to the grating and bade them good-morning. They both bowed, and the nun took her seat at the table. Sister Sarah then turned to me and asked if I had a gold pen, adding that the sister was accustomed to writing with one. I answered that I had all kinds of pens, and if the sister wanted a gold one it was only necessary to ask me for it. I brought several gold pens, and

handed them through the grating to the sub-mother, who gave them to the secretary, and then took her leave, locking the door behind her. My nun took one of the pens, tried it, arranged the paper, and sat ready to write. I stood by the grating, hoping to converse a little, if it should be possible.

"Is there anything else you would like?" I said. "If there is, you know you must mention it."

She gently shook her head. The idea now occurred to me that perhaps my nun was dumb; but I almost instantly thought that this could not be, for dumb people were almost always deaf, and she could hear well enough. Then it struck me that she might be a Trappist nun, and bound by a vow of silence; but I reflected that she was not really a nun, and consequently could not be a Trappist.

Having been unsuccessful in my first attempt to make her speak, and having now stood silent for some moments, I felt it might be unwise to make another trial just then, for my object would be too plain. I therefore sat down and began dictating.

I did not work as easily as I had done on the preceding morning, for I intended, if possible, to make my nun look at me, or speak, before the hour of noon, and thinking of this intention prevented me from keeping my mind upon my work. From time to time I made remarks in regard to the temperature of the room, the quality of the paper, or something of the kind. To these she did not answer at all, or slightly nodded, or shook her head in a deprecatory manner, as if they were matters not worth considering.

Then I suddenly remembered the omission of the paging, and spoke of that. In answer she took up the manuscript she had written and paged every sheet. After this my progress was halting and uneven. Involuntarily my mind kept on devising plans for making that

woman speak or turn her face toward me. If she would do the latter, I would be satisfied; and even if she proved to be an unveiled prophetess of Khorassan, there would be no further occasion for conjectures and wonderings, and I could go on with my work in peace. But it made me nervous to remain silent, and see that nun sitting there, pen in hand, but motionless as a post, and waiting for me to give her the signal to continue the exercise of the principle to which her existence was now devoted.

I went on with my dictation. I had left Marseilles, had touched slightly upon Nice, and was now traveling by carriage on the Cornice Road to Mentone. "It was on this road," I dictated, "that an odd incident occurred to me. We were nearly opposite the old robber village of" — and then I hesitated and stopped. I could not remember the name of the village. I walked up and down my study, rubbing my forehead, but the name would not recur to me. I was just thinking that I would have to go to the library and look up the name of the village, when from out of the depths of the nun's bonnet there came a voice, low but distinct, and, I thought, a little impatient, and it said, "Eza."

"Eza! of course!" I exclaimed, — "certainly it is Eza! How could I have forgotten it? I am very much obliged to you for reminding me of the name of that village. Perhaps you have been there?"

In answer to this question I received the least little bit of a nod, and the nun's pen began gently to paw the paper, as if it wanted to go on.

I was now really excited. She had spoken. Why should I not do something which should make her turn her face toward me, — something which would take her off her guard, as my forgetfulness had just done? But no idea came to my aid, and I felt obliged to begin to dictate the details of the odd incident, when suddenly the door opened,

Sister Sarah walked in, and the morning's work was over.

I had not done much, but I had made that nun speak. She said "Eza." That was a beginning, and I felt confident that I should get on very well in time. I was a little sorry that my secretary had been on the Cornice Road. I fancied that she might have been one of those elderly single women who become Baedeker tourists, and, having tired of this sort of thing, had concluded to devote her life to the work of the House of Martha. But this was mere idle conjecture. She had spoken, and I should not indulge in pessimism.

I prepared a very good remark with which to greet the sub-mother on the next morning, and, although addressing Sister Sarah, I would be in reality speaking to my nun. I would say how well I was getting on. I had thought of saying *we* were getting on, but reflected afterward that this would never do; I was sure that the House of Martha would not allow, under any circumstances, that sister and myself to constitute a *we*. Then I would refer to the help my secretary had been to me, and endeavor to express the satisfaction which an author must always feel for a suggestion of this kind, or any other, from one qualified to make them. If there was any gratitude or vanity in my nun's heart, I felt I could stir it up, if Sister Sarah would listen to me long enough; and if gratitude, or even vanity, could be stirred, the rigidity of my nun would be impaired, and she might find herself off her guard.

But I had no opportunity of making my remark. At nine o'clock the door of the secretary's room opened, the nun entered, and the door was then closed and locked. Sister Sarah must have been in a hurry that morning. Just as well as not I might have made my remark directly to my nun, but I did not. She walked quickly to the table, arranged her paper, opened her inkstand,

and sat down. I fancied that I saw a wavy wriggle of impatience in her shawl. Perhaps she wanted to know the rest of that odd incident near Eza. It may have been that it was impatient interest which had impaired her rigidity the day before.

I went on with the odd incident, and made a very good thing of it. Even when on well-worn routes of travel, I tried to confine myself to out-of-the-way experiences. Walkirk had been very much interested in this affair when I had told it to him, and there was no reason why this nun should not also be interested, especially as she had seen Eza.

I finished the narrative, and began another, a rather exciting one, connected with the breaking of a carriage wheel and an exile from Monte Carlo; but never once did curiosity or any other emotion impair the rigidity of that nun. She wrote almost as fast as I could dictate, and when I stopped I know she was filled with nervous desire to know what was coming next, — at least I fancied that her shawl indicated such nervousness; but hesitate as I might, or say what I might, — and I did say a good many things which almost demanded a remark or answer, — not one word came from her during the whole morning, nor did she ever turn the front of her bonnet toward me.

XIII.

MY FRIEND VESPA.

I was very much disgusted at the present state of affairs. Three days had elapsed, and I did not know what sort of a human being my secretary was. I might as well dictate into a speaking-tube. A phonograph would be better; for although it might seem ridiculous to sit in my room and talk aloud to no one, what was I doing now? That nun was the same as no one.

The next day was Sunday, and there would be no work, and no chance to solve the problem, which had become an actual annoyance to me; but I did not intend that this problem should continue to annoy me and interfere with my work. I am open and aboveboard myself, and if my secretary did not choose to be open and aboveboard, and behave like an ordinary human being, she should depart, and I would tell Walkirk to get me an ordinary human being, capable of writing from dictation, or depart himself. If he could not provide me with a suitable secretary, he was not the efficient man of business that he claimed to be. As to the absurdity of dictating to a mystery in a barrow bonnet, I would have no more of it.

I do not consider myself an ill-tempered person, and my grandmother asserts that I have a very good temper indeed; but I must admit that on Monday morning I felt a little cross, and when Sister Sarah and the nun entered my antechamber I bade them a very cold good-morning, and allowed the former to go without attempting any conversation whatever. The nun having arrived, I would not send her away; but when the sub-mother came at noon, I intended to inform her that I did not any longer desire the services of the writing sister, and if she wished to know why I should tell her plainly. I would not say that I would as soon dictate to an inanimate tree-stump, but I would express that idea in as courteous terms as possible.

For fifteen minutes I let the nun sit and wait. If her principles forbade idleness, I was glad to have a crack at her principles. Then I began to dictate steadily and severely. I found that the dismissal from my mind of all conjectures regarding the personality of my secretary was of great service to me, and I was able to compose much faster than she could write.

It was about half past ten, I think, and the morning was warm and pleasant,

when there gently sailed into the secretary's room, through the open window, a wasp. I saw him come in, and I do not think I ever beheld a more agreeable or benignant insect. His large eyes were filled with the light of a fatherly graciousness. His semi-detached body seemed to quiver with a helpful impulse, and his long hind legs hung down beneath him as though they were outstretched to assist, befriend, or succor. With wings waving blessings and a buzz of cheery greeting, he sailed around the room, now dipping here, now there, and then circling higher, tapping the ceiling with his genial back.

The moment the nun saw the wasp, a most decided thrill ran down the back of her shawl. Then it pervaded her bonnet, and finally the whole of her. As the beneficent insect sailed down near the table, she abruptly sprang to her feet and pushed back her chair. I advanced to the grating, but what could I do? Seeing me there, and doubtless with the desire immediately to assure me of his kindly intentions, my friend Vespa made a swoop directly at the front of the nun's bonnet.

With an undisguised ejaculation, and beating wildly at the insect with her hands, the nun bounded to one side and turned her face full upon me. I stood astounded. I forgot the wasp.

I totally lost sight of the fact that a young woman was in danger of being badly stung. I thought of nothing but that she was a young woman, and a most astonishingly pretty one besides.

The state of terror she was in opened wide her lovely blue eyes, half crimsoned her clear white skin, and threw her rosy lips and sparkling teeth into the most enchanting combinations.

"Make it go away!" she cried, throwing up one arm, and thereby pushing back her gray bonnet, and exhibiting some of the gloss of her light brown hair. "Can't you kill it?"

Most gladly would I have rushed in,

and shed with my own hands the blood of my friend Vespa, for the sake of this most charming young woman, suddenly transformed from a barrow-bonneted principle. But I was powerless. I could not break through the grating; the other door of the secretary's room was locked.

"Don't strike at it," I said; "remain as motionless as you can, then perhaps it will fly away. Striking at a wasp only enrages it."

"I can't stay quiet," she cried; "nobody could!" and she sprang behind the table, making at the same time another slap at the buzzing insect.

"You will surely be stung," I said, "if you act in that way. If you will slap at the wasp, don't use your hand; take something with which you can kill it."

"What can I take?" she exclaimed, now running round the table, and stopping close to the grating. "Give me something."

I hurriedly glanced around my study. I saw nothing that would answer for a weapon but a whisk broom, which I seized, and endeavored to thrust through the meshes of the grating.

"Oh!" she cried, as the wasp made a desperate dive close to her face, "give me that, quick!" and she stretched out her hand to me.

"I cannot," I replied; "I can't push it through. It won't go through. Take your bonnet."

At this, my nun seized her bonnet by a sort of floating hood which hung around the bottom of it and jerked it from her head, bringing with it certain flaps and ligatures and combs, which, being thus roughly removed, allowed a mass of wavy hair to fall about her shoulders.

Waving her bonnet in her hand, like a slung-shot, she sprang back and waited for the wasp. When the buzzing creature came near enough, she made a desperate crack at him, missing him; she struck again and again, now high, now

low ; she dashed from side to side of the room, and with one of her mad sweeps she scattered a dozen pages of manuscript upon the floor.

The view of this combat was enrapturing to me ; the face of my nun, now lighted by a passionate determination to kill that wasp, was a delight to my eyes. If I could have assured myself that the wasp would not sting her, I would have helped him to prolong the battle indefinitely. But my nun was animated by very different emotions. She was bound to be avenged upon the wasp, and avenged she was. Almost springing into the air, she made a grand stroke at him, as he receded from her, hit him, and dashed him against the wall. He fell to the floor, momentarily disabled, but flapping and buzzing. Then down she stooped, and with three great whacks with her bonnet she finished the battle. The wasp lay motionless.

"Now," she said, throwing her bonnet upon the table, "I will close that window ;" and she walked across the room, her blue eyes sparkling, her face glowing from her violent exercise, and her rich brown hair hanging in long waves upon her shoulders.

"Don't do that," I said ; "it will make your room too warm. There is a netting screen in the corner there. If you put that under the sash, it will keep out all insects. I wish I could do it for you."

She took the frame and fitted it under the sash.

"I am sorry I did not know that before," she said, as she returned to her table ; "this is a very bad piece of business."

I begged her to excuse me for not having informed her of the screen, but I did not say that I was sorry for what had occurred. I merely expressed my gratification that she had not been stung. Her chair had been pushed away from the table, its back against the wall, opposite to me. She seated herself upon it,

gently panting. She looked from side to side at the sheets of manuscript scattered upon the floor.

"I will pick them up presently and go to work, but I must rest a minute." She did not now seem to consider that it was of the slightest consequence whether I saw her face or not.

"Never mind the papers," I said ; "leave them there ; they can be picked up any time."

"I wish that were the worst of it ;" and as she spoke she raised her eyes toward me, and the least little bit of a smile came upon her lips, as if, though troubled, she could not help feeling the comical absurdity of the situation.

"It is simply dreadful," she continued. "I don't believe such a thing ever before happened to a sister."

"There is nothing dreadful about it," said I ; "and do you mean to say that the sisters of the House of Martha, who go out to nurse, and do all sorts of good deeds, never speak to the people they are befriending, nor allow them to look upon their faces ?"

"Of course," said she, "you have to talk to sick people ; otherwise how could you know what they need ? But this is a different case ;" and she began to gather up her hair and twist it at the back of her head.

"I do not understand," I remarked ; "why is it a different case ?"

"It is as different as it can be," said she, picking up her comb from the floor and thrusting it through her hastily twisted knot of hair. "I should not have come here at all if your grandmother had not positively asserted that there would be nothing for me to do but to listen and to write. And Mother Anastasia and Sister Sarah both of them especially instructed me that I was not to speak to you nor to look at you, but simply to sit at the table and work for the good of the cause. That was all I had to do ; and I am sure I obeyed just as strictly as anybody could, except once,

when you forgot the name of Eza, and I was so anxious to have you go on with the incident that I could not help mentioning it. And now, I am sure I don't know what I ought to do."

"Do?" I asked. "There is nothing to do except to begin writing where you left off. The wasp is dead."

"I wish it had never been born," she said. "I have no doubt that the whole affair should come to an end now, and that I ought to go home; but I can't do that until Sister Sarah comes to unlock the door, and so I suppose we had better go to work."

"We"! I would not have dared to use that word, but it fell from her lips in the easiest and most conventional manner possible. It was delightful to hear it. I never knew before what a pleasant sound the word had. She now set herself to work to gather up the papers from the floor, and, having arranged them in their proper order, she took up her bonnet.

"Do you have to wear that?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered, clapping it on and pulling it well forward.

"I should think it would be very hot and uncomfortable," I remarked.

"It is," she admitted curtly; and, seating herself at the table, she took up her pen.

I now perceived that if I knew what was good for myself I would cease from speaking on ordinary topics, and go on with my dictation. This I did, giving out my sentences as rapidly as possible, although I must admit I took no interest whatever in what I was saying, nor do I believe that my secretary was interested in the subject-matter of my work. She wrote rapidly, and, as well as I could judge, appeared excited and annoyed. I was excited also, but not in the least disturbed. My emotions were of a highly pleasing character. We worked steadily for some twenty minutes, when suddenly she stopped and laid down her pen.

"Of course it is n't right to speak," she said, turning in her chair and speaking to me face to face, as one human being to another, "but as I have said so much already, I don't suppose a little more will make matters worse, and I must ask somebody's help in making up my mind what I ought to do. I suspect I have made all sorts of mistakes in this writing, but I could not keep my thoughts on my work. I have been trying my best to decide how I ought to act, but I cannot make up my mind."

"I shall be delighted to help you, if I can," I ventured. "What's the point that you cannot decide?"

"It is just this," she replied, fixing her blue eyes upon me with earnest frankness: "am I to tell the sisters what has happened or not? If I tell them, I know exactly what will be the result: I shall come here no more, and I shall have to take Sister Hannah's place at the Measles Refuge. There's nothing in this world that I hate like measles. I've had them, but that does n't make the slightest difference. Sister Hannah has asked to be relieved, and I know she wants this place dreadfully."

"She cannot come here!" I exclaimed. "I don't believe I ever had the measles, and I will not have them."

"She is a stenographer," said she, "and she will most certainly be ordered to take my place if I make known what I have done to-day."

"Supposing you were sure that you were not obliged to go to the Measles Refuge," I asked, "should you still regret giving up this position?"

"Of course I should," she answered promptly. "I must work at something, or I cannot stay in the House of Martha; and there is no work which I like so well as this. It interests me extremely."

"Now hear me," said I, speaking perhaps a little too earnestly, "and I do not believe any one could give you better advice than I am going to give

you. What has occurred this morning was strictly and absolutely an accident. A wasp came in at the window and tried to sting you; and there is no woman in the world, be she a sister or not, who could sit still and let a wasp sting her."

"No," she interrupted, "I don't believe Mother Anastasia could do it."

"And what followed," I continued, "was perfectly natural, and could not possibly be helped. You were obliged to defend yourself, and in so doing you were obliged to act just as any other woman would act. Nothing else would have been possible, and the talking and all that came in with the rest. You could n't help it."

"That's the way the matter appeared to me," said she; "but the question would arise, if it were all right, why should I hesitate to tell the sisters?"

"Hesitate!" I exclaimed. "You should not even think of such a thing. No matter what the sisters really thought about it, I am sure they would not let you come here any more, and you would be sent to the measles institution, and thus actually be punished for the attempted wickedness of a wasp."

"But there is the other side of the matter," said she; "would it not be wicked in me not to tell them?"

"Not at all," I replied. "You do not repeat to the sisters all that I tell you to write?"

"Of course not," she interrupted.

"And you do not consider it your duty," I continued, "to relate every detail of the business in which you are employed?"

"No," she said. "They ask me some things, and some things I have mentioned to them, such as not having a gold pen."

"Very good," said I. "You should consider that defending yourself against wasps is just as much your business here as anything else. If you are stung, it is plain you can't write, and the interests

of your employer and of the House of Martha must suffer."

"Yes," she assented, still with the steady gaze of her blue eyes.

"Now your duty is clear," I went on. "If the sisters ask you if a wasp flew into your room and tried to sting you, and you had to jump around and kill it, and speak, before you could go on with your work, why, of course you must tell them; but if they don't ask you, don't tell them. It may seem ridiculous to you," I continued hurriedly, "to suppose that they would ask such a question, but I put it in this way to show you the principle of the thing."

She withdrew her eyes from my face, and fixed them upon the floor.

"The truth of the matter is," she said presently, "that I haven't done anything wrong; at least I did n't intend to. I might have crouched down in the corner, with my face to the wall, and have covered my head and hands with my shawl, but I should have been obliged to stay there until Sister Sarah came, and I should have been smothered to death; and besides, I did n't think of it; so what I did do was the only thing I could do, and I do not think I ought to be punished for it."

"Now it is settled," I said. "Your duty is to work here for the benefit of your sisterhood, and you should not allow a wasp or any insect to interfere with it."

She looked at me, and smiled a little abstractedly. Then she turned to the table.

"I will go on with my work," she said, "and I will not say anything to the sisters until I have given the matter most earnest and careful consideration. I can do that a great deal better at home than I can here."

It was very well that she stopped talking and applied herself to her work, for I do not believe it was ten minutes afterward when Sister Sarah unlocked the door, and came in to take her away.

Frank R. Stockton.

ON THE TRANSLATION OF FAUST.

"THE translator," says Goethe, "is a person who introduces you to a veiled beauty; he makes you long for the loveliness behind the veil." In *Faust* this beauty is the cloud vision of the fourth act in the Second Part: —

"A form gigantic, truly, like a god divine,
I see it now, as Juno, Leda, Helena,
Majestical and lovely, float before the eye."

The poet will "sweep with his thought through all the universe, and bring it all down to a point of light, a burning point, that shall mirror for us the great Whole of life." "When the true poetic genius is born," Goethe says elsewhere, "he will set the moods of the inner life before us as the Universal, the World-life." "The Individual will represent the Universal, not as a dream and shadow, but as a living and visible revelation of the Inscrutable."

This is the majestic figure which the poet brings before us, and which the translator has to show us, through such more or less transparent medium as he can command.

In the notes to his *West-Eastern Divan*, Goethe sets forth this whole subject of translation and its uses. He there says: "Translation is of three kinds: First, the prosaic prose translation, which is useful as enriching the language of the translator with new ideas, but gives up all poetic art, and reduces even the poetic enthusiasm to one level watery plain. Secondly, the re-creation of the poem as a new poem, rejecting or altering all that seems foreign to the translator's nationality, producing a paraphrase which might, in the primal sense of the word, be called a parody. And, thirdly," a form which he would call "the highest and last, where one strives to make the translation identical with the original; so that one is not instead of the other, but in

the place of the other. This sort of translation," he says, "approaches the interlinear version, and makes the understanding of the original a much easier task; thus we are led into the original, — yes, even driven in; and herein the great merit of this kind of translation lies."

The translator of great poetry, poetry as distinguished from even the most splendid rhetorical verse, must be content with this function of introducer and guide. Poetry of this finer kind is so alive with the breath of the poet's life, one can no more take it to pieces and entirely reconstruct it than he can dissect and revivify any other living organism.

"He then has all the parts in hand;
Alas! he only lacks the spirit's band,"

as Mephistopheles tells the Student.

We have in the current translations of *Faust* representatives of the first and second kinds of translation, but not of the third kind, spoken of by Goethe as the "highest," the reproduction of both word and style, with the movements of the original verse. This has not been attempted in any of the yet known versions, though Mr. Charles T. Brooks, the first to translate *Faust* in the metres of the original, made a long step in this direction, for he strove to reproduce the form of the verse. It is true, as Goethe remarked to Eckermann, that "the mysterious influence of poetic form is very great. If the import of my Roman elegies were put into the measure and style of Byron's *Don Juan*, it would scarcely be endured." But, aiming wholly at form, Mr. Brooks overlooked the greater importance of the style within the form, and in this case the style is peculiarly the man. "Indeed," Eckermann elsewhere reports Goethe as saying, — "indeed, the style of a writer is almost

always the faithful representative of his mind: therefore, if any one wishes to write a clear style, let him begin by making his thoughts clear; and if any would write a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul." Mr. Brooks, with all his fine qualities as a pioneer, gave us a style full of Latinization, in the attempt to reproduce the feminine rhyme wherever Goethe had used it in the loose iambic recitative of the original. But Goethe, speaking of his use of rhyme in recitative, has elsewhere said, "I have neither sought the rhyme nor avoided it in the recitative." In the recitative portions of the First Part of Faust, the principal aim is simplicity, the directness of colloquial speech; the rhyme is of secondary importance, and used, or even at times omitted, with entire freedom.

Mr. Taylor announces his intention of striving to reproduce the original; that is, after the third manner mentioned by Goethe, though he does not allude to Goethe's words on the subject. But he follows closely after Mr. Brooks, and even extends his Latinization and inversion, and strives here and there to improve the simple diction of his great original; as, for instance, he gives us with round mouth,

"The joy which touched the verge of pain,"
for Goethe's simple

"Das tiefe schmerzenvolle Glueck,"

though this is one of the least marked variations in this direction, — a straw which shows the way of the wind. He dissents, too, from Goethe's view of the office of a translator, and recalls certain very clever renderings of English verse into German, apparently as sustaining the contrary opinion.

The splendid success of Coleridge in rendering Schiller might also be cited in support of Taylor's position; the English poet has distinctly improved Schiller's poem, or rather he has given us a better one. But that is just the difference between the verse of a splendid

rhetorical verse-maker, like Schiller, and the inimitable poetry of a world-poet of the very first rank, — that rank whose numbers we may yet count on the fingers of a single hand.

An instance, a fine one, too, of the second kind of translation is given by Shelley in his translations of detached portions of Faust. But when our greatest purely lyrical master tries to take to pieces and reproduce the magnificent lyrical outburst with which the drama of Faust opens, he gives us an interesting English poem, with several fine Shelleyan touches. He has not tried, he says in the footnote appended to what he there styles "this astonishing chorus," "to represent in another language the melody of the versification; and even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*."

It does not seem to have occurred to Shelley that "the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas" are indissolubly connected with this same "melody of the versification" from which he tries to divorce them, and that therefore he finds as a result a *caput mortuum*.

But one can no more divorce the music from the meaning of the words of Goethe's Faust than one can subject the operas of Wagner to the same process with any result worth considering. Wagner, with his elaborated theory of the marriage of music and meaning, has been hailed as a new Avatar in the world of art. He is so in the world of operatic art, undoubtedly; but his theory of a musical atmosphere, enveloping and suggesting the characters, was — though this fact appears not to have been before insisted on — worked out in practice by Goethe in his Faust, that drama of human life: the conflict of Celestial Love and Demoniac Selfishness; the wish to give one's self as opposed to the desire to get. The musical motives assigned to the characters of Tannhäuser,

Venus, and Elizabeth have their counterparts in the verse movements which surround and envelop as with an atmosphere, a singing-robe, the characters of their direct predecessors, Faust, Mephistopheles, and Margaret. Whenever Mephistopheles speaks, we seem to hear the clatter of those tambourines and triangles with which the entrance of the Venus motive is always announced; and the Celestial Love movement steals, like the influence of moonlight, over the scene, the moment its reflection shines upon us from the Witch's mirror.

The analogy is close, but it has in it this very important element of dissimilarity. In Goethe's verse we enter a region where meaning and music and this exquisite moonlight of the imagination are one, and spring spontaneously from the poetic nature. In Wagner we have the more or less mechanical elaboration of a theory of stage representation. With this important distinction, the analogy is marked, though it seems generally to have escaped attention. Both Mr. Taylor and his forerunner, Mr. Brooks,—to whom he owes an unacknowledged debt,—insist on the importance of preserving the metres of the original. Mr. Taylor has even called attention to the change of musical atmosphere with the entrance of Margaret upon the scene, and observes in his note that "Goethe was not only keenly sensitive to the operation of atmospheric influences upon the mind, but he also believed in the existence of a spiritual *aura*, through which impressions, independent of the external senses, might be communicated."

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brooks seem, however, to have been led somewhat astray by their notion that this atmosphere was the result of Goethe's constant use of the feminine rhyme, whereas the distinguishing feature of Goethe's verse is the entire absence of any of the Latinized and inverted phrases common to ordinary literature, and the absolute

directness and simplicity of his Teutonic speech. The verse sings in all keys, but the characters speak as directly and simply as if they had never heard of a book.

Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, was confessedly Goethe's model. He writes to Schiller that their "ballad studies" had carried him back along this path; and throughout the poem the end and aim of his style is *simplicity*. "The True, the Good, and the Excellent are always simple," he writes in his Sayings; "Error is elaborate." From beginning to end of this great poem of 12,110 lines of nearly every known metre, we have hardly one Latinized word, and not a single poetical trope or purely literary expression. This being so, it is clear that Faust cannot be adequately represented by the constant use of Latinized words and literary phrases. Sir Theodore Martin seems to be the only translator of Faust who has kept this aim of Goethe's always in view; but he undertakes to make a new English poem, and follows Shelley in altering at will the melody of the versification, and loses at once the spiritual aura and all the impressions which the poet strives to or does convey by the music which is the accompaniment and illumination of the words.

Faust must remain, after all, the enchanted palace; and the bodies and the bones of those who, in other days, strove to pierce its encircling hedge lie scattered thickly about it. But if the translator will keep both of these distinct aims of Goethe constantly in view, simplicity and directness of speech, and the musical suggestiveness of the versification; in short, if he will follow Goethe's "third" method of translation, he will, at least, show us the hidden beauty through a more diaphanous veil than has yet been held before her. He will not fall into the error of striving to reproduce her counterfeit presentment upon an opaque canvas, a process which

has sometimes resulted in an image bearing a close family resemblance to the sailcloth advertisement of the Circassian beauty. We are not tempted by the painted copy to pay the price of admission to the show within.

Let us see what results have been attained by the translators who, neglecting the advice of this great master, have pursued what he calls the "first" and "second" methods, — the "watery plain," or the soaring attempt to rewrite the poem. There are two lines in *Faust* which, for pathos and this subtle quality of suggestiveness, are hardly equaled by even that musical heart-break of Ophelia's, "No more, but — so" — They also illustrate so well what has been attempted and done by the different translators that we recall a few specimens of the different renderings of them.

Margaret says to *Faust*, in answer to his remark that simplicity and innocence never recognize their own holy worth: —

"Denkt ihr an mich ein Augenblickchen nur,
Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben."

That is: —

You think of *me* a little moment only;
I shall have time *enough* to think of you."

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Brooks, both intent on placing the feminine rhyme just where it occurs in the loose iambic of the German, give us: —

"So you but think a moment's space on me,
All times I have to think on you, all places."
(Taylor.)

"One little moment only think of me,
I shall to think of you have ample time and leisure."
(Brooks.)

Professor Blackie, Miss Swanwick, and Sir Theodore Martin rewrite the poem in different movement, and give us for these lines: —

"Do thou bestow a moment's thought on me,
I shall have time enough to think on thee."
(Blackie.)

"Only one little moment think of me!
To think of you I shall have many an hour."
(Swanwick.)

"A little moment only think of me;
I shall have time enough to think of you."
(Martin.)

Mr. Hayward, in his translation of *Faust*, has given us an example of the "first" method mentioned by Goethe. He has certainly reduced it to a "watery plain," but, as Goethe also suggests, the method has its own peculiar advantages, though Hayward goes far to lose them in his often entire neglect of the simplicity of the German style. He gives us for these two lines, "Only think of me one little minute; I shall have time enough to think of you." And here we have Mr. Hayward at his very best, because he has closely translated the simple words of that simple maiden, who never uses anything approaching a literary phrase. She speaks constantly in those homely Teutonic words which we all use when, under deep stress of feeling, we speak directly from the heart. No one will disagree with Mr. Hayward's statement that *Faust* "deserves to be translated as literally as the genius of our language will admit; with an almost exclusive reference to the strict meaning of the words, and a comparative disregard of the beauties which are commonly thought peculiar to poetry should they prove irreconcilable with the sense." But to disregard the style is to alter one half the sense. Take a line in the very next speech of Margaret, referring to her mother's household economies: —

"Nicht das sie just so sehr sich einzuschränken hat."

As Margaret, perhaps, in her homely phrase might have said: —

Not that she has to keep herself just so cramped down.

Mr. Hayward makes her say here, as a Yankee "school-marm" might, "Not that she has such pressing occasion to restrict herself," and the whole character of Margaret has evaporated and slipped from our grasp. The simple, lovable woman disappears in the learned preceptress. This illustrates the impor-

tance of the style as a factor in the development of the characters. It is apparent in a less degree in the passages before given; and in connection with this one would like to discuss at some length the effect of the musical pause, and of the retarding or quickening of the measure in creating this musical atmosphere of which we have spoken. It is much more the result of time than of rhyme, of the measure than of the assonance; though the rhyme, and even the use of the feminine rhyme, becomes of importance when we leave the freer recitative, and strive to reproduce the strictly lyrical verse.

Goethe does not, however, tie himself down to rules of rhythm. On the contrary, he has said expressly, in answer to the criticism that he violated the rules of prosody: "As a poet I have grown so weary of the eternal iambics, trochees, and dactyls, with their little measure and narrow bound, that I have intentionally deviated from them. . . . I begin also to interrupt even the flowing movement of the aria, or, rather more, to raise and strengthen it wherever passion enters on the scene; . . . to neglect the similarity, or, rather, with diligence seek to destroy it."

It is to be noticed, in the first speech of Margaret, how completely the atmosphere of tender longing and regret, all the musical suggestion of the lovely woman-soul, is dissipated when the translators omit the *cæsura*, the pause in the first line, and quicken the measure. Mr. Hayward has given us almost the exact equivalent of each of the German words except the *ihr*, "you," and yet we get from him no hint of this musical meaning, which is the half sense and all the beauty of the lines. Eckermann tells us of Goethe's once exclaiming "he did not know what people meant by enjoying the music of an opera apart from the words." The music and the words, to his mind, must be identical. He points out, in his Rules for the Players,

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the analogy between declamation and music, and insists on the great value of giving the pause in the verse always at the right moment. We cannot here stop to illustrate this dictum by examples, other than the one given, of the value of the pause; but there is one such striking instance of the effect of the melody of the verse, the musical accompaniment, that we will compare the varied versions of the passage. It also illustrates very well the results of the three different aims of the translator of which Goethe speaks in the note quoted from the West-Eastern Divan. The lines are the concluding Angels' Chorus, Easter Morning, from the scene where Faust is called by these old songs from his intention of suicide "back into life once more."

In the music of the original words we seem to hear the exulting outburst of the angels' song, and then, in the five times repeated resonant triple rhyme, the bells of heaven, and again a single strain of song as the scene closes.

Here are the lines as they stand in the original: —

CHOR DER ENGEL.

Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schoosz
Reiszet von Banden
Freudig euch los!
Thaetig ihn preisenden,
Liebe beweisenden,
Bruederlich speisenden,
Predigend, reisenden,
Wonne verheisenden,
Euch ist der Meister nah,
Euch ist er da!

Here even Mr. Hayward feels called on to print his prose in the shape of verse to suggest it. He shall give us the meaning: —

"Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's lap!
Joyfully tear yourselves
Loose from your bonds!
Ye, in deeds giving praise to him,
Love manifesting,
Living brethren-like,
Traveling and preaching him,

Bliss promising, —
You is the Master nigh,
For you is he here ! ”

The subtle suggestion of the music has vanished, and we have a *caput mortuum* indeed.

The passage is of greatest difficulty, and a really successful translation is impossible. Mr. Brooks here, for once only, surrenders the rhyme, and gives us : —

“ Christ has arisen
Out of corruption's gloom.
Break from your prison,
Burst every tomb !
Livingly crowning him,
Lovingly throning him,
Feasting fraternally,
Praying diurnally,
Bearing his messages,
Sharing his promises.
Find ye the Master near,
Find ye him here.”

Martin gives us : —

“ From the lap of corruption
Lo ! Christ has ascended !
Rejoice, for the fetters
That bound you are rended !
Praise him unceasingly,
Love one another.
Break bread together, like
Sister and brother.
Bear the glad tidings
To all who will hear you ;
So will the Master be
Evermore near you.”

In none of these have we the faintest suspicion of that wonderful melody of the verse which carries with it such a world of suggestion.

Mr. Taylor has manfully grappled with the impossible, and preserved his theory of the feminine rhyme intact. Indeed, it justifies itself here, for it is this rhyme which gives the bell-like movement to the verse ; and in the German, like Keats's *forlorn*,

“ The very word is like a bell.”

Mr. Taylor renders the passage : —

“ Christ is arisen,
Out of Corruption's womb :
Burst ye the prison,
Break from your gloom !
Praising and pleading him,

Lovingly needing him,
Brotherly feeding him,
Preaching and speeding him,
Blessing, succeeding him,
Thus is the Master near, —
Thus is He here ! ”

The qualified success is the result of following the verse movement exactly. It is perhaps an unfair advantage to show how every one has not succeeded, and not attempt the trial one's self. We cannot hope for success, but let us see if, by keeping our eyes on Goethe's simple diction, we may draw any nearer the unattainable : —

Christ has arisen,
Out of corruption's womb :
Burst from your prison,
Joyful, from gloom !
Act praise, and daring all,
Love show, and bearing all,
Brotherly sharing all,
Preaching, declaring all
His bliss, go faring all, —
For you the Master's near,
For you He's here !

The charm of the clanging consonants is beyond reach, but a greater success might be hoped for in the lyrics of the following scene, where all the citizenry come before us, dressed each in his appropriate singing-robe of verse. In the movement of those verses one hears the beggar's hurdy-gurdy, the martial tramp of the soldiery, — which Gounod reproduces for us in his soldiers' chorus in this scene, — and the shouts and swirl of the peasants' dance under the linden, —

“ The shouts with fiddles vying.”

Enough, however, has been given to show how just is Goethe's own estimate of the true course to be pursued by his translators, — that “ highest third method,” which none has as yet attempted. Anster has followed the second method named by Goethe, and given us a very pretty, readable English poem of his own ; which is perhaps as near success as we have yet reached. But if the office of the translator is to produce before

us a veiled beauty, and make us long for the loveliness beyond, surely the introduction must be more satisfactory as the veil becomes more transparent, and more closely follows the contour of the lovely form beneath. As Goethe remarks, such a translation must illuminate the original text even more than an interlinear version, and so lead us in to the original. Thus it would give an adequate reason for its being in this busy world, already surfeited with translations which have scorned this humbler office, and soared only to fall like the boy Euphorion of

the Second Part, because the translator failed to heed the wise caution addressed to that too aspiring Spirit of Poetry by Helena and Faust, — the Essence of Beauty and the Soul of Man : —

Anxiously the mother calleth : Leap and leap
again, with pleasure,
But still guard thyself from flying, — freer
flight's denied to thee.
And thus warns the faithful father : In the
earth lies power, upspringing,
Which will bear thee skyward ; only touch the
firm ground with thy toe-tips ;
Like the Son of Earth, Antæus, thou art
straightway strengthened then.

William P. Andrews.

NON SINE DOLORE.

I.

WHAT, then, is Life, — what Death?
Thus the Answerer saith :
O faithless mortal, bend thy head and listen :
Down o'er the vibrant strings
That thrill, and moan, and mourn, and glisten,
The Master draws his bow.
A voiceless pause ; then upward, see, it springs,
Free as a bird with unimprisoned wings !
In twain the chord was cloven,
While, shaken with woe,
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven,
Piercing the heart with lyric knife, —
On, on the ceaseless music sings,
Restless, — intense, — serene :
Life is the downward stroke ; the upward, Life ;
Death but the pause between.

II.

Then spake the Questioner : If 'twere only this,
Ah, who could face the abyss
That plunges down athwart each human breath?
If the new birth of Death
Meant only more of Life as mortals know it,
What priestly balm, what song of highest poet,
Could heal one sentient soul's immitigable pain?
All, all were vain !
If, having soared pure spirit at the last,
Free from the impertinence and warp of flesh,

We find half joy, half pain, on every blast,—
 Are caught again in closer-woven mesh,—
 Ah, who would care to die
 From out these fields and hills, and this familiar sky,
 These firm, sure hands that compass us, this dear humanity?

III.

Again the Answerer saith:
 O ye of little faith,
 Shall, then, the spirit prove craven,
 And Death's divine deliverance but give
 A summer rest and haven?
 By all most noble in us, by the light that streams
 Into our waking dreams,
 Ah, we who know what Life is, let us live!
 Clearer and freer, who shall doubt?
 Something of dust and darkness cast forever out;
 But Life, still Life, that leads to higher Life,—
 Even though the highest be not free from the immortal strife.

IV.

The highest! Soul of man, oh, be thou bold,
 And to the brink of things create draw near, behold!
 Where, on the earth's green sod,—
 Where, where in all the universe of God,—
 Hath strife forever ceased?
 When hath not some great orb flashed into space
 The terror of its doom? When hath no human face
 Turned earthward in despair,
 For that some horrid sin had stamped its image there?
 If at our passing Life be Life increased,
 And we ourselves flame pure unfettered soul,
 Like the Eternal Power that made the whole
 And lives in all He made
 From shore of matter to the unknown spirit shore;
 If, sire to son, and tree to limb,
 Cycle by countless cycle more and more
 We grow to be like Him;
 If He lives on, serene and unafraid
 Through all His light, His love, His living thought,—
 One with the sufferer, be it soul or star;
 If He escape not pain, what beings that are
 Can e'er escape while Life leads on and up the unseen way and far?
 If He escape not, by whom all was wrought,
 Then shall not we,—
 Whate'er of Godlike solace still may be,—
 For in all worlds there is no Life without a pang, and can be naught.
R. W. Gilder.

THE WIFE OF MR. SECRETARY PEPYS.

WHEN a man or woman is set up on high, we all stop to look, and those who come behind us stop to look also; and presently a path is worn to this object of notice, Time builds a little shrine about the place, antiquity adds its ornamental advantages, and behold! the man or woman is famous. No doubt it would often puzzle the biographers (except when they write of themselves) to tell why they pick out those whose images they recall and reconstruct for the future. By reason of their skill, they force us to pay tribute to many a being we would not tolerate if brought into actual touch with, and as many times they fail to perceive the rarest opportunities for character study lying ready to their hands. Of the many records of lives in themselves uneventful or unprofitable which we find in the history of the times of the second Charles, we are sure they were unlike their fellows merely in their having been talked about. Nor do all of this epoch whose lives are told meet with proper recognition, if they happen to abide under the shadow of a stronger personality.

For instance, who would not (if he stopped to notice her) feel a pity for little Mrs. Secretary Pepys, doomed, not only in her actual existence, but for long years after, to remain still in the corner of the canvas whereon the racy and unique portrait of her husband is painted with his own incomparable skill? Examine the corner where he sketched her (we will assume it was the upper left-hand corner, as being nearest the heart which beat with very real affection for her who had the honor to be his wife), and we find it to be as perfect in its way as that large figure of himself. She was an important factor in his life, and the active portion of her existence, that which affected his daily content-

ment, was never slighted or forgotten by Samuel Pepys. What she thought, or felt, he probably never inquired; he cared intensely for what she did, but the wishes or desires she entertained behind the row of little round curls that adorned her forehead he never guessed. As we read his unconscionable revelations — betrayed even to his Diary only under the cover of a cipher of his own invention — of his daily life and of his wife, we get a glimpse now and then of much which the shrewd secretary, with all his cunning, seldom suspected; and from what he tells, and what he does not tell, we gather a pretty coherent idea of the character of Elizabeth St. Michael, his wife.

Information about her other than that obtained from Pepys himself is but meagre. Elsewhere we learn that she was of French blood on the paternal side; her mother was English, and, it is said, came from the well-born Cliffords of Cumberland; but it would seem that Elizabeth inherited much of the Gallic vivacity and love of gayety which made her so fond of dancing that, later, her husband was fain to be jealous of her dancing-master; and perhaps it was to the St. Michaels she owed her beauty also.

It must have been her father's choice which sent her to be educated at a convent in France, from which early association doubtless came the predilection for Papists that so distressed the Protestant Pepys. It was not much of an education in any direction, and it was over soon; for Elizabeth left her convent at fifteen, and it must have been very shortly after that Samuel Pepys saw and loved her, and so speedily made her his wife.

At that time it was not, apparently, a very brilliant match she was making with the son of a London tailor, living in retirement on a small property in

Brompton; but, in comparison with the extreme poverty of her own family, it may have seemed such to her. Pepys, then twenty-two years old, had lately come from Cambridge, where, as sizar of Magdalen College, he had made a reputation for being a "reading-man," and had also been publicly admonished for being "scandalously overserved with drink,"—thus early showing the two strongest tendencies of his nature, the intellectual and the carnal appetites. Great always was his faith in himself, and so shrewd a calculator as he must have been certain of his yet untried powers, when he rushed in this precipitate fashion into matrimony with a penniless girl; for his only prospects lay in the favor of his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu.

How and where Pepys first met Elizabeth we do not know, but of one thing we are sure: the wooing was ardent, for he was ever "mighty fond" of a pretty face, and hers must have been very pretty to cause him to forget her lack of dower. And it must have been a short courtship, too, for in October of 1653, before she was sixteen, they were married, and went to live in the family of Sir Edward Montagu, whom Pepys served as a hanger-on and useful dependent might. We can imagine him very industrious, and very subservient to his noble cousin; and in time he won his reward, for Sir Edward, in 1658, got him a clerkship in the Exchequer. From the first entry in the Diary, dated the next year, we find Pepys was already "esteemed rich, but indeed," he adds, "very poor." We must agree with him, for they lived then, with only one maid, in Axe Yard, off King Street, Westminster, and must often have felt the pinch of poverty. Their rooms were in the garret, and they were obliged to make more than one dinner off a single fowl, since we notice Elizabeth "dressed the *remains* of a turkey [for dinner], and in the doing of it she burned her hand."

Money is scarce with the young couple, and Pepys borrows to pay his half-yearly rent. The Diary tells how he once "went to my father's, . . . where I found my wife, who was forced to dine there, we not having one coal of fire in the house and it being very hard frosty weather." But they were young and light-hearted, and picked up what amusements they could get cheaply or at some one else's expense; and Samuel is, at this time, a most devoted husband, and takes his wife with him to church regularly of a "Lord's Day," and to make merry at his father's, and once to his cousin's, Thomas Pepys', where they had a dinner, "which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable beef which was not handsome." He consults her, too, as to his business (a habit he never gave over), whether for advice or sympathy he does not say; and if on one page we read how she was "unwilling to let me go forth, but with some discontent would go out if I did, and I going forth towards Whitehall I saw she followed me, and so I staid and took her through Whitehall, and so carried her home angry," on the next leaf he tells that "I and my wife were in pleasant discourse till night that I went to supper."

Their household must have been a curious one. They supped at the most irregular hours, whenever they were not asked to dine elsewhere, apparently; and the advent of washing-day was so infrequent as to call forth a comment in the journal whenever it occurred. That was indeed a great function when Mrs. Pepys ordained a wash. Not only during the days of poverty, when her lack of service might account for this entry: "Nine o'clock . . . home, where I found my wife and mayde a-washing. I staid up till the bellman came by with his bell just under my window, as I was writing of this very line, and cried 'past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.' I then to bed, and

left my wife and the mayde a-washing still ;” but all her life, Elizabeth is accustomed to “sit up till two o’clock that she may call the wench up to wash ;” and when Pepys, on coming home at night, finds “my poor wife at work and the house foule,” the simple fact that it is “washing-day” seems explanation enough. Presently we note that the night before a washing-day the family goes to bed without prayers, though one would think so great a domestic upheaval would better be preceded by a special petition, rather than lack even the ordinary one.

In the matter of religion, Mrs. Pepys was called upon to follow her liege in Protestant observances more often in their day of small things than in their after prosperity ; and we shall see that the little woman manifested in this, as in other walks, a mind of her own, later, and left Mr. Pepys to go alone to church, while she, now and again, bit of the forbidden fruit as held out to her by a Roman Catholic priest. But that was a good ten years from the time of which we are writing, and in many ways Elizabeth had yet to learn independence. In this matter of church-going her complaisance is sometimes rewarded, for, we read, on a certain February “Lord’s Day” the pair went to church, “and in the pew my wife took up a good black hood and kept it.” We wonder if she found, in her new possession, as much refuge from the dull sermon that was being preached that day as did Samuel, who confessed he “read over the whole book of Tobit” during its progress !

It is to be feared that worldly interests were not often barred out of these young people’s heads ; they were children of an age singularly devoid of all but the most worldly pursuits. Divines and laymen alike thought upon the things of a day, and the flesh-pots were never more sedulously sought after or more frankly enjoyed than during this period. It is quite in keeping with the prevail-

ing custom that the first hint of an increasing prosperity for the Pepys occurs in the shape of Samuel’s putting buckles on his shoes “for the first time in his life,” and in their giving a dinner-party, their first effort in a long line of “noble feasts.”

Even now they cannot receive their friends in their garret, but at “my Lord’s lodging,” which we take to mean the town apartment of Sir Edward, then abroad on government service. This was a great occasion for Mrs. Pepys, and nobly did she exert herself, sitting up “making of her tarts and larding of her pullets till eleven o’clock.” She had already tried a “new mode of dressing the maydes hair very pretty,” no doubt in view of this entertainment ; and on the eventful day “she had got ready a very fine dinner, namely, a dish of marrow-bones ; a leg of mutton ; a loin of veal ; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish ; a great tart ; a neats tongue ; a dish of anchovies ; a dish of prawns and cheese.” This heavy festivity was, thanks to these mighty efforts and a “very good fire,” a complete success, with which he and his wife were much pleased ; and probably pride helped to keep them so when, a day or two after, they dined “on pease porridge and nothing else.” Elizabeth was allowed to lie in bed the day following the feast, and to read aloud to Samuel, while he did office work beside her.

No wonder she was fatigued ; but she was always delicate and liable to colds, and Samuel was sometimes anxious, and “gets an ointment, which I did send home, . . . and a plaister, which I took with me ;” and sometimes, after the manner of men, was “not a little impatient . . . and troubled at her being abed.” On the whole, he is solicitous about her, and when she, by chance, fell down, coming home from church, and “hurt her knees exceedingly,” we are sure he picked her up again very carefully. He may have been impatient, but she was never afraid

to send to the office for him to come home because she was ill and wanted comforting, and he cheerfully paid a bill of four pounds "for physique" that she had had during "a year or two."

When she is well, Elizabeth proves an industrious housewife; she herself, according to the involved statement of the Diary, "kills her turkeys that Mr. Shepley gave her that came out of Zealand, and could not get her mayde Jane by no means at any time to kill anything." We notice her making "marmalett of quinces," and she is a good cook, in spite of the fact that she once made "pies and tarts to try her oven with, but not knowing the nature of it did heat it too hot and so a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time;" and even when she has more servants, is always busy overseeing the ways of the household, making new curtains and bed-hangings, sewing her clothes, reading aloud French books to her husband, following the fashion of going out, in the season, "at three o'clock of the morning to gather Maydew," and at all times trying in vain to keep her accounts in a manner satisfactory to Samuel.

She, young thing that she was, gathered pets about her: a cat, that Samuel fetched her "in his arms;" canaries and a "fine paire of turtle-doves," given by a sea-captain; and a "pretty black dog," presented by her brother. This latter animal proved a source of vexation, for Samuel wished it put into the cellar, "and would have his will," and a quarrel ensued. "This night I was troubled all night with a dream that my wife was dead, which made me that I slept ill," he exclaims; for though his temper was none of the best, he suffered remorse when he had vexed her. We are inclined to think that if his rage rose oftener than hers, it was Elizabeth's resentment that lasted longer, though their fallings-out were generally short-lived at this time. "Finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly

laid up, I was angry with her, which I was troubled for. . . . After that my wife and I went and walked in the garden," where, no doubt, they made up most sweetly, only to repeat the quarrel a day or two later, when Pepys was again "angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it."

It is a pity he broke the basket, for it was a souvenir of their first separation. To better his fortunes, Samuel Pepys, anent the coming of King Charles the Second to the throne, decides to go to sea with the embassy to Holland, as secretary to Sir Edward Montagu. Parting with Elizabeth is hard for both, but she falls to work getting him ready for the journey, — sits up "late making caps," rises early for one of the great wash-days, and buys for him "many things." The pair have a solemn farewell dinner: "In Fish Street my wife and I bought a bit of salmon for 8d., and went to the Sun Taverne and eat it, where I did promise to give her all that I have in the world but my books, in case I die at sea." The day after: "Gave my wife some money to serve her for a time, and what papers of consequence I had. . . . This day, in the presence of Mr. Moore (who made it) I did before I went out with my wife seal my will to her, whereby I did give her all that I have in the world but my books, which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have." All things at their home "were put into the dining-room and locked up, and my wife tooke the keys along with her" to her retreat in the country, and so "to the chequer in Holborne, where after we had drank, etc., she took coach, and so farewell."

Of how she spent her time during Pepys' absence we know nothing. She writes to him pretty often, and once gives him cause for worry by not writ-

ing, and once makes him anxious by ill news: "In the evening . . . a letter from my wife which tells me that she has not been well, which did exceedingly trouble me, but . . . at night I wrote to her and sent a piece of gold enclosed to her." Four days after, a messenger from London brings him better tidings; he left Elizabeth "at my father's, very well, and speaks very well of her love to me." "She would fain see me and be at my house again, but we must be content," says the pious journalist. He adds, "She writes . . . that there was a talk I should be knighted by the king; . . . but I think myself happier in my wife and estate," he concludes.

The separation is almost over now, for the embassy returns to England with the king, and Pepys met "at my father's my wife, and went to walk with her in Lincoln's Inn walks." What a deal they must have had to gossip about! Samuel can look back upon the trip as the foundation of his future eminence; already he is talked of as deserving honor from the king (whose "gittar," by the way, he is entrusted to fetch to England in his arms, to his own "mighty trouble"). He is very busy and important, with "infinite of business that my heart and head and all were full;" and Elizabeth is forced to wait nine days before he can get their house ready for her "and the girle and the dog" to come to. He is now become so what he calls "gallantly great" that the captain of the first ship he commissions gives Elizabeth a silver can, the beginning of the collection of plate in which the Pepys took such just pride. The servant "falls lame," and they take "a boy, so that my wife could not be longer without somebody to help her."

A proud woman is Elizabeth when Pepys gets appointed clerk of the acts. "To my wife . . . and presented her with my patent, at which she was overjoyed; so to the navy office, and showed her my house, and were both mightily

pleased." As is seen, their change of fortune includes a betterment in their home, for they go now to Seething Lane. There is nothing of the laggard about them. The next day they are "up early . . . for the putting of all our things in a readiness to be sent;" and by night, so prompt is Elizabeth, she "had packed up all her goods in the house fit for removal." So thorough is she that she is obliged to remain indoors all the following day, for it "proved very rainy weather," and not fit for moving, and she had left "no clothes out, all being packed up yesterday." It is recorded they ate "a quarter of lamb" for their first meal in the new house, but "it was not half roasted." Women in those days, as now, had trouble with their stoves, for the "new range is already broke" when it is sent to Elizabeth, "and she will have it changed."

And now we see that they themselves are altered as well as their house. It is perceptible in many ways. In all things their ambitions increase, and especially Elizabeth's love of finery asserts itself; and who abets her in it but old Pepys, her father-in-law! "Landed my wife at Whitefriar's with 5*l.* to buy her a petticoat. My father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth of 26*s.* a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to 5*l.*, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently I could not be angry. I did give her more money and sent her away." Afterwards he records: "My wife had on her new petticoat, . . . which indeed is a very fine cloth, and a fine lace; but that being of a light color and the lace all silver, it makes no great show." Samuel dearly loved to see his money's worth in a brave ostentation of color, and in the way of feminine adornment there was nothing he was not interested in. He walks "to Grayes Inn to observe fashions of the ladies because of my wife's making some clothes." And that he had decided notions we observe

when he "took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly about her ribbands being ill-matched and of two colours." Well for Elizabeth if she asked her lord's opinion before adopting a new style! He likes "a pair of peruques, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty and all of my wife's own haire, or else I should not endure them;" but when she tries to wear "light coloured locks, quite white almost," not being "natural," they vex him, and he adds, "I will not have her wear them." To his dictum Elizabeth submits, now with a smile, and then with a frown, and by and by it is her turn. We can guess the spice of malice that lurks in her voice when, on the arrival of Samuel's "new-colored fer-randin suit," to which he has given thoughtful consideration, she, with a word, puts him "out of love with it," and "vexes" him by her disapproval.

It is fitting that such well-dressed folk should go out in style, and now their "boy" carries the link before, and Mr. Pepys' secretary, W. Hewer, "leads my wife." They even go to the extent of buying "a table-cloth and a dozen napkins of diaper, the first that ever I bought in my life," though it is not for some years to come that Elizabeth takes lessons in the art of folding napkins in fancy patterns.

They do their duty by religion, too, for they go to church "to demand a pew which at present could not be given us, but we are resolved to have one built;" which they did, and sat in it for the first time to hear a "crooke legged man" preach a "good sermon;" and they invited a lady of title to sit with them, into the bargain.

They begin to be acquainted with great people nowadays. It is about this time mention is first made of one Sir W. Pen, a man who was of importance to Pepys only as being associated with him in the navy office, and to Elizabeth because his family lived next door to

her, and she quarreled fiercely with Lady Pen, but is chiefly of interest to us because he was the father of William Penn, the Quaker.

Altogether, the young couple begin to find themselves up in the world, and Samuel feels moved to do something generous for his family. He decides to take care of his sister Pall. Pall, or Pauline, as she was christened, was not on the best of terms with Elizabeth. Whether this was owing to Mrs. Pepys' undeniably high temper, or arose from the long-ago occasion when Pall stole Elizabeth's "scissars," an episode that made an unpleasantness at the time, — from whatever cause, it is evident the sisters-in-law were not fond of each other; and Samuel had no mind to forget the respect due his wife, nor had she any wish to forego her prerogative. This we perceive by the entry: "Talking with my father about my sister Pall's coming to live with me, if she would come and be as a servant (which my wife did seem to be pretty willing to do *today*)." These are the terms the young mistress of the new home dictates. She has apparently brought her husband to agree with her in estimating his sister when he says, "I find her so very ill natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases." Whether this is a true indictment or not, we are inclined to pity poor Pall, when the prosperous brother, before her parents and his wife, "told her plainly what my mind was, to have her come, not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant, which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy." Were the tears all joy? Under these conditions it is hardly needful to say that Pall's stay in her brother's house was not a success. Samuel "hears" (who told him?) "that Pall is idle and proud," and that "she makes trouble with the mayde;" and in a few months she is up before the tribunal of troubled father

and irate brother, who "in a great anger told her . . . I would keep her no longer, and my father, he said he would have nothing to do with her. At last, after we had brought down her high spirit, I got my father to yield she should go into the country . . . with him and stay there awhile, to see how she will demean herself." And so, with a gift of twenty shillings and much good advice, this effort on Pepys' part to get another servant cheaply is ended, and in the future he must hire. Schemes for marrying Pauline trouble him from time to time, until, with the promise of a dower, a husband, one John Jackson, is found; and, curiously enough, it is to her sons that Samuel, widowed and half blind, looks for kind offices during his later years. Old Mr. Pepys, we read, found in Pall a good daughter, and we wish Elizabeth had had more patience with her, for the Pepys family grow poorer as Samuel becomes richer. Besides, Elizabeth really owes some favor to her husband's people in return for his efforts to get a place for her impecunious brother. Her family are always very poor. At one time they live in so low a part of London that Pepys is afraid to let his wife visit them, "lest harm should befall her going or coming." Even after his marriage he is called upon to give money to this same Baltazar, who thus justifies the fear Pepys confesses, that "I shall not be able to wipe my hands of him again when I once concern myself for him." In spite of their indigence, the St. Michaels had their notions of gentility; and Mrs. Pepys "was vexed at them for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese," that being thought less delicate than other cheeses. It is amusing to note that papa St. Michael belonged to the long list of those futile inventors who have tried schemes for making London consume its own smoke. Except to Balty, Elizabeth proffered no help to her family; and it must be owned that she

showed quite as proud and worldly a spirit toward both sides of the house as did her husband. They both assumed a critical, even disrespectful attitude toward their elders, which would merit the censure we are wont to think only children of the present generation deserve. Perhaps the fact that Mrs. Pepys got on better with her father-in-law than with any other member of her husband's family is connected with the favorable opinion Samuel entertained for old Pepys, to the exclusion of all his other relatives, by more than a mere coincidence; for Elizabeth's influence over her husband's opinions was as subtle as it was unsuspected by himself.

The improvement in "pocket luck" gives Elizabeth leisure to cultivate the graces; her need of further education becomes more apparent as their prosperity grows. Samuel taxes her light brains with solid learning in addition to accomplishments; he buys "a payre of globes; cost me 3£ 10s. . . . I buying them principally for my wife, who has a mind to understand them, and I shall take pleasure to teach her." He speaks truly, being never too busy, after dinner, to give her a lesson in geography, "which she takes very prettily, and with great pleasure to her and me." She must have been quick to learn, for Samuel evinces gusto in acting the schoolmaster, even when it comes to "arithmetique." Mathematical it is to be feared Elizabeth was not; he speaks of the lessons as "bouts," and only "hopes" they give her pleasure, and is presently moved to give them up, when, at last, "she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplicacion very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her yet with Division."

Pepys had no call to be over-critical in the matter of spelling, yet once he found his wife's letters "so false spelt that I was ashamed of them, and took occasion to fall out about them." But in the lighter branches of learning Eliza-

both satisfied her domestic critic pretty fairly, although her music, which afterwards afforded him no little pleasure when they sang together on the river, was not acquired without suffering on her part. Mr. Secretary Pepys had a passion for music, and esteemed himself and was esteemed by others no mean performer on several instruments, so that it is not hard to sympathize with him in this outburst: "Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; and therefore I am mighty unjust to her in discouraging her so much, but we were good friends." She had her trials; and when Samuel makes her take lessons on so unsuitable an instrument as the flageolet or the bass viol, we are distinctly sorry for her.

In the way of painting, she receives from her lord nothing but praise. To be sure, the "rules of perspective" are thought too hard for her, she "being ignorant of the principles of lines," but in all else she meets with "great success." Samuel is so proud of her efforts, especially when she "paynts a woman's Persian head very fine," that he promises her a pearl necklace, worth £60, if she "do please him therein;" and he notes with pride how much better her work is than that of Pegg, the daughter of Sir W. Pen. Life is not all hard labor for Mrs. Pepys. They go to the theatre nowadays far oftener than to church; they divert themselves by walking on the leads that cover the roof of their house, in the moonlight; they make boating excursions up the Thames; they give to their clothes far more consideration than to anything else; and Mr. Pepys takes an increasing satisfaction in his wife's looks. She bears comparison with royalty, in his eyes, that were wont, under their deferentially downcast lids, to shoot a keenly critical shaft that

pierced even the Olympian clouds which surround the English throne. When they went to the queen's presence-chamber, they found "the Quene a very little plaine old woman, and nothing more in any respect nor garbe than any ordinary woman. . . . The Princessse Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her haire fuzzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife, standing near her, with two or three patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." He compares her with Lady Castlemaine and other reigning beauties, finding her "as pretty as any of them," and he has her portrait painted four times over. Elizabeth, with her pleasure-loving nature, is in her element, and is not inclined to refuse the good things in the way of gayety or compliment that come to her hand. Samuel was uneasy; "is discontented" that she "do not go neater, now she has two mayds;" and felt a pang of something very like jealousy when he called for his wife at the house of a friend, and "found a Frenchman at dinner, and just as I came in he was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there could not be any hurt in it." This last clause it was politic of him to include, for it bolsters up his own conscience in regard to a custom he was himself overfond of practicing.

This little episode was nothing like that other occasion, when the easily excited curiosity and suspicion of Samuel were roused by Elizabeth's meeting at the theatre with "a son of my Lord Somersett whom she knew in France, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance, to avoyd further acquaintance." But it was not the secretary's acquaintance the gay young gentleman sought, as he found a few days after, when, on going home "very merry," his mood was changed by finding that "my wife . . . had been abroad and bought

things for herself ;” and, worse still, had met “ with Mr. Somersett, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it,” he reassures himself, “ only for fear of further acquaintance.” He does not feel easy, however, and detects that his wife “ has become, now-days, very simple.” Two days later the climax is reached, on their going out together, and “ in the way meeting a French footman with feathers, who was in great quest for my wife and spoke with her privately ; but I could not tell what it was, only that my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was.” He would not ask, no, not he ; and suffers accordingly all next day, when Elizabeth holds “ her resolution to go forth this morning, as she resolved to do yesterday ; and though there could not be much hurt in it, yet my own jealousy put a hundred things into my mind, which did much trouble me all day. To dinner alone, and thence, my mind being, for my wife’s going abroad, . . . unfit for business, I went to the theatre, and saw Elder Brother ill-acted.” (Was it the acting or Samuel’s temper that was so ill?) He went to a tavern, and was “ merry till late,” but found no comfort, for on getting home “ I seemed very angry, as indeed I am, and did not show her any countenance.” With this show of temper Mr. Pepys was fain to rest, for apparently the mystery of that day’s excursion was never solved ; and as nothing further came of Elizabeth’s freak of independence, we hear no more of the French footman with feathers.

Judging from his own confession, Pepys’ jealousy was ever ill founded. His wife was gay and light of temperament (though for that he could scarcely blame her with any consistency), and she dearly loved to dance ; but we are sure she was too well aware of her own state and position to give any reason

for the excess of feeling roused by her dancing-master in the easily disturbed bosom of her husband. He knows his jealousy is absurd, and makes “ a vowe to myself not to oppose her or to say anything to dispraise or correct her . . . in pain of 2s. 6d. for every time, which, if God pleases, I will observe.” But alas ! resolutions, pious ejaculations, and, most potent of all restraints, fines cannot dispel his fears, and Mrs. Pepys, out of patience, sharpens a naturally saucy tongue, and dares her lord to the extreme. “ Being at supper, my wife did say something that caused me to oppose her in : she used the word devil, which vexed me, and among other things I said I would not have her to use that word. She took me up most scornfully, which . . . I know not how to checke. So that I fear,” continues the troubled man, “ without great discretion I shall go near to lose too my command over her, and nothing do it more than giving her this occasion of dancing and other pleasures, whereby her mind is taken up from her business and finds other sweets besides pleasing me.” There lies the sting ; he feels his dearly loved authority waning, and in this stress even relaxes his purse-strings, “ because of getting her out of the way of this fellow,” the dancing-master. “ With peace and honour I am willing to spare anything.” We read that wives of old were subservient, but Mrs. Pepys was emancipated. She had no more intention of being slavishly obedient than the women of a later century. She asserts herself emphatically when occasion arises, and their quarrels might have been dated the day before yesterday. Let one suffice, occurring about this time, when, we must suppose, Mrs. Pepys found her husband especially trying. “ After dinner,” reads the chronicle, “. . . a little jangling, in which she did give me the lie, which vexed me so that, finding my talking did but make her worse, and that her spirit is lately come to be other than it used

to be, . . . which vexes me and makes me wish I had better considered all that I have of late done concerning my bringing my wife to this condition of heat, I went up vexed to my chamber." After this exhibition of mutual amiability and freedom of speech, it is pleasant to read, further on, "Up by and by my wife comes, and good friends again, and to walk in the garden, and so anon to supper." They were grown-up children. Loving each other very honestly, they fell out and made up over baubles and real troubles alike.

In truth, Elizabeth had reason for a display of temper. Mr. Pepys, now the great man, in enlarging his scheme of pleasure gradually expands in a forbidden direction. Always sufficiently appreciative of a pretty woman, his interest in a handsome face grows with his opportunities, and there come occasions when the jealousy that arises in Elizabeth's heart is not, like his green-eyed fits, without foundation. His heart is always faithfully hers, but his eyes note beauty in other faces than her own; and the manners of the age could not, in her opinion, excuse his predilection for kissing every pretty woman he might meet.

Pangs she felt at odd times, but the first serious annoyance came to her when Samuel took to thinking Mrs. Knipp, an actress, was "the best company in the world." Though Elizabeth seems not to have been averse to her society, she does not, as Samuel does, pity Mrs. Knipp for the "sad life her ill-natured fellow of a husband leads her," and she distinctly objects to the languishing correspondence in verse carried on between the two over the signatures of "Barbary Allen" and "Dapper Dicky." Samuel again applies his remedy of buying something for her; this time "fine counterfeit damask for her closett," and the choice is judicious. Samuel congratulates himself that "she minds her work so well and busies herself about

the house;" and so, since his attentions to Mrs. Knipp cease, this storm is well over. Mr. Pepys is learning discretion; he begins to "practice more temper and to give her her way." Perhaps, finding himself not above reproach, he feels the need of walking warily. "I must," he says, "use policy to keep her spirit down and to give her no offence." But Elizabeth's spirit is not kept down so easily. The flame once lighted is never quite extinguished; it is ready at any gust of provocation to burst forth; and after many fitful flashes there comes at last the great conflagration, so fierce a glow that Samuel's fine self-complacency shrivels away before its heat.

Elizabeth was particular in the choice of a tiring-woman, on whose society she depended much for her daily gossiping companionship. She was ever anxious to get an accomplished maid (yet not too talented, for she dismissed one for singing so well that Samuel took to performing duets with her), and one good to look at also (provided she were not too pretty), and both these requirements were found at last in a young woman named Deborah Willet. The customs of the age included among her duties the combing of her master's hair, which task Deb Willet performed so completely to his satisfaction, one evening, that Elizabeth, "coming up suddenly, did find him embracing the girl." The faithful journalist speaks of this as bringing "the greatest sorrow to me that ever I knew in this world," and doubtless he speaks only the simple truth. Angry Elizabeth has been before, but now she is insulted. In every imaginable way she visits her wrath upon him. She deals a blow in a vulnerable spot, in what is by policy and by feeling the one rigid part of his facile nature, — his Protestantism. She declares herself a Roman Catholic; she tells him she has received "the Holy Sacrament." Mightily is he troubled; this revives a lurking fear of old, but with unwonted meek-

ness he makes no protest, — perhaps because he discerns the cause of the taunt too well. His only answer is to promise again and again “particular demonstrations of my true love to her, owning some indiscretions in what I did, but that there was no harm in it.” This excuse is weak, and gives Elizabeth no feeling of security. She continues suspicious, and Samuel is not only sorry, which he has been before, but “ashamed,” — a perfectly new sensation to the satisfied man; truly things have come to a pretty pass between the pair, who have rubbed on together a baker’s dozen of years, who are now very great and well-known people, who ride abroad in their own gilt coach, “mighty fine.” They carry with them this family skeleton when they go a-riding, — a skeleton that is neither fine nor sad, but only a poor combination of fatuous vanity on one side, and angry jealousy on the other.

In spite of the remarkable brain, and the even more noteworthy honesty, that made him the important personage of his group, Samuel Pepys was naught but the tailor’s son, after all, with his eyes turned wholly toward the goods of the world and the attainment thereof; and Elizabeth, aside from her French cleverness and her beauty, had neither dignity nor nobility to aid her to order her life in a difficult age. She had the power to inspire in her husband the one love of his selfish heart; she had no capacity to control his roving fancy. Like a child in her love of frivolity, she was like a child still in meeting misery.

After months of recrimination and reproaches, of apologies and vows of reformation, during which naughty Pepys is harried and badgered as never before, till he reaches a depth of humility doubtless surprising to himself; after countless scenes of rage, when Elizabeth strikes her husband and pulls his hair, followed by a return of fondness and apparent calm, there comes the climax to the vulgar quarrel. Mr. Pepys can

best relate the details: “This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which God knows it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly: but I to bed. . . . Waking by and by, . . . I found she . . . got fresh candles, and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too. At this being troubled, I after a while prayed her to come to bed; so after an hour or two, she silent, . . . she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o’clock, she came to my side, . . . and drew my curtaine open, and with the tongs red hot at the ends made as if she did design to pinch me with them, at which, in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down, and did by little and little very sillily let all the discourse fall.” With this tornado the end is reached, and there follows a great peace, in which we see how thoroughly Pepys is cowed.

Richly as he deserved punishment, we pity him in his abject submission to the tyrannies of his wife. For all the years of command he has shown her, for every neglect, for every time he played the niggard in giving her one pound for her clothes while he spent four pounds on his own, for each time he had been to a theatre on the sly, for all the petty misdemeanors she knows and for those she suspects, she gives him payment, and he meekly bends his neck to the yoke, and is grateful that now they “do live in peace.”

Never has their mutual position presented so interesting an aspect as this. Life to them has been composed of simple elements heretofore; it threatens now to become complex. Their relationship to one another has become a problem; one is curious to note the result; and

here the record abruptly closes just as they are about to start forth on an expedition to the Continent, their first extended trip together.

The journal's end is indeed but the foreshadowing of the end of the story itself. Coming home from a journey full of pleasure, Elizabeth takes ship's fever, and, after a brief illness, dies just as she reaches London.

It was, we are sure, a comfort to Pepys bereft (for he never married again) to remember that Elizabeth at the last received the sacrament with him, as administered by the rector of their parish,

and so put an end to the old anxiety as to her religious conditions. After their many quarrels and foolish bickerings, we like to dwell upon those last months of sight-seeing they had together, during which, we fancy, Elizabeth relaxed her righteous grip, and ceased to hold his naughtiness before his eyes; when they returned to the fonder mood of their early days of poverty. We are sure this little time of kind companionship must have been a dear memory to the great Mr. Secretary Pepys in the many years he lived without his wife Elizabeth.

Margaret Christine Whiting.

SONG.

STRIKE me a note of sweet degrees —
 Of sweet degrees —
 Like those in Jewry heard of old;
 My love, if thou wouldst wholly please,
 Hold in thy hand a harp of gold,
 And touch the strings with fingers light
 And yet with strength as David might —
 As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love —
 In songs of love;
 No serenades nor wanton airs
 The deeper soul of music move;
 Only a solemn measure bears
 With rapture that shall never cease
 My spirit to the gates of peace —
 The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings —
 Francesca sings —
 My thoughts mount upward; I am dead
 To every sense of vulgar things,
 And on celestial highways tread
 With prophets of the olden time,
 Those minstrel kings, the men sublime —
 The men sublime.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN PARISIAN ART.

THE months of January and February, 1890, saw the culmination of a new movement in the art world of Paris which is destined to have widespread and lasting consequences; for Paris is to-day incontestably the art centre of the world, and what affects art in Paris necessarily affects high-class art the world over. The importance of the affair cannot well be overestimated; it demands the earnest attention of all who care to keep in touch with the art movement of the epoch, and it will be my endeavor to elucidate its causes and point out some of its possible effects.

In order to a clear understanding of the subject, it is necessary to go back to the early years of the present century, when the first Napoleon, after stripping the galleries of Italy to enrich the Louvre, set himself the task of founding a truly national school of art at home. The cultivation of the arts, letters, and the drama became almost as serious a consideration with him as the subjugation of the envioning peoples; for he was keen enough to perceive that without some such intellectual aureole his reign would shine with only a secondary lustre in history; and he spared, therefore, no pains to effect his purpose. When at home in Paris he spent much of his time in superintending various works of art and restorations, and when abroad, even in the midst of his most disastrous campaigns, he occupied himself frequently with literary and artistic affairs, as is proved by the famous decree of Moscow, regulating the affairs of the Théâtre de la Comédie Française. The fact that this side of Bonaparte's activity has received so little attention only serves to accentuate the wonderful comprehensiveness of the man's genius; for what was accomplished by him in this line alone would have been sufficient

to make the reputation of any lesser prince as an illustrious enlightened patron of the fine arts. By his orders, the palace of the Louvre was largely augmented, the palace and church of the Invalides were built and richly decorated, the column of Vendôme and the Arc de Triomphe were erected and covered with rich sculptures, and the monuments of mediæval art were restored; while the painters David and Horace Vernet filled the halls of the Tuileries and Versailles with great historical canvases illustrative of the victorious battle-fields of the imperial epoch.

This policy of state-aided art, inaugurated by Napoleon, was continued under the various paternal governments which succeeded him. Monuments were erected continually; palaces and public buildings were decorated with mural paintings; the École des Beaux Arts was founded, and made free to the students of all nations; the use of the galleries of the Louvre, and afterwards of the splendid Palais de l'Industrie, was conceded to the artists for the purposes of their yearly exhibitions, and medals of considerable intrinsic value were awarded to the most meritorious works exhibited therein. All these things were paid for out of the public funds; and it was considered so natural and proper a thing that the state should thus support and encourage the art production of the nation that no one ever thought of questioning the legality or the advisability of the proceeding. With Frenchmen the financial part of the business never seemed worth discussing. With them the vital side of the whole question was the æsthetic side; and even to-day, those who are loudest in their condemnation of the policy leave the question of political economy entirely on one side, and base their objections

to the system upon the ground that it has become directly deleterious to the best and highest interests of art itself. They do not deny that contemporary art owes much to the careful nursing and fostering which it received in its infancy at the hands of the government, but they claim that the child of 1800 has grown to the estate of manhood, and is now only hampered by the leading-strings which were useful enough in its earlier years. They also state that the system is responsible for a very great evil,—an evil which was not contemplated by its founders, but is none the less a direct result and consequence of all its tendencies; and they further aver that this parasitic growth has attained such formidable proportions as at last to smother and destroy all the good which may at one time have belonged to the system. The evil thus referred to is the formation and gradual development of a distinctly official school of art,—an art which is admirably adapted to the decoration of ceremonious apartments of state, smooth, polished, and impeccable in technique, but utterly lacking in the qualities of soul and sentiment. Beginning with David and the two Vernets, this conventional school was continued under the restoration and under the monarchy of Louis Philippe by Ary Scheffer, Paul Delaroche, Cogniet, and Drolling, and under the second empire by Ingres, Cabanel, Pils, and Lehmann. It is to-day represented by so large and flourishing a body of painters that to name them all it would be necessary to transcribe here a full third of the names in the salon catalogue. Perhaps the most prominent members of the school, at present, are Bouguereau, Jules Joseph Lefebvre, and Robert-Fleury. With slight variations, the art of all these men has been identical. Thorough and even clever after its kind, it is always conventional, vitreous, and essentially false to nature. It may be a little prettier in the works of Bouguereau and

Lefebvre, a little more pompous in those of David and Robert-Fleury, and a little more affected in those of Cabanel and Cogniet; but it is the same art in all of them, bearing unmistakably the earmarks of the unnatural conditions which gave it rise. It is the art of the courtier and the palace; well dressed, polite, polished—and false.

From time to time men of genius and great force of character have risen against this art of the antechamber, and have uttered a manly protest in favor of freedom and individuality of expression. First came Delacroix with his firebrand of romanticism; then Géricault with a clear, strong note of realism; and finally the splendid open-air school of Barbizon, headed by Millet, Corot, and Rousseau. These were followed by a thousand talented young fellows, who, finding the gates of the fields thrown open, rushed forth joyously into the fresh air and sunshine, and set to work to paint all the sweet and beautiful and touching and awe-inspiring things that they found in the great panorama of nature spread out before them: dewy morning and pale twilight effects, rosy sunsets and rising moons, apple blossoms, snow, daisy fields and rolling rivers, breezy seascapes and stormy coasts, fisher folk and peasants, poppies, and harvest fields, and dim forest glades, and I know not what besides. Oh, what a joy was theirs! To see things as eyes had never before seen them; to go forth every day like new Argonauts in search of a new golden fleece; to rifle the rich storehouse of nature of a precious loot whose very existence had never before been suspected,—was not this in itself ample compensation for many disappointments and much hardship? And if, when they returned with their priceless booty, they found the gates of the old temple of art closed against them, had not they their reward?

But the gates were closed, and closed hermetically. The school of official

painters, intrenched close to the ear and the purse-strings of the government, had become alarmed at the extent of the new movement, and had put their taboo upon all who dared to depart from the old standards and traditions; and as they controlled the government patronage, and held in the palm of their hands the various medals, traveling-purses, and other official favors which are so liberally dispensed at the yearly salon, and as the private patronage of art in France was only a drop in the bucket twenty years ago, it will be seen that the young party of progress and revolt had to contend against almost insurmountable obstacles. But once having tasted the joys of freedom, it was impossible that they should again submit to wear fetters upon their vigorous young limbs; and many a talented man has chosen to live for years upon bread and cheese and sour wine, rather than paint the pretty or conventional trash which would have assured him an easy competence and even wealth. So they braved manfully the storm of adversity, and bided their time, confident that the great art-loving public must come one day to see the fresh new beauty which their own eyes saw so clearly.

The divergence between the two rival schools grew ever wider and more marked, for they represented a set of ideas and principles which were diametrically opposed to each other. I will not attempt to deny that my own sympathies are all with the young crusaders of the modern school; and even had I not imbibed their notions from the very earliest days of my student career, I believe that my natural mental bias would have led me eventually to throw in my lot with theirs. I will endeavor, nevertheless, to set down as fairly as may be and without prejudice the principal beliefs and tenets of the classic faith.

In the first place, the members of the official school hold that art in its highest

manifestations is a direct offspring of the human intellect; that it is something which is evolved from the highly cultivated brain of a peculiarly gifted man; and that it is, therefore, more the child of thought and reverie than of simple observation and refined feeling. According to them, observation is of course necessary, as also a close study of nature; but nature, they say, is to be regarded as an auxiliary, and is to be used only in so far as it helps to express and give form to the conception which has been previously elaborated in the brain of the artist. Nature, in fact, must be the artist's servant, and not his master. But as he works from the inner consciousness outward, he must not despise knowledge, and he must have all the technical part of his craft at his finger ends. Some eight or ten years ago, when Bastien-Lepage had just completed his famous Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices, I asked my master, Cabanel (who was also Bastien's master), his opinion of the work which was destined to be so widely and so hotly discussed. Cabanel, although belonging himself to the old classic school, was a man of great liberality of opinion and wide intelligence, and as Bastien was one of his favorite pupils I expected a fair commendation of the picture, with the addition, perhaps, of some interesting criticism upon its execution and the disposition of the various parts of the composition. I was nearly dumfounded, therefore, when, with a darkening brow and an angry emphasis, he replied: "It is bad art, — very bad art; so bad that I have no patience either with it or Bastien. He has painted a common peasant girl in a commonplace back garden, where every leaf and every apple are nearly as well wrought out as the face of the martyr heroine itself. With the figure, however, I will not quarrel. Every man has a right to his own conception of an historical character, and Bastien's Jeanne is after all *pas mal*. But the rest of the

picture is detestable, abominable. The very excellence of this clear gray landscape, with its bit of fence, its weeds, and its apple-trees, is in itself a crying fault ; for he should have given us a conventionalized background, wherein everything was subordinated to the figure, and made to emphasize the elevation and nobility of idea which are the very essence of a subject like this. That kind of thing was permissible enough in his hay-makers and his gleaners, but in Jeanne d'Arc — *non ! à jamais, non !* ”

You see Bastien had reversed the old order of pictorial composition altogether. He had gone to Nature first of all, had questioned her as to how the simple but noble little scene would in all probability have actually occurred, and then had set to work to render his impression exactly and faithfully ; altering nothing, adding nothing, taking nothing away ; content to paint the unadorned truth so far as it was given him to know it, and to leave the result to the artistic conscience of the future. The consequence of this uncompromising probity has been that the Joan of Arc is, and always will be, a test picture, before which any one may know at once to which party he belongs by nature. It epitomizes the ideas of the younger school, and emphasizes clearly the differences of opinion which divide them from the classicists.

The friends and companions of Bastien in fact believe that the truth is always and under all conditions nobler and more beautiful than any fiction. They insist also that nothing can come out of the human brain that has not at one time or another been put into it, and that therefore the painter who takes his impressions direct from nature sits at the fountain-head of all true inspiration. Nor do they think that the precious quality of individuality, which is as the bloom upon the fruit, is thereby endangered, but rather the contrary ; and in proof of this they point to the great difference which exists between the works

of Millet and of Corot, of Bastien-Lepage and of Harpignies, all of whom have painted what they saw frankly, simply, and honestly.

It was only after much hardship had been endured, and as the result of many struggles, that the modernists succeeded at last in forcing the doors of the salon, and obtaining a certain recognition for their work. Once awakened, however, the public appreciation grew surely as the general taste became more enlightened, until finally it could be said that the painters of nature, the *pleinairistes*, stood higher in the esteem of the art-loving world than their opponents of the official school. This result was arrived at without materially affecting the position of the painters of the official group ; for the decoration of all the city halls, museums, churches, and public buildings still fell to them, and they continued to control the distribution of the salon medals and other prizes.

During the past decade the lines between the rival factions have been drawn more sharply than ever, and the skirmishes have been more frequent and more bitter. It is only fair to say, however, that, until quite recently, the war has been a frank and loyal one upon both sides, each party being supported by an honest belief in the justice of its cause. But some four or five years ago the *pleinairiste* party became conscious of a subtle and powerfully malefic influence, against which it could no longer battle with any chance of success. Its sharpest shafts fell away from this mysterious barrier as from a wall of granite, and the school of convention and tradition, which had seemed tottering to its fall, rose again, as secure and triumphant as ever. Traced to its source, this new force in the world of art was found to emanate from a stout little personage of Jewish extraction, by the name of Jullien. The career of this remarkable man has been so unique, and his influence in French art matters

has become so preponderant, that the paragraphs which it will be necessary here to devote to him might be expanded easily to the proportions of a voluminous chapter. In person he is a man of fifty, slightly gray, of gentlemanly bearing, who wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. In manners he is courteous and self-possessed, affable alike to friend and foe, and never allowing his serenity to be disturbed by the most ferocious of personal attacks.

Some thirty odd years ago Jullien was an art student in the Latin Quarter. He was ambitious, like the rest of the Bohemian tribe, and, becoming impatient of the long preliminary studies which were required of the student who wished to gain admittance to the *École des Beaux Arts*, he joined a group of other young blades who were of like mind, and together they hired a studio and models, and opened an independent life-class of their own. Jullien was elected *massier*, or treasurer, of this small republic, and he at once showed himself so eminently fitted for the post that he was reëlected year after year. The little society flourished and expanded considerably, and when, finally, it became necessary to seek more commodious quarters Jullien assumed the entire responsibility, and opened the school under his own name. Thenceforward the *Académie Jullien* became a factor in the art world of Paris, and a factor whose astonishing growth and final preponderance can be fully appreciated only by those who have themselves long mingled in the turmoil of Parisian art life. Jullien himself had considerable technical skill as an artist, and one of his pictures even obtained for him the honor of medal at the salon; but at the close of the year 1877, when I first came into personal contact with him, he had definitely abandoned the practice of his art in order to devote himself the more closely to the commer-

cial side of his enterprise. At that time he had just opened a second studio to accommodate the growing number of his students, and the monthly fee of two francs, which had been found sufficient to defray all expenses at the outset, had been raised to thirty francs. He had also induced two excellent artists of the old school to come and criticise the students' work twice a week, as is the custom in Parisian art schools. These men were Jules Lefebvre and Boulanger, both masters in their own line. As the pupils increased and the studios multiplied, these two were joined by two others, Bouguereau and Robert-Fleury, both of whom were leading spirits in the camp of conventional art. It was Jullien's ambition to rival, and if possible to surpass, the famous *École des Beaux Arts*, and he was careful to choose masters who would train his students upon the academic lines there in vogue. To this end he bent all his efforts, and the excellent judgment which he displayed in the choice of his professors became apparent, as first one and then another of his students carried off the *Prix de Rome*, which is the highest honor that can be attained by an art student in France. The winner of this prize is sent to Rome at the expense of the government, and maintained there for a period of four years, during which time he is supposed to perfect himself in his art by a careful study of the old masters. The splendid Palazzo Barberini is devoted to the service of the laureates, and a competent professor, generally one of the veterans of French art, is appointed to overlook their work. In spite of the depreciation with which it has been somewhat the custom to speak of this prize of late years, it is a very great honor still, and is justly regarded as the crowning glory of a student's career in France. The fact, which has been pointed out, that Bastien-Lepage, Dagnan, and some others of the great luminaries of French art have failed to

obtain the prize may perhaps place in question the fairness of the judges who have awarded it, but can be no criticism upon the intrinsic value of the prize itself, or the great advantage that may be derived from it by an artist of intelligence and sympathetic perceptions. At any rate, it is much sought after, and the school which can boast of having turned out one or more Prix de Rome is sure to be filled to overflowing with a crowd of eager young fellows who have a covetous eye upon the same glittering distinction. So the Académie Jullien flourished amazingly, and grew and grew, until at the date of writing it boasts of six or eight hundred students, who are crowded into twelve large studios, and criticised by no less than seven able professors. Like a great octopus, it has sucked away the life of all the other independent schools of art in Paris. The schools of Bonnat and Carolus Duran have been closed, and those of Laurens and Colarossi have dwindled to less than half their former proportions.

Of course this state of things could not exist for any length of time without inducing some of those phenomena which are peculiar to combinations and monopolies the world over. The pupils of the École Jullien, as they were drafted out of the schools into the salon, looked to their professors to forward their interests, and to obtain for them the coveted medals which are so indispensable to young French artists at the opening of their career; and it was presently observed that more than a fair share of these honors fell to graduates of the Académie Jullien. In return for this service, the grateful pupils voted their masters, and those of the older artists who belonged to the same clique, into prominent places upon the salon jury. Year after year Bouguereau was elected president of this body, while either Lefebvre or Robert-Fleury was its secretary with scarcely a break, and the rest of the Jullien professors and their sym-

pathizers were constantly among its most influential members. The control of art matters had always belonged to the official school, but now it fell into the hands of that part of it which was represented by the École Jullien. This was so entirely the case that, a year or two ago, it was difficult for a young man to obtain the best deserved salon recompense unless he could write the name of one or more of the Jullien professors after his own in the salon catalogue. The influential Cabanel, indeed, was still able to compel justice for his pupils, but the poor devil who was a pupil of neither Cabanel nor Jullien must be content to dwell in an outer desert where medals obtained not; and those who know the importance which is attached to a salon medal in France will be able to appreciate the forlorn isolation of the position to which he was thus condemned. The salon medal not only means fame and honor to its recipient, but also represents immediate bread and butter; for the medals are all large plates of solid gold, which range in value from three hundred francs to more than five thousand. Many a poor fellow has existed for months upon the proceeds of the sale of his salon medal; and there is a little shop, well known to the impecunious brotherhood, where the generous gold pieces can be exchanged for cheap but excellent imitations, the difference in value being handed over to the artist in glittering louis d'ors.

Another and still more important attribute of the salon medal is the *hors concours* privilege which is attached to it, by the action of which the winner of two third medals or of one second or one first medal becomes independent of the action of the salon jury, his pictures being thereafter hung by right, and an honorable position upon the line reserved for them. The artist who is *hors concours* represents the nearest approach in France to the English R. A. This privilege is naturally regarded as of the first

importance, and it was around it that the battle was fought of which I shall speak later on.

Meanwhile, it will be necessary to explain briefly the nature of the various salon awards. These are divided into no less than seven distinct classes. First in order comes the grand medal of honor, which is destined to crown the career of an already famous artist, and is intended not so much to recompense the particular pictures upon which it is placed as to reward a long series of fine works which must have preceded it. Next follows the first medal, a rare distinction, which is seldom conferred, and only upon some work of quite transcendent merit. After this comes the second medal, which is the highest honor that may ordinarily be expected by a rising artist, and which, as I have before explained, carries with it the *hors concours* privilege. The third medal, which follows, is no mean distinction, and is always welcomed with sufficient rejoicing by the young fellow to whom it may be accorded. Quite distinct from these medals is the *Prix du Salon*, which is open only to young Frenchmen under the age of thirty. This prize takes rank with the *Prix de Rome*, and, like that award, sends its recipient to Rome for a period of four years, with an annual allowance of four thousand francs. There are also dispensed yearly a dozen well-lined traveling-purses, containing from four hundred to four thousand francs each; and finally a generous allowance of *Mentions Honorables*. This award partakes of the nature of an encouraging pat on the back, and it may safely be stated that the youth upon whom it is conferred would always infinitely prefer a third medal. A large number of pictures, also, are annually purchased by the government, to decorate the walls of the many public museums of Paris and the large provincial cities. And when to all this we add the little red ribbon of the Legion of

Honor, which is occasionally bestowed upon successful artists, it will be seen that the control of the official patronage of art in Paris is no small affair. That this control has of late years passed completely into the hands of M. Jullien and his followers is an open secret in Paris, and so universally conceded that there is nothing to be gained by glozing it over here. Even Jullien himself would probably admit as much, with a certain quiet and pardonable pride in the success of his operations; but as to the means which he has employed to arrive at these ends he would probably remain discreetly silent. Nevertheless, I shall venture to pry a little into this means; and while it will probably strike us as incongruous to find many of the principles and methods of the bucket-shop applied to the cause of art education in Paris, we shall be forced, I think, to admire the astuteness of the clever financier who has succeeded in amassing a large fortune in so unpromising a field.

It is, I suppose, generally known to the readers of *The Atlantic* that the great French masters — Bonnat, Carolus Duran, and others — have invariably given their services and their time free of charge to the art students who have come to them for counsel and advice. All these men directed large schools for long periods of time, and esteemed it an honor and a pleasure to communicate gratuitously to the rising generation the results of their knowledge and experience. The practice might, by some, be considered quixotic, or at least unnecessary; but it must be conceded that it is a noble and generous one, conducive to great mutual respect and to a high standard of endeavor upon the part of the pupils.

Be this as it may, Jullien thought he saw his advantage in a reversal of this principle, and the professors who teach in his academy receive a share of the profits therefrom accruing. They perform a stated service for a stated

wage; and the generous and communicative enthusiasm of the older men, which could not be brought down to a commercial basis and measured by a standard of dollars and cents, is thereby entirely eliminated from the question. To be sure, a certain clock-like order has been secured by the change. The Jullien professors have always been most exact and diligent in the performance of their pedagogic duties; so that, while it occasionally happened that the pupils of Duran or Bonnat were left to their own devices for a week or so, under the Jullien régime no such irregularity has ever been known. The students in his academy can rest assured that punctually at nine o'clock upon every Tuesday and Friday morning the professor will be on hand to criticise and correct their work; and that if one of the masters chances to be incapacitated, by illness or from any other cause, his place will be taken by another, so that the regular routine of the school work may not be interfered with.

Whether this revolution in the system of art education is to be regarded as a gain or a loss will, of course, depend on the personal bias of whoever approaches the subject; but many will certainly regret the kindly and helpful personal interest which, under the old régime, the masters were able to take in their pupils.

It will, perhaps, be marveled at that men like Lefebvre and Bouguereau, who already held a commanding place in French art, should have been willing to accept this subordinate and salaried position even for the substantial money gage which was attached to it; but it must be remembered that, in addition to the financial inducement, Jullien was able to point out to them that, banded together in a close syndicate under his leadership, and backed and supported by their great and ever-growing body of pupils, they were able to wield an almost omnipotent power in all matters

pertaining to art in France, — a power to which they could never aspire so long as they remained divided and unsupported units. It was a very alluring bait to hold out, and its attractions must have been well-nigh irresistible to ambitious men like the president and secretary of the salon jury. But it was the selfish and soulless principle of the ring and the corner applied to art, and its effects would have proved most disastrous had not a timely check finally been put upon it; for art, true art, is one of the few things that cannot, with advantage, be subjected to the rules which govern commercial enterprises. Not competition, but generous and helpful *camaraderie*, stimulating individual effort, is the soul of art. Fortunately for the cause of art in France, this fact was understood by many of her most prominent painters, and the time arrived at last when their kindly and generous enthusiasm prevailed over the selfish policy of their opponents. Strange to say, the instrument which enabled them to effect this surprising result was one which, properly handled by their adversaries, might have definitely consolidated the power which they had succeeded in usurping so cleverly.

Some six or eight years ago, the artists of France constituted themselves into a corporate body, known as the *Société des Artistes Français*, for the general purpose of taking upon themselves the management of the salon, which had formerly been a government prerogative; and, incidentally, of founding a home and retreat for the aged and unfortunate members of their own guild. This society, including, as it did, nearly every professional artist in France, was declared to be of *utilité publique* by the government, and was granted the same privileges as had previously been accorded to artists in general. These privileges consisted in the free use of the *Palais de l'Industrie* for the purposes of the salon exhibition, and the distribution

of the various medals and prizes, which the government continued to provide as before. A body of this kind was, of course, a most propitious field for the operations of the Jullien set, and the direction of its affairs, before long, fell quite naturally into the hands of this clique. Indeed, without some such corporate body to work through, they could never have grasped the almost absolute power which they had succeeded in acquiring toward the close of the year 1888; and consequently the revolt of which I am about to speak would, in all probability, never have occurred.

This, then, was the condition of art matters in France as the preparations for the universal exposition of 1889 approached completion: the École Jullien all-powerful and triumphant, with a strong and indignant minority always bearing down against it, and striving, by every means in its power, to undermine and destroy it. When the jury for the art section of the great world's fair was appointed, the government, taking cognizance of the unfortunate divisions in the camp of the artists, decided, wisely, to silence the malcontents upon both sides by appointing to its presidency the veteran painter Meissonier, who owned allegiance to neither party, and was known to be a man of sturdy and almost ferocious integrity. Under his leadership there was a temporary cessation of hostilities. For the nonce the two rival factions seemed to have agreed to work together in a spirit of harmony and mutual concession; and I have never heard it intimated that this jury, acting under the direction of the veteran miniature-painter, performed its duties otherwise than fairly and well. Medals and other honors were freely dispensed, — almost, too freely, some have thought, — but there was no suspicion of injustice in their distribution. A generous share of the recompenses was accorded to the foreign exhibitors, and the French painters and sculptors of the Jullien

clique obtained no more than a due proportion of the honors. Now, the medals awarded at universal expositions in France have always been held synonymous with those distributed at the yearly salons, and they have, therefore, carried with them, when of sufficient grade, the much-coveted *hors concours* privilege. This had been the case with the awards at the two previous expositions of 1858 and 1878, and it was understood that the custom should hold good upon the present occasion. But when the exposition was drawing to its close, when the awards had all been announced, and many of the foreign exhibitors had already returned to their homes, people were surprised to hear a rumor that the Jullien party had decided to refuse the *hors concours* privilege to the medalists of the exposition of 1889. They would decline, it was said, to allow the salon suddenly to be inundated by a flood of new laureates, in whose creation they had had little or no voice. "Let the outer barbarians be content with their medals," they were reported as saying; "as for the salon, we intend to keep it for ourselves." When knowledge of the above intention came to the ears of the president of the exposition jury, Meissonier, he rose in wrath against the iniquity of the proposal. "To invite all the world to a sumptuous banquet," he said, "and then, when the guests have arrived and are admiring the magnificence of the repast spread out before them, quietly to take away from before their very eyes the daintiest of all the dishes, is a gross breach of honor. Worse than that," he added, "it is a breach of courtesy, a falling away from that old-time Gallic politeness which is the chief distinction and glory of the French nation, and it is not, therefore, to be tolerated for a moment. Either abolish all medals and all privileges, or let all who have honestly gained them profit by them."

It became the question of the day in

Paris. For a month the newspapers were filled with bitter polemics upon the subject. As yet the thing had been decided upon only in committee, but the storm raised by the announcement of the committee's decision was so great that it was at last found necessary to call a plenary meeting of the *Société des Artistes Français* to pass upon the matter. More than three thousand artists responded to the call, and the vast glass-covered auditorium of the *Palais de l'Industrie* was filled as it had never been filled before. After a long and stormy debate, M. Bouguereau, who was in the chair, finally put the question to the assembled multitude. The Jullien party triumphed by an immense majority. When the result of the ballot was announced, Meissonier arose, and, followed by four hundred of the leading artists of France, stalked majestically out of the hall.

The breach thus dramatically opened was destined to prove final and irrevocable. Neither party would abate one jot of its demands, and all attempts at reconciliation were fruitless. Indeed, many of the artists who followed Meissonier out of the *Palais de l'Industrie*, that day, heaved a great sigh of relief as they passed the door. They felt like men who suddenly and unexpectedly escape from an irksome and more or less shameful servitude, and the freedom which they had attained was not lightly to be thrown away again. Their leader, Meissonier, went about like a new Peter the Hermit, preaching death and destruction to the vandals who were desecrating the temple of art with their mercenary traffic. New recruits flocked daily to his standard, and finally nearly six hundred enthusiastic young crusaders met, at his invitation, and proceeded to lay the foundation of a new and purified society, and to make with all dispatch their preparations for the holding of a new and independent salon. It was already the end of Feb-

ruary; by the middle of May, at the latest, their exhibition must be open to the public; and in order to justify their venture in the eyes of the world, it was felt that the new salon must be good beyond the average of the old ones. They had no time to lose, therefore. The government was applied to for recognition and aid, and although much pressure was brought to bear upon it by the old society, it acted in a spirit of fair and even-handed justice in the matter. It declared the new society to be of equal utilité publique with the old one, and granted its members the use of the magnificent *Palais des Beaux Arts*, which was so admired during the recent universal exhibition.

In framing its constitution and by-laws, the new society made a clean sweep of all the old moss-grown traditions and fungous growths which had done so much to hinder the free development of modern art. It was decided that the doors of the new salon should be open to good work of every school, without fear or favor, and that the only thing demanded of an artist should be that he was to do his best in his own way, and that the work presented should be good of its kind. Each picture was to stand solely upon its own merits. There was to be no limit as to the number of works presented by the same artist, provided only that they reached the necessary standard of excellence. There were to be no privileges to oppress the rising artist in favor of the artist already risen, and no medals to lure the unwary upon the shoals of conventionalism. For the first time in the history of art, the question of nationality was to be eliminated from art concerns, and all artists were to stand upon an equal footing, irrespective of the land of their birth. In fact, three foreigners have been elected members of its jury, one of whom, Alexander Harrison, is an American.

The most important feature of the above programme is the suppression of

the medals. Indeed, this measure will appear in the eyes of all Frenchmen so radical and revolutionary that one shivers to think of the temerity of those who proposed it. But it was felt that the medals were the root of all the evil; for the system of recompenses, which has always obtained under the old régime, has long been regarded as a nuisance and a bane by the most thoughtful of the French artists. I have heard not a few of them give it as their deliberate opinion that the *tableau à médaille* was killing French art. How could a young fellow be expected to give free scope to his originality, when he felt that disaster awaited him unless he could secure that indispensable salon medal! He knew that a certain large conventional style of picture was required by the dispensers of official favors, and very naturally he set to work to paint what was demanded of him; in the painting of it, the chances were ten to one that he warped his talent permanently from its natural bent, and killed within him the small germ of originality which might have developed later into a flower of the first beauty. Therefore, *mort aux médailles!*

The Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, as the new body has been designated, includes almost all the younger artists of note, and not a few of the more famous older men. It would be very easy to cull from the list of its members the names of twenty artists of world-wide celebrity, but a few will be sufficient to indicate the class of men to whom the movement owes its origin. Carolus Duran, Meissonier, Cazin, Dagnan, Duez, l'Hermitte, and Dalow are not among those who are still seeking recognition from the public; and it is characteristic of the new movement that three quarters of its members are men who have long been hors concours under the old régime, and have nothing to gain under the new, save that wholesome feeling of freedom with-

out which the highest intellectual effort is impossible. They have voluntarily thrown aside the armor of their privileges, and appear again unarmed in the arena.

The first annual exhibition of the Société Nationale was opened upon the 15th of May, 1890. Everything about it was new and original, — the decoration of the galleries, the arrangement of the pictures, and the disposition of the light; and, making due allowance for the success which is always commanded by an agreeable innovation, it is safe to say that it surpassed any exhibition of pictures which has been held in modern times. So much is admitted even by Albert Wolff, of the *Figaro*, who has always been the most adverse critic of the movement. The present paper is not the place for any detailed criticism of the works exhibited, but I may be allowed to note briefly a few of the happy innovations which have helped to place this first exhibition of the Société Nationale so far beyond all its predecessors. In the first place, the entrance was beautified and made so pleasing to the eye as to impress the visitor at once with the feeling that he was being led on to a feast of beauty. This impression was still further intensified by the rich decorations of the great central vestibule; and when at last he entered the picture galleries, which were themselves exquisitely draped and bathed in a peculiarly soft and opalescent glow, he was quite prepared to enjoy the artistic treat spread out before him. First of all, he was struck by the fact that the pictures were not crammed close upon one another, in the distracting and bewildering confusion of an ordinary exhibition, but were agreeably disposed in groups, the work of each artist by itself, with restful spaces of blank wall between them. It was possible thus to study and enjoy the work of each painter separately, without having the eye importuned by some

wholly incongruous work in the adjoining frame. Many artists, too, had availed themselves of the proviso which allowed them to send an unlimited number of works to the same exhibition. Some showed as many as ten or fifteen pictures, many of them being fresh and charming sketches, whose unimportance would have excluded them from an ordinary salon. But the gain in this way to the public was inestimable, for they were thus admitted into the very secret recesses of the artist's soul, and permitted to form an estimate of the *ensemble* of his work which would have been impossible under any other conditions. It is hardly necessary to say that all had sent their very best work, and in some cases that best was beyond all praise for its beauty, its sentiment, and its truth to nature.

It is too early to predict just what will be the ultimate effect of the new

movement, but all true lovers of art will watch its course with the most sympathetic interest, and with the hope that the same high standard of endeavor which has marked its advent will continue to guide its future movements. It is not probable that the old system of state-aided art will disappear in a moment, for it is too deeply rooted in the prejudices of the guild quickly to be overcome. But that is not necessary, nor perhaps desirable. It is sufficient that the impetus has been given to a new and better order of things. The wheel has been set moving, and, though it may move slowly, it is permitted us to hope that it will not stop until it has ridden clear of all the old prejudices, and the new corruption which was so infinitely more to be feared, and has placed the art of the future upon a plane with the best and highest intelligence of the age.

Birge Harrison.

FELICIA.

XI.

WITH something of the spirit, the serious absorption, the singleness of aim, the intensity, the concentration, which animate the student in pursuit of learning, or the man of affairs in the conduct of enterprise, Felicia entered upon the untried phase of her dual life; her rôle was now that of the singer's wife. She familiarized herself with the details of her husband's work. She accompanied him to every rehearsal and every performance. She promised herself that she would not permit extraneous matters to assume an importance which did not of right attach to them. Money, luxury, society, congenial association, — these were merely accessories, unimportant compared with the great fundamental

fact of duty. She told herself that she had no right to come into his life, aware of its incongruities, and injure his future. As to the worthiness of his career as a career, who was to judge? She acknowledged the artificialities of her standards; she admitted to herself that if the world — her world — held his vocation in as high esteem as the law, medicine, literature, politics, the army, the navy, she would not object to the thing itself. As to the influences, he had become what he was perhaps in spite of them, but certainly subjected to them. She would not be petty-minded, she declared. The man had a gift and an ideal; she would help him conserve the one and attain the other. She would control her exacting taste; after all, taste should be a useful servant, not a tyrant.

nical master. She would see deeper than the surface of Bohemianism, into the lives of these people with whom she was surrounded, — their pathos, their struggle, their strength, their fervor. She had known life in one phase only, so far; she would know it in another, widely different. In the contemplation of these new conditions she would grow wiser and stronger, clearer of vision, more calm of purpose, more tender of heart; development was her duty as well as his.

It was dreary work. All her natural instincts and the strong effects of her education were marshaled against her will. She could not always recognize and adequately gauge excellence of achievement, she had not reached the very vestibule of the great temple of art; yet she was constantly incited to revolt when she was brought face to face with the spectacle of warped sensibilities, solecisms of manner, the grinding and belittling influences of a desperate struggle for precedence and a constant contention for place. She saw much coarseness of feeling, much selfish scheming, much infirmity of temper, much envy and jealousy. These people were banded together by a common interest, — the success of the troupe; they were opposed to each other by the intense antagonisms of professional rivalry. That any should not succeed injured the others, yet each of them grudged every round of applause as the deprivation of a vested right. Thus capacities which would appear to admit of no comparison were bitterly contrasted: the contralto hated the tenor because of his encore for the love-song, and the basso could not forgive the soprano for the trippingness of her execution. The chivalrous instinct seemed dead among the men, who were as envious and small-minded as the women; the instinct of conciliation seemed lacking among the women, who were as assertive and antagonistic as the men. It was as if an army were vigorously at war with

the enemy while torn by internal conflict. For them to indulge in the tender and ennobling luxuries of generosity and self-abnegation was to bare the throat to a willing sabre close at hand, without waiting for the possible minie-ball of the public a little later. To rise above such a mental and moral plane was, through exceptional gifts and the tyranny of a life dedication, to grow by slow and painful degrees to the state of *facile princeps* among them.

Kennett, somewhat indefinitely apprehending the maze of conflicting emotions which possessed her, had, with some eagerness, asked her impressions of that first rehearsal.

"You found it very entertaining, did you not?" he said, in the tone of one who would fain constrain a favorable opinion.

Yes, she had found it very entertaining.

"You are interested in human nature," he continued, in the same spirit. "You like to study people, and think you understand your fellow-creatures. Can you analyze those two men to whom you were talking to-day?"

"I think," said Felicia, meditatively, "that Mr. Abbott is a kindly disposed man, but he can do and say very unkind things. He pines to make other people suffer with him. 'I will burn, thou *shalt* sizzle,' — that's Mr. Abbott's motto."

Kennett thought this over in silence for a moment. "Rather a good guess," he admitted. "And Preston?"

She laughed. "Preston is — *Preston*," she said; "and so are all philosophies, and creeds, and arts, and sciences, — all Preston. If this city and the troupe were swallowed in an earthquake, what would he care, if he were left! There are other cities with opera houses, and other troupes in need of a basso, and other friends to be had for the asking. That is Preston."

Kennett had become grave. "Fe-

licia," he said, "your insight is almost terrible."

"There was at any rate one interesting person on that stage to-day," remarked Felicia, suddenly. "That mezzo-soprano; don't you remember? She is intelligent and gentle. She has a nice face."

He looked at her with slightly raised eyebrows. "She is Mrs. Branner," he said. He was silent a moment; then, with a slight laugh, "I take back what I said. You have no insight at all."

In this life of his before the public, Kennett was much like a man on a trapeze: every moment was a crisis. However strong a matter of feeling might be, other importunate considerations pressed rival claims which could not be put off or lightly estimated. Thus it was that he did not entirely apprehend the complication of motives which induced Felicia to offer to accompany him, one day when he was about to practice. He agreed, after a scarcely perceptible hesitation, and relinquished the piano stool.

From an amateur standpoint she played very well. She had facility, a sympathetic touch, and was a fairly good timist. But in music there is a wide gulf between the average amateur and the average professional. The perfect exactitude, the delicate machine-work, requisite for an acceptable accompaniment were lacking. He endured it for a time; then, with a comical look of despair, he clutched at his hair as if tearing an invisible wig, and swept her from the stool.

"The little public must continue to adorn the proscenium box," he said, "for she is not a success as an orchestra."

"I had thought of practicing," declared Felicia, ruefully. "I had an idea of playing your accompaniments."

"It is not worth while to undertake all that drudgery," he returned.

He was more interested, since it was more definitely in his own line, when she said, some days later, that she contem-

plated taking up singing. "Only for amusement," she added, quickly. Once she would not have felt thus humbly as to her accomplishments, but she had by this time discovered the wild absurdity embodied in the pleasing delusion indulged in by the show pupils of the fashionable boarding-schools, — the delusion that in point of musical merit their natural voices and their culture would enable them to vie with the lady in white satin and diamonds, charming an audience before the footlights.

He tried her voice and put her through several songs in various styles. He said she had a good soprano, not remarkable for compass; light, but even and pleasant in quality. He added, however, that, to do anything worth mentioning, she must elaborately unlearn all that she had acquired as a "show society pupil" from Signor Biancionelli; she must begin at the beginning, and build up a training from the very foundation stone. He offered to teach her himself, if she liked; no doubt she would do pretty well, by dint of working hard.

"You see you have not been taught to sing," he explained, lucidly; "you have only learned, after a fashion, some songs."

She said, unconsciously repeating his phrase, that it was hardly worth while to go through so much drudgery.

Often, sitting alone in the box, she took thought of her own position. What was she to do with her life? she asked herself. She could not fully share his, — that was evident. She could not be useful as incentive, as support. He did not need her. He stood alone. She could not absorb herself in his pursuits; she was neither fitted nor schooled. She could not absorb herself in pursuits of her own. In what line was she equipped? In none more definitely than in music; in any she would need preliminary training. "And one does not *begin* at twenty-three," she reflected. "When I was made to study so much, why was I

not taught something?" She did not formulate the theory, but she appreciated it as a fact that now, under the influence of strong feeling, groping among foreign conditions for the solution of the serious problems of her life, the heavy and uninteresting details of preparatory drudgery, without the support, as incentive, of an ultimate object and a controlling talent, would be as impossible to her as the aimless and desultory distraction of fancy-work and novel-reading. As to other absorptions which claim the attention of many women, — charities, hospitals, educational movements, — pursuits which might be called community interests, she had heard so vaguely, if at all, of these channels of thought and endeavor that they represented a world as completely removed from her ken as this world of musical life had once been, and they could of necessity offer her no suggestion; it might be doubted, too, if hers was of the natures which find their expression in community interests.

And again, what was she to do with her life, — not that full-pulsed existence of emotion which had absorbed her, but this other imperative individuality which was, day by day, more definitely pushing its demands, — her intentions, her time, her idle energy? Was it possible to live entirely in the contemplation of another's life, which yet she could not share; to relinquish a thoroughly vital entity for a passive acquiescence, for an utter aloofness? This was hardly life at all; it was almost annihilation; it was a sort of self-murder, thus to destroy her identity. "Does it die hard, I wonder, one's identity?" she thought, a little wistful, a little appalled.

Kennett was very intent that the exacting public should be more than satisfied. What duty was so obvious as that the balancing-pole should be in readiness, the rope stretched tightly? When a man's professional existence is at stake, it behooves him to have his faculties

and all the appliances at command. This *allegro* requires a trifle more of fire; there should be a *rallentando* here; and here the sentiment calls for a *tendresse*, which must be given with an "out-breathed effect;" and ah, gracious powers! the brasses *must* be softened in that passage!

Up to this time the callers at the box had been the gentlemen of the troupe. Abbott and Preston had come in frequently; one day Kennett had introduced Whitmarsh, a showy blond Englishman, oppressively friendly with him, and so propitiatory to her that she deduced the fact that he must dislike Hugh very much indeed. Several times the manager of the company had sat with her half an hour or so, and once he had taken her behind the scenes, and explained the mechanism of ropes and pulleys, and the big "sets" and flies. He was as different from her preconceived idea of a theatrical manager as he well could be: a quiet man, with a wife and six children at home. He once showed her their photographs, and was inclined to be homesick when he came to that of the year-old baby, a chubby fellow-citizen, whose portentous frown was the most conspicuous feature of the picture.

One morning she had a new caller, a lady. She glanced up at a sound behind her, and saw, hesitating at the door of the box, the Mrs. Branner who had earlier attracted her attention.

"May I come in and talk to you a little?" asked the stranger.

Felicia's instinct for politeness was the strongest and the most carefully cultivated instinct of her nature.

"I shall be very happy," she said with cordiality, and the visitor entered and seated herself.

Mrs. Branner had a very soft and gentle manner, — so soft and gentle as to suggest the purring of a cat. There was something feline about her face: her mouth was large, and had a ten-

dency to curve upward at the corners; her face was wide and short; her eyes were gray, and she had a habit of narrowing them. Yet she was distinctly a pretty woman: her complexion was delightful in its warm fairness; her nose was straight and delicate; her eyebrows and lashes were dark; she had dense fair hair, and was tall and graceful.

"I am afraid I have taken a liberty, but I want so much to know you," she said, with a manner of much simplicity and candor; her face was very sweet when she smiled. "I hope you are not lonely. I am told that you are far away from your own people, and new to all this. I hope you like it."

It had been so long since Felicia had heard any woman, except an Irish or German hotel chambermaid, speak to her that this tone of sympathy, of fellowship, this sudden reverting to an element she had supposed she prized but slightly, friendship with her own sex, almost overcame her. Her voice faltered as she replied:—

"Not exactly lonely, but a little—well, strange."

"I can imagine it. Now, as for me, I have known nothing else. Since I can remember I have been on the stage."

"Do you like the life?" asked Felicia.

Mrs. Branner shook her head.

"It is a terrible life. I saw once in a book or a newspaper that the stage is like a vampire: so much feigning deprives one of one's own nature, as a vampire sucks the blood."

Felicia thought it denoted delicacy of feeling to acquiesce in this. She looked attentively at her new acquaintance. It was an odd, intelligent face, she fancied, expressing sensitiveness. To measure the silent potent influences of circumstances on character and intellect is a feat that can be accomplished only vaguely and clumsily by recourse to results. In the last year Felicia had experienced a wide range of emotions: she had

sounded the depths of her own heart; she had undergone the strong shock of severing abruptly all the close ties, associations, and traditions she had ever known; she was even yet entangled in the complicated web of thought and sentiment involved in adjusting herself to a new and difficult situation; having been the active and controlling centre of her world, she had become the passive spectator of a world of outside life, in which she had no part, and for which she could discover no substitute; and she was still in the thrall of the most imperative and intense feeling of which she was capable.

Perhaps she was thus an illustration of the theory that the possibilities of the emotional nature are cultivated at the expense of the attributes of the intellect; perhaps the simpler explanation involved in the fact of the loneliness induced by her semi-isolation was the correct explanation. Certainly her judgment was much at fault. A year ago she would have seen, as now, that Mrs. Branner's was an intelligent face, but she would not have credited it with sensitiveness; she would have detected the artificiality lurking beneath the purring manner; she would have known intuitively that the visitor was playing a part, very nicely, very prettily,—the part to which she had become so habituated that it was indeed almost second nature, and the most insidiously attractive she could assume, but still and always playing.

Felicia discovered nothing. She entered with flattering zeal upon the topics that presented themselves,—a wide range, from the plot of the opera, play-writing in general, acting and actors, music, orchestral and lyric, down to macramé lace, tidies, even the fashions. This last solecism would have been impossible to her a year before. But with the sudden drifting into the current of feminine interests and feeling her strict requirements loosed their hold.

Kennett, looking on from the stage,

marveled that she should have become so animated: she was talking vivaciously, eagerly, almost convulsively; she laughed out gleefully, and caught herself, like a child at school. When her companion had left her, she sat watching the proceedings with smiling eyes. He had little to say when he joined her, and they returned to the hotel. "Yes, yes," he admitted, with a shade of impatience in his voice, "Mrs. Branner seems to be very pleasant."

"It is so delightful to meet an agreeable woman," declared Felicia. "I did n't appreciate that there is such a sameness in having only men acquaintances. When I was a girl," she went on, maturely, "I did n't care much for other women. I was interested principally in the adorers."

"And now, having a permanent adorer, it is the other way, I suppose," he remarked, a little absently.

"And was n't it an odd coincidence," cried Felicia, removing her head-gear, and looking at it with an animated smile, "that we should be dressed almost exactly alike? — she noticed it, too, — black dresses, and black bonnets, and old-gold ribbons. She noticed it, too!"

"I wish you would not wear that color!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "I detest it, and it is very unbecoming to you."

She looked at him in surprise. "Well, don't be cross about it," she said, coaxingly. "I will not wear it if you dislike it. It is rather extravagant to throw away this picot ribbon," she added, surveying the garniture of her bonnet. "I wish I had known of your antipathy before I bought it."

"And have this thing re-lined," he resumed, irritably, opening her parasol, looking at it sourly, and giving it a flip that sent it sailing across the room and landed it neatly on the sofa.

Felicia was still contemplating the ribbons. "They need n't be wasted, after all!" she declared, as if making a

valuable discovery. "I can use them in a crazy-quilt. How I used to laugh at Amy's crazy-quilt! Did I ever think I should condescend to artistic patchwork! Mrs. Branner promised to show me exactly how to do it. She thinks it *perfectly fascinating*."

He controlled himself. He did not say "Confound Mrs. Branner!" until after he had shut the door.

Then, as he tramped down the hall, he realized that he was unreasonable. He could not wipe out all the colors of the rainbow, and Mrs. Branner might elect to wear Felicia's favorite gray or violet to-morrow. As to the noble science of crazy-quilting, it would survive his displeasure, and long serve as a tie between the sane and gifted mortals who affected it. He watched in silent exasperation the acquaintance progress. Mrs. Branner came into the box every morning, to beguile the tedium of the long rehearsals. Twice she called at the hotel. On both occasions Felicia chanced to be out, but she said she intended to return these calls. One afternoon, as Kennett stood in the reading-room, he saw the two coming together down the street. They were talking earnestly, and did not observe him. They parted at the door, and Felicia entered the hotel. He lingered, looking out aimlessly; presently, however, he took his way upstairs.

Felicia had removed her hat and light wrap, and was sitting beside the open window. Spring had come at last, distinctly and definitely, — evidently with the intention of staying. There was a soft relaxation in the air. The golden sunlight sifted down from an infinitely dainty blue sky. The gentle breeze, bringing the pleasant breath of moisture, brought also the odor of cigar smoke, and the roll of carriages passing swiftly on the way to and from the park, and the cries of boys with the evening papers. Through the foliage, vividly yet delicately green, in the square opposite the hotel, the chattering English sparrows

flitted; sometimes the voices of children arose, also chatteringly, from the walks beneath. A big bronze figure looked down, with inscrutable eyes, from its pedestal. Despite the softness, the revivifying influence of the season was asserting itself. The prosaic duty of living was all at once metamorphosed into a privilege, and one's dearest desires assumed the aspect of a friendly possibility. Felicia was under this benignant vernal spell as she gazed out dreamily at the changing pageantry of the street below. She did not turn her head as Kennett entered.

"Come and sit by the window," she said; "it is such a lovely day."

He crossed the room, but instead of taking a chair he stood leaning against the window frame and looking down at her. He could not have made even an unreasonable objection to the color she was wearing to-day,—a delicate fawn-tinted costume, in several "tones," as the fashion experts say. The fabric, a light woolen goods, fell in soft folds about her; the shade brought out the extreme fairness of her complexion, and deepened the color of her eyes and lips; her cheeks were flushed; she had a bunch of creamy *Maréchal Niel* rosebuds in her hand, and had fastened others in the bosom of her dress.

"Well?" she said, glancing up as he hesitated.

"Well," he began, "I want to make a suggestion. Were you out with Mrs. Branner this afternoon?"

"Yes," replied Felicia, vivaciously. "We went shopping. Would n't you like to see what I bought?" with swift generosity.

He detained her with a gesture, as she was about to rise. "No, not now." He had been sufficiently impressed by the fact that the universal dictum as to the extravagance of young ladies of her station is not idle caviling,—if the class must be judged by Felicia. It was not that she spent money from ostentation

or because she had many needs, but merely because she could not help it. To buy whatever struck her fancy seemed to her as reasonable as to inhale the breath of her roses, a pleasure which was a matter of course. He had not as yet said anything to check her. He was still much in love, and was weak where she was concerned. He remembered that her lavishness was the habit of her life, and reminded himself of the peculiar difficulties and deprivations of her position. He always wound up his cogitations with the determination that he would "soon" have a serious talk with her, and propose that they should cut down expenses. He felt satisfied that she would prove amenable, but he dreaded her puzzled and pained acquiescence more than resistance and reproaches. For many reasons, he was not now in the humor sympathetically to gloat over her new treasures.

"No," he said, peremptorily. "I want to talk to you."

She sank back, leaving something unfinished about "the loveliest *Escorial lace*."

"I don't want you to go about with Mrs. Branner," he said.

"I believe you are jealous of Mrs. Branner!" cried Felicia, breaking into joyous laughter. "Dear me! what an opportunity I threw away last summer! I did not once make you jealous. I did not play off any one against you the whole time."

"You could n't play a part," he declared, drifting into the digression. "You would n't know how to dissimulate. I often wonder how a woman trained by Madame Sevier can be so frank."

"I am my father's daughter as well as Madame Sevier's pupil," said Felicia, her eyes filling suddenly, as they always did at the mention of her father.

"Well, *he* is frank," remarked Hugh Kennett, grimly. "I will say that much for him."

After a pause, during which Felicia passed her handkerchief over her eyes, with the furtive gesture of one who attempts to ignore the fact that tears are ready to fall, he resumed :—

“To return to Mrs. Branner. I don’t want you to have so much to do with her. I am sorry, as she is the only woman you happen to know; but I can’t let you associate with her. I ought to have put a stop to it before this.”

“Why?” demanded Felicia, in a startled tone. She had roused herself from her lounging attitude, and was looking at him expectantly.

“Well, she is not a suitable friend for you. There may be no harm in her. I dare say she was only imprudent, but a good deal was said and”—

“And you did not tell me!” exclaimed Felicia, violently, “and you let me talk with her at that theatre, hour after hour! How could you! How could you!”

He was immensely relieved. He had feared that from some quixotism, some championship as of injured innocence, she would espouse Mrs. Branner’s cause; he was aware of her underlying willfulness, and he had dreaded to enlist it against him in a contest like this. When he saw how greatly he had been mistaken, he could even afford magnanimity.

“Mrs. Branner was probably only imprudent,” he said. “She is stupendously vain, as you see; her husband was very jealous, and”—

“I would not associate familiarly with such a woman for any imaginable consideration,” declared Felicia, uncompromisingly.

“Felicia, you have a pitiless standard,” he said, as if in rebuke; and he was inexpressibly glad that this was the case.

“I have common sense,” retorted Felicia, dryly.

This episode ended her efforts to take part, even as a sympathetic spectator, in her husband’s professional career. She

would not attend rehearsals, and risk being again thrown with Mrs. Branner.

“I could not snub her; I would not hurt her; and I will not let her talk to me.”

Stage life thus slipped from immediate observation into a retrospect, and she began presently to analyze the chaotic impressions she had received during her constant attendance at rehearsals and performances, and to formulate her experience as a whole. She evolved the theory that she had unconsciously forgiven much,—a certain tone, a Bohemianism of feeling as well as of manner, which would once have been unpardonable in her eyes. Trifles, infinitely minute points indicating character, unnoticed at the time, came back with a new emphasis. To be sure, these people were zealous; they were hard-working; many were talented; doubtless many were faithful in the discharge of duty; they had bitter trials and disappointments even in the midst of their triumphs; to her mind they were much to be pitied. But was she justified in subjecting herself to the influences of stage life merely from idleness and ennui, without the ennobling element of labor and the consecration of an inborn talent?

There was a phrase she had picked up in her association with musical people which seemed to her to be capable of a wider suggestion than its obvious meaning. She often heard them speak of “absolute pitch.” The phrase might imply an immovable value other than tone. Was not an exact standard of morals, of worth, of essentials, even of externals, a strict code of habits and manners, which would not fluctuate in the sweep of extraneous influences, a possession intrinsically precious, which it was a duty not to underestimate? She promised herself that if she had the gift of “absolute pitch” in this sense, she would not lightly cast it aside. Better her empty hours and her vague

haunting disquiet; and so back to her old loneliness.

It was more endurable now that the season was rapidly drawing to a close, and for the same reason the cessation of intercourse with Mrs. Branner was managed without a seeming estrangement. Plans for the vacation were in order, and absorbed much thought. Kennett proposed to spend the summer abroad, but to his surprise Felicia objected.

"We have been so hurried and harried from place to place," she suggested. "Why not go to some quiet region, far from the army of summer tourists, and have a complete rest? We have seen people enough to last a long time."

He thought this over a moment. "Perhaps that will be pleasant," he acceded, doubtfully; then added, "and certainly cheap."

The place they selected was in a country neighborhood in one of the hilly counties of Kentucky, contiguous to the mountain region. The farmhouse had been recommended to Kennett by an acquaintance, who had once passed a tedious summer of convalescence there. "It is a very plain sort of place," he had said, "but the people are good-natured and sterling, and the accommodations endurable. If you want very quiet summer boarding, you cannot do better."

XII.

So far from the life of cities, of the opera troupe, its associations and traditions, was this landscape of hill and valley that it might seem almost the life of a foreign planet. The rickety "double buggy," which had been sent to meet Kennett and his wife, drew up before the fence of palings which inclosed an old two-story brick house; there was a portico in front, several hickory and sycamore trees grew in the yard, and a big vegetable garden lay at one side. The

cows were coming home; the mellow clanking of their bells resounded on the air. Across the tasseled blue grass several turkeys were making their way in single file, evidently with the intention of joining their companions already gone to roost in the branches of an oak-tree; the yellow sunset gilded their feathers to a more marked uniformity with those of their untamed relatives in the woods. In the background was visible a rail pen, a few feet high, where young turkeys were kept, and a henhouse, which hens and cocks entered and emerged from at intervals, apparently finding it very difficult to persuade themselves that bedtime had really come. The house was situated on the slope of a high hill, which, in the background, rose into imposing proportions, heavily wooded save at the top, where a clearing had been made, from which a crop of wheat had been taken. This bare space, so incongruous in the midst of the thick umbrageous forests, gave the elevation a curiously bald-headed look. The windows commanded a long perspective of valley, which, subdivided by jutting spurs, seemed many valleys; the purple hills grew amethystine in the distance, then more and more faint of tint, until the dainty landscape close to the horizon was sketched in lines of sunlight. Over all was a rosy glow, for the day was slowly waning. The cicadas ceaselessly droned; the odor of thyme and clover blossoms was on the fresh, dry air. Kennett looked, with the disparagement of the city-bred man, at the arrangements of the "company room."

"It is very 'plain,' I must say," he remarked.

Felicia turned her flushed cheeks and bright eyes from the window, and critically surveyed the faded ingrain carpet; the four-post walnut bedstead, surmounted with a red "tester" and ornamented by a "log cabin" patchwork quilt; the heavy stoneware furnishing on the washstand; the rush-bottomed chairs; the

plaster-of-paris dog, and very green parrot, and very yellow canary decorating the high, narrow wooden mantelpiece; the several works of pictorial art on the walls, — an engraving of Stonewall Jackson, one of Samuel at his devotions, a colored print representing a young man in buff trousers and a blue coat, and a young woman in a red dress and with black ringlets, reading from the same big book, obeying as well, perhaps, as the circumstances permitted the legend “Search the Scriptures.” Everything seemed very clean, very bare, very primitive. Then she looked at Kennett’s serious face, and broke into a peal of joyous laughter.

“How you are going to miss my ‘properties,’” she cried, “my poor, dear ‘properties,’ that you scorned! Yet *you* don’t care for the artificialities, — oh, no, indeed; you have such simple tastes. For my part, I think it is all very nice, and the air is exhilaration itself.”

“If you are pleased, I am delighted,” he returned, ruefully.

He left her presently to see about the baggage, and she watched him as he joined their host and hostess at the gate. The farmer had just driven up with a light wagon, in which were the trunks, and was in the act of handing out to his wife the shawls, satchels, and lunch basket. Felicia said to herself that she could not make a mistake in this woman’s face. She had a firm chin, delicate lips, and the transparent complexion usual among the dwellers in high regions. Her hair, brown, scanty, lustreless, and sprinkled with gray, was brushed back from her sunken temples, revealing her features in full relief, and her expression was more than serious, — it was almost austere. She wore a dark calico dress, which fell in scant folds about her; her white linen collar was held by a pin containing a badly executed likeness of her husband. He was grave of face, slow of movement, and sparing of speech, with meditative blue eyes, brown hair

and beard cut in defiance of city standards, and he was dressed in a much-worn suit of cheap, shop-made clothes. Felicia looked at them both long and attentively, and then looked back into the room. She drew a deep breath.

“Yes,” she said aloud, “very plain — intensely plain — and *so* respectable.”

They entered next day upon a life new to both, — entirely so to Kennett, although Felicia had vague reminiscences of something similar when, in her childhood, her father had had the whim to take her with him through the rural regions of his circuit. Kennett, the man of cities and of artificialities, found a certain difficulty in adjusting himself to such unprecedented conditions. He could lounge systematically enough during his vacations, under ordinary circumstances; but now, without boating, driving, billiards, acquaintances, he was at a loss. For the first few days he said at least a hundred times, “Felicia, I shall die of ennui in this place.” It seemed to him almost perversity that she should be so genuinely contented. “If we had been obliged to come here because it is cheap, you would have thought it a calamity,” he declared, reproachfully. She laughed at this, and said he was hard to please: he was always insinuating that she liked to spend money; now that she was helping to save it he was not satisfied. After this he drifted into what he called the yawning stage. It came upon him uncontrollably, ungraciously, persistently, regularly. “It must be malaria,” he would say, bringing his jaws together by a mighty effort and with his eyes full of tears.

“It is the relaxation from a tension,” returned Felicia, learnedly. “You have been strung up to concert pitch for so long. It shows that you need a complete rest.”

“If it were any one else, I should say it shows complete laziness.”

The lazy phase came a little later. Then he could not even summon the energy to yawn. For hours he would lie motionless on the grass, or swinging in the hammock which they had brought, and which impressed their rural entertainers as a most felicitous contrivance. Sometimes Felicia read aloud; often she "condescended to talk," as he laughingly phrased it. Apparently she had dismissed her anxieties; her joyousness and spontaneity suggested the happy days of last summer; when her mood was graver, she evinced a depth of thought and feeling at variance with her other self. She had often appeared to him many-sided; never so much as now. There was an unexpectedness about her which lent a certain piquancy to her companionship. "I never know exactly what you are going to think or say on any subject," he remarked one day.

"It is just the reverse with me," she replied. "I know what you are going to think or say before you do yourself."

The time seemed to pass blithely enough for her. She amused herself about the house and yard like a child. Occasionally she undertook light household tasks, under the direction of Mrs. Wright, — shelling peas, stoning cherries, capping strawberries, and the like. He could hear rising on the soft, warm morning air her voice and infectious laughter, as the two women sat together in the shade of the vines that covered the portico. Once she made a "lady cake," all by herself, except baking it, she declared, exultantly; and Mrs. Wright slyly smiled superior, and did not expound the *summum bonum* of the cake-making art. "I believe I have a talent for cooking," said Felicia, complacently. "I should have been a famous housekeeper, if I had had half a chance."

To the elder woman, looking out from her meagre, colorless life, the bright young creature, with her quick wits and warm heart, was in some sort a revela-

tion. They drew close together in these summer days. Sometimes their talk was serious and retrospective. She told Felicia of the two children she had lost, and showed her their faded daguerreotypes and some of their little clothes. "The girl would have been twenty-three next fall, if she had lived. Jest your age," said the mother, looking wistfully into the dewy violet eyes, and vaguely bridging that terrible gulf of empty years with an elusive airy structure of what might have been. "Ah," she said, with a long-drawn sigh, "God knows best. His will be done."

Her sunken eyes turned to the shimmering landscape close to the soft horizon; her sinewy, worn hands dropped upon the faded garments on her knee. The sunshine lay on the floor; the wind wafted in at the window the purple banners of the "maiden's bower;" the wing of a bird flashed past. "God's will be done," she repeated.

Felicia, imperious, intolerant, rebellious, shrank appalled from the hypothesis that every life holds the elements of bitter woes, like in degree, different only in kind. She resolutely reverted to lighter themes; she shut out the thought of grief. She promised herself that she would have happiness, — that was what she craved. She would not be balked of her lightness of heart.

Perhaps her theory of the relaxation of a severe tension in Kennett's case had been correct. At any rate, by degrees something of his former methodical energy asserted itself. He assigned to himself the duty of going to town for the mail; occasionally he procured horses, and took his wife riding; sometimes he went on a shooting excursion with the hobbledehoy son of the house, returning with a few birds or a rabbit as a trophy. Once he bought from a mountaineer a deer just killed, — game laws are a dead letter in that region, — and brought it home on his horse in true rural sportsman fashion, greatly enjoying

Felicia's delight in his supposed skill, when he drew rein before the portico and called her to the window. "You think this better than an encore for 'When the bugle sounds'?" he asked.

"Oh, much, much better!" cried Felicia; and she added that, in her opinion, killing a deer was more appropriate to a big six-foot man than an absorbing interest in costumes and wigs and feathers, and infinitely small points about *pianissimo* and *con fuoco* and intonation.

June had passed. July, rich, luscious, brilliant with color, redolent of sweet odors, languorous with sunshine, was glowing into August. Through the soft bloom on the big peaches the warm red deepened day by day. The grapes were purpling. The mellow, perfumed apples dropped heavily on the grass, and the busy "yellow-jackets" rioted among them. Where bearded ears of millet had waved in the wind the shocks were piled, and already the encroaching crab grass was overcrowding the prickly stubble. The call of quail vibrated on the air. The forests were densely green. The streams flowed languidly, for the showers, sudden and profusely punctuated by peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, were short, and but little rain fell. On these perfect afternoons, the very acme and culmination of summer and light and vivid life, Felicia loved to stroll up the steep slopes; not stopping till a certain "blue spring," near the summit, was reached. A jutting spur of the range cut off all extended outlook; no house or clearing was visible; the valley was walled in on every side; a sea of foliage below the crag sent up a monotonous murmur.

"It is as lonely here as if we were on a desert island," remarked Kennett, — not, however, in discontent; having once adjusted himself to the eventless existence, he found the simple routine endurable enough. He was lying at length on the cliff. His appearance gave token

of the rural life he had been leading: he was sunburned; his hair and mustache, under the manipulation of the village barber, were longer than formerly, and their luxuriance gave the depth of coloring his face had lacked in his close-clipped trim; he had taken on flesh, and his raiment suggested careless wear. He was more picturesque than formerly, but not point-device.

"Some of these days," he went on, with the deliberate manner of one to whom time is no object, "when the resources of the country are developed, this place will be a summer resort: half a dozen mineral springs in a stone's throw, a railway only three miles distant, healthiest air in the world, no mosquitoes, — what more can the heart of the summer sojourner desire!"

"You are as eloquent as an advertisement," responded Felicia.

"The hotel would be on that level stretch, and the bowling-alley there to the right," he continued, raising himself on one elbow, and looking about with the serious attention sometimes characteristic of the very idle in contemplating a far-away possibility.

"There would be an 'observatory' just here," said Felicia, entering into his mood, "where the band would play the stagecoach up the mountain; and people would flirt on the piazzas, and women would talk gossip, and men would smoke and play euchre. On the whole, I like it far better as a desert island."

She fixed her eyes on the vast slant of motionless foliage across the basin of the valley. A haze was thickening in the sunshine; an ominous stillness was in the air; adown a mass of black cloud that was imperceptibly stealing up from the west quivered a slow pale flash; the roll of thunder, indistinct yet sinister, sounded beneath the horizon.

Felicia spoke suddenly, with the ring of intense feeling in her voice.

"I wish this were a desert island!"

she exclaimed. "I wish we could never see any more people, or hotels, or Pullman cars, or theatres. I like this life."

"You would soon be tired of it," he rejoined.

"You seem to like it," she said.

He had thrown himself down again at full length. "Yes," he replied, after a long pause, "I like it. It has been extremely pleasant. It is very gentle and peaceful, and very aimless. I am glad to be rid of the turmoil, and tension, and effort."

"Why not be rid of them permanently?" asked Felicia, in sudden sharp agitation.

"It is not what is pleasant, it is what a man is fit for, that he must consider." He roused himself from his recumbent attitude, and leaned against the bole of a huge oak that projected over the rock on which they sat. "Then," he said, "there's this."

He inclined his head slightly, as if he were listening, and, with a half smile, clapped his hands softly together.

"It is not merely the applause," he added, after a moment's reflection. "I will do myself the justice to say that. Half the time the public does n't know why it applauds. It is the consciousness that the applause is deserved."

Both were silent. An acorn detached itself from among the leaves above them, dropped with a resonant thud on the crag, and, rebounding sharply, fell into the valley below. A blue jay chattered antagonistically and vivaciously somewhere in the foliage. An imperceptible current of air brought to them the fresh odors of fern and mint from the banks of the spring branch near by; they could hear the water drip over the cool mossy stones. From the black clouds, ever rising higher above the western mountains, came again a peal of thunder, muffled, but definite at last. The wind was rising.

All at once Kennett began to sing.

The volume of sound — smooth, melodious, rich, resonant, permeated through and through, from its gentlest tone to the full capacity of its compass, with that mastering, constraining intensity which for the lack of a better phrase is called the sympathetic quality — rose and fell with a certain majesty of effect. Perhaps it was because of the long rest, perhaps because of the strangely perfect serenity of the last six weeks, perhaps because she had become trained to discriminate, — certainly that voice had never seemed to her so valuable merely as an organ.

Once she had asked him if it were not possible that he and his friends overrated his gift; if a man of thirty-three, thoroughly trained, had not attained, or at least approximated, his best possibility. Was it likely that he could after that become a great singer, instead of merely an excellent one?

He had the anxious vanity of the musician; the question hurt him, but he replied as dispassionately as he could. In all candor, he said, he was of opinion that neither he nor his friends overrated him. "No man of sense deliberately determines that he will be a supremely great dramatic singer, any more than a playwright of set purpose sits down to rival Shakespeare." He added that he would admit that he was not so well known or so fairly appreciated as he deserved, but he had been constrained by the circumstances in his case. He had been compelled to take whatever engagements offered; he could not choose or wait for better opportunities. He could not say that he hoped ever to become one of the few supremely great singers; but there were many degrees, and he fully expected to stand far higher than he had yet done.

Felicia had also a theory that in vividness of imagination he was not preëminent. He was always appropriate, controlled, but to her he seemed to lack the sudden flame of inspiration. She thought

him too well trained; he was limited by traditions, precedents, reasons. The fine fire of his capacity burned steadily, with too even a glow. To-day she retracted this judgment, as, with the precision of an instrument in perfect tune, with the adroit management of an accomplished musician, with the subtle enthusiasms of a sensitive soul, he sent the pathos and the passion of Lohengrin's Farewell pulsating across the uninhabited sea of verdure at their feet.

"No, no," he said, as the last sound wave died away, and he rose, extending his hand to assist her. "I am dedicated to '*Mein lieber Schwan*,' whose other name might be called Melpomene. That is what I was born for."

And she, — she said nothing. In her soul she knew he spoke the truth. What was there for her but — to say nothing?

Before they reached the house, the black cloud, suddenly in swift motion, had overspread the whole horizon. They barely escaped the storm; the first heavy drops were falling as they shut the gate and ran up the pavement; in a moment more the whitening sheets of rain were dashing against the window panes, the lightnings were playing over the landscape, and the thunder pealed.

They found their host and hostess in what was called the "settin'-room," a square, sparsely furnished apartment, opposite the parlor. Mrs. Wright looked up, with her slow smile, from the peaches she was paring for supper. Her husband, tilted against the wall in a split-bottomed chair, took his pipe from his mouth as Kennett entered.

"You was singin' up thar ter the blue spring, warn't ye?" he demanded, with a trifle of vivacity. "I thought it must be you. Well, ye're a good singer, shore."

"You ought to go to meetings Sundays, and lead the hymns," said Mrs. Wright. She had not yet been able fully to comprehend the mental and moral attitude of people who do not desire to go

to church. "Mr. Wright says you're a choir all by yourself."

Felicia glanced at Kennett. Obviously he was pleased. Ah, the insatiate vanity of the musician, flattered by such a tribute as this!

"Bob's been to the post office," said Mr. Wright, suddenly. "There's a letter fur ye on the table."

Kennett took it with the alacrity with which people in the country receive their mail, read and re-read it, then slowly placed it in his pocket.

"It is a matter of business," he said, meeting Felicia's eye.

The next morning, however, he showed it to her.

"Do you know what this means?" he demanded, with exultation. "This means grand opera another season, under the most auspicious circumstances."

"It is only an offer for a concert tour with the Asterisk Quartette, at the fashionable watering-places, as a substitute for their tenor, who is obliged to resign on account of ill health," said Felicia, her eyes still on the letter.

She had heard of the organization, which was in many respects exceptional. A notable manager had induced certain superior artists to give up their usual vacations for the discomforts of a professional season, plausibly arguing that a rich harvest might be reaped if the leisure class — bent especially on enjoyment and on spending money — be offered first-class attractions. So far he had been very successful, both as to the material secured and the practical result.

"This is just the opportunity I want," said Kennett, walking about the room in unwonted excitement. "This is the best organization in the country. To take Stuart's place gives prestige by itself. If I can hold my own, — and I can, — this means rapid advancement."

"But you have already signed with Mr. Hallett."

"Only for the next season. After that I will choose."

Felicia sank down on one of the straight-backed chairs, and gazed absently at the floor, the letter still in her hand.

"Well, Hugh," she said at last, looking up at him, "I want you to decline this."

He stared at her.

"I am going into town in the next half hour to reply by telegram, as they desired," he returned. "I shall most certainly accept it."

"You show great consideration for my wishes!" she exclaimed, bitterly.

"You are unreasonable," he rejoined.

"Because I am happy here, living in this quiet, simple, inexpensive way, you want to give it up."

"I have been happy, too; but if an idle, purposeless existence is pleasant, must a man jeopardize his future?"

"Oh, you *promised* — you *promised* to stay another month, and now you are going to drag me back to that tawdry falseness! It would be different if the season had opened; then it would be necessary; but this is so gratuitous."

"This is so beneficent," he corrected.

"It is an opportunity that may never occur again."

She burst into tears. He attempted coaxing, but she interpreted this as a sign of relenting, and grew more insistent. He tried argument, and was met by the positive declaration that what is wisest is not comparable to what is happiest. Now that she had at last relaxed her hold on her will she was as unreasonable and as persistent as a spoiled child. At last he too lost his temper.

"This is intolerable," he said, angrily, rising and turning to the door.

She sprang before him, and stood, one hand on the bolt and the other on his arm, as if to push him back, her body thrown forward in the poise of suddenly arrested motion, and an intent expression on her beautiful face.

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "I beg — I insist that we don't go yet! Let me be happy a little longer!"

He looked at her coldly.

"*You* may have mistaken your vocation," he said. "You have a good pose — a very good pose — at this moment. There's nothing like a pronounced success in domestic melodrama," he added, with a laugh.

His sarcasm stung her like a lash. She slowly withdrew her hand from the bolt, her eyes full on his; she slowly crossed the room.

He regretted his words; already his anger was melting.

"Forgive me," he entreated.

She stood silent a moment, and looked at him with hard eyes.

"Send your telegram," she said.

He left the house without another word. When he returned from town, he found her in her traveling attire, the rooms bare of their effects, and the trunks packed. He walked about restlessly for a few moments; he looked at her in anxious indecision.

"You are not angry?" he asked, in deprecation.

"Oh, no," she replied, with a certain metallic clearness in her laugh. "I am only obedient."

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

"SIR WALTER RALEIGH OF YOUGHAL IN THE COUNTY OF CORK."

THE Royal Dublin Society's small but interesting collection of portraits, in the gallery on Leinster Lawn, includes a painting by Zuccherò of our old friend Sir Walter Raleigh, who bears here the full contemporary title of the superscription. It might raise some apprehension in minds not too firmly set on Elizabethan biography; for as the adage hath it of a woman in other matters, so it may be affirmed in statecraft of an Irishman, that he is usually at the bottom of it. That lofty meddler, glancing sharply from the canvas, was figuratively, indeed, an Irishman, "by these pickers and stealers," and the rights of the grab-bag.

It is Thierry who calls the Irish the long-remembered people. It would be incredible to any one who had never been in southern Ireland how the gossip of the peasantry to-day runs on Cromwell, and even on Dermot MacMorrough and Strongbow. No landmark passes here, as it does in the rural districts of England, into the forgetfulness of those who live under its shadow. Every event, modern and mediæval, every name, foe's and friend's, is handed on with the severest accuracy possible to oral tradition. Two names, at least, which have a sound gracious enough elsewhere, fare ill enough all along

"Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is called Blackwater."

By the lonely torso of Kilcolman, a young farmer, resting against his plough, will tell you that Edmund Spenser was blind and foolish, and brought his tragedy upon himself, as if he were speaking, not without sympathy, of his neighbor of yesterday. And Raleigh, — how thoroughly, despite old prejudice, they understand Raleigh on the ancient seignior of the Desmonds, farther south!

There he is, hard and proud, and he bears Cæsar's blame, — he is ambitious. "He had a greedy heart," say the caubeened critics of Youghal; and they help to fix the deepest of its deep stains on this knight's escutcheon. Little was he troubled with the passion of compassion which belonged to the younger Essex, and has kept him blameless in Munster legends, while Raleigh's own soldier ways are yet a live reproach from Cork to Lismore. In some particulars he was not unlike the aggressive Geraldines whom he was chosen to supplant; but he had a complex habit and a slipperiness of speech which they were pleased to lack. One who would deal gently with magnificent Raleigh in his meanness can do no better than recur to a thoughtful saying of Dr. Johnson, not in Boswell, that "a man is made inconstant by too much as well as by too little thought."

Echoes stay long in still places. Youghal, the once happy little borough, loading the near seas with her exports, and dropped from the list of customs ports in 1882, hears yet in her one street the spurred footsteps of "the gentleman with the bold face," as an epigram of his own day described Raleigh. All through the windy lanes, the green closes, the Gothic doorways of the odd town stirs and shines his exciting memory; where-soever he moves the red lime light of romance is full upon him. His house is as he left it; the heights back of it, the water in front of it, full of inexpressible, melancholy beauty. Historic facts, some time to be a folk-tale, when this world has gone through sophistication back to innocence again, rise from that ground like exhalations: how Raleigh smarted under his first disgrace at court; how he smoked a wondrous weed be-

neath the four interlaced yew-trees yonder; how, against the ivied town wall, he planted his Virginian potato, taking all too kindly to its adoptive soil; how often he went up the wide stair in his doublet of beaded orange and black, with one impetuous arm on Spenser's drooping shoulder, and the other waving a manuscript immortal beyond any of his own.

"Our Ladye's Colledg of Yoghall" was founded by Thomas Fitzgerald, eighth Earl of Desmond and Lord Deputy of Ireland, two days after the Christmas of 1464. Another Geraldine, as brave, undoing the gift of his ancestor, plundered and sacked the Youghal which had become his enemy's stronghold in 1579; and of the three glorious foundations side by side on the hill, two, the church and the school, perished and long remained extinct; but the house of the warden, dating also from 1464-65, came out of the fiery trial unscathed. Richard Boyle, afterwards Earl of Cork, rebuilt the college itself for his own home, and greatly enlarged and fortified it during the civil wars under Charles I. Then it likewise fell to ruin, and in 1782 the plain, strong structure owned to-day by the best of Irish landlords, the Duke of Devonshire, was put up on its site. Two towers of defense and the Boyle arms in stone, near the rear entrance, survive to show the second period, and in a north room stands the sole memorial of the first, — a superb dark oaken chimney-piece, carved from floor to ceiling. The Franciscan abbey church, still the boast of the district, rich in fragments of an irrecoverable splendor, and set in its wild, lovely acres, among frowning walls of the thirteenth century, roped and threaded with vines aged as the stones, is but an altered version of itself, carefully as of late it has been kept. But the house of the warden, lying a little to the northeast of the lane, with its red pointed gables and huge tipping chimneys, a place drowned in

odors of lime and bay, still looks exactly as in the fair old map in *Pacata Hibernia*. This was Raleigh's house. When it was secularized to our layman, he hastened to say that he should love it because it was like the manor of East Budleigh, in Devon, where he was born. How winning in him were these sudden tenderesses! as when, again, from the Azores, where Sir Richard Grenville passed upon the Spaniard's deck, he brought yellow wallflowers to the banks of the Broad of Youghal, to remind him of that heroic spirit while his own unheroic exile lasted. At the very end, too, in the same mood, did not Raleigh take occasion so to recall the fate of a young man who had overthrown him more than once, in the fierce struggle for priority? "I knew he was a noble gentleman. I take God to witness I shed tears for him when he died."

The house overbrims with interest, but it is a fact which leads the life of a myth; little in all its annals is aught but guesswork and dreams. Until just before the dissolution of the monasteries we do not discover even the name of any warden, or a trace of the doings of a busy and honorable brotherhood. By the bequest of the founder, the warden, eight fellows, and eight singing-men enjoyed a common table here, a still nook for study, and a joint revenue, large for the fifteenth century, of six hundred pounds a year. Nathaniel Baxter, one of the last in office, fearing a worse fate for his charge, conveyed the revenues and property to the lord president of Munster, one of the Norris family, dear to Queen Bess for her mother's sake. Somewhat later the lease was put in Raleigh's hands. Though living in the warden's house, he took no measures to save or revive the college, a stone's throw across the beautiful churchyard. We know that the men who were "eagles in the Spanish main and vultures in Ireland" had no anxiety whatever for the

education of the "civil English" with whom they populated the desolate island. The immigrants, who, being Protestant and amicable, might have expected handsomer treatment, must have looked with some chagrin on the destruction, ordered or permitted by our same high-handed shepherd of the ocean, of the famous Dominican friary of A. D. 1268, whose broken arches still remain. Raleigh plucked up the Irish schools, and planted the potato. It was a questionable gift, but, after that of his melodramatic presence, the best he chose to give. His appreciation of natural scenery was as curious, in its way, as his zeal for architecture. The Munster woods were remarkable not only for their grandeur, but for affording an impenetrable cover to fugitives in war time. Raleigh made money by importing English wood-cutters, who turned the dryads' holy dwellings into pipe-staves and hogsheads, and flooded the tide with wanton spoil. Even the Kileolman forests, "in which all trees of honor lately stood," were hewn to the ground, in the same wasteful spirit of thrift; and the loss, as a local observer records, is one which time has been unable to repair. But this was not of the resident poet's doing.

The house at Youghal now belongs to Sir John Pope Hennessy, who, though he believes that Raleigh did as much as any leader of his day "to render British government permanently difficult, if not more than difficult, in Ireland," yet, with a chivalrous care, has filled the halls and the study with memorials of their great occupant, and has preserved many things which, by good chance, were there once in Raleigh's keeping. The study, a dark-colored, ample snugery, its floor worn into uneven ripples and breakers, its outlook through a deep alcove window toward the church, is that very study "where Raleigh looked at the charts of Verrazzano before his voyage, and where he first smoked tobacco in Europe upon his return, . . . much the same

as it might have been in those times. The original painting of the first governor of Virginia is there, and a contemporary engraving of Elizabeth, Queen of Virginia; the long table at which he wrote; the oak chest in which he kept his papers; the little Italian cabinet; the dark wainscoting, with fine carvings rising up from each side of the hearthstone to the ceiling; the old deeds and parchments, some with Raleigh's seal; the original warrant, under the autograph signet of Queen Elizabeth, granting a pension to the Countess Eleanor of Desmond; and the two bookcases of vellum-bound and oak-bound books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries."

The most noticeable outer features of the house are the porch, the high gables and chimneys, the picturesque variety and broken lights of the frontage. On the south, the panes of the great study abut boldly upon the world of Irish greens and the cloistral, walled-in stillness of that "extream pleasant garden," — called such in Charles II.'s time, and keeping that character still. All the walls are five feet thick. Under the middle gable are the hall and entrance doorway; the place of the stairway, now far to the right, has been changed. Throughout there is a wainscoting of Irish oak; the chambers are tiled; nothing can exceed the soft, time-stained beauty of the interior. From the dining-room a subterranean passage runs to the old detached tower of St. Mary's, and the warden's door churchward, rusted on its immemorial hinges, is yet to be seen under the dense hanging tapestry of ivy. Raleigh, of course, knew of this passage; it is doubtful whether he, no shunner of publicity, used it. Not without his manly religiousness, even in his prosperity, he might have had his kneeling-cushion near the chancel all the Sundays while he was mayor of Youghal; but the abbey was mainly in ruins, and services, if such there were, must have been held

under difficulties. No object in the restored edifice can be associated with him, save that, high in the east window, filled with Victorian glass, his crimson shield mingles with the quarterings of the Geraldines, the Boyles, the inflexible Strafford, who cordially hated the Boyles, and the one good Villiers, dead in 1605, whose "noble parts," according to his charming epitaph in the transept,

"none can imitate
But those whose hearts
Are married to the state."

Something else beside the secret passage throws a pretty mystery over the warden's house. Thirty years ago, behind the wainscoting of a chamber next to the drawing-room, part of the monks' library, hidden at the Reformation, was found. Some of these precious books are yet preserved in a Youghal family, as we learn from Canon Hayman's classic little local monograph. Among them is a Mantuan black-letter print of 1479, profusely adorned with colored initials; a sort of history of the world, very different from Raleigh's, which must have hugged itself to hear him talking politics, outside on the stair, during the long summers when it was forgotten and safe in the wall. But there is evidence, slight, to be sure, and circumstantial, that Sir Walter's discoverer's eye had, some time or other, tracked this contraband shelf. His own history, written long after in the Tower, and ending suddenly in the *bel sérieux* so often quoted, brings the chronicle only to the year 170 B. C. While he was busy with it he wrote to Sir Robert Cotton for the loan of books and manuscripts, and complained of his lack of references. Yet he was able to remember and cite, midway of his own admirable English prose, in the second book of his first part, Comestor's *Historia Scholastica*, a rare volume, and one which, if he had indeed spied it where, at his own bed's head, it had withdrawn from the rumor of changes in Christen-

dom, he might not have seen for eighteen years.

Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson has found that Sir Walter Raleigh was at court, under Leicester's powerful patronage, as early as 1577. When he first set foot in Ireland, in a season of seething revolt, he was in his twenty-eighth year. Under Lord Grey de Wilton, Raleigh had a Devon "footeband of one hundrethe men," with four shillings a day promised for his fastidious needs, and not quite four shillings more wherewith to satisfy his officers and privates; and he was wroth that he had to pay his active carpet-baggers out of his own pocket. He was at Smerwick Castle at the never-to-be-forgotten surrender, when the six hundred natives, cheated of their amnesty, then hanged and sworded, were laid out upon the sands, women and men, "as gallant goodly personages as eye ever beheld." Well might Spenser, who was on the scene, insert in his great third book the sigh proper to a diary for the "antique time" in which "the sword was servaunt unto righte," —

"When honor was the meed of victory,

And yet the vanquishèd had no despight!"

Admiral Winter, and Lord Burghley at home, stormed like humane souls over this neatly characteristic episode of the English in Ireland; but it stands in the London Public Record Office, in the clear royal hand, that it "was greatly to our lyking." Captain Raleigh, who was well able to play to such a claque, pursued his little game vehemently. In 1581 he was once more in the serener air, sunning himself in the sovereign smiles of the cleverest woman even he was likely to know. By October of the next year, thanks still to Leicester, Burghley's rival and outwitted, he had flattering prospects; but so soon as the star of the boy Essex was up, Raleigh's jealous and restless spirit drew him back to the island where he could not be so readily gainsaid. There he had his forty-two thousand attainted acres;

he was made mayor of Youghal in 1588; he had another easy and idle office as the absentee lord warden of the stannaries, the tin mines of Cornwall and Devon. A return to London, discussions with the growing Puritan party, schemes, pamphlets, poems, gold-hunts, travel, colonizing, the forfeited voyage to Panama, the two months' imprisonment, home life at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, the epic fight before Cadiz, the strengthening hate of the Essex once very dear to him, — these things took up Raleigh's time until 1602; and in that year he sold the bulk of his Munster estates to a shrewd speculator. According to Richard Boyle's own graphic account, sent in, long after, to Carew Raleigh, the purchaser, then lacking his title, behaved in a most touchingly disinterested manner throughout, in return for the transfer of all lands, benefices, advowsons, and vicarages of the New College of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Youghal; for the salmon and trout beds, the rights of the Desmonds, hereditaments spiritual and temporal (however these five equally strange fish came to be catalogued!); and for the vast pasture lands which worried their possessor with the fear they would fall to the Crown, and some Scot or other would beg them! The whole transaction is now in print, up to the interview of 1617, when Raleigh sailed on his melancholy voyage to the West Indies. The future earl would have us think that his only scruple was lest our hero should not circumvent him, and get double the value of the sale. His journal gives some excellent and valuable glimpses of Raleigh in business, prouder than Lucifer, distinguished in manner, but a trifle fretful and evasive. The successful demagogue, who was certainly a kind father and a professed waiter upon the good pleasure of Providence, died during the troublous war times of 1643. In his will he bequeathed to the Lord Primate, James Ussher, his "best jewel, called Sir Wal-

ter Raleigh's stone;" to be returned, at the archbishop's decease, to the heir of Lismore. The present Duke of Devonshire, now, as it happens, Raleigh's Irish successor, should have this gem of Elizabeth's gem-loving vassal in his possession.

By 1616 we find the old wardenry subleased to Sir Lawrence Parsons, and it went by his name, in all legal documents, for over two hundred years; passing from ownership to ownership, and graced at last with its fitting title of Sir Walter Raleigh's House. It also bore the name of Myrtle Grove, from its myrtles, over twenty feet high: the place was "always remarkable for luxuriant growths of myrtle, bay, arbutus, and other exotics, in the open air." Somewhere under all the tangle of summer blossoms in this inclosure the sweet old Franciscan bells are said to lie, buried there for dread of Cromwell's converting them into cannon, — a true ecclesiastical promotion, as he hinted with a touch of cavalier wit. The great yews, planted in a square, and forming four columns and a dense roof, are believed to have been set out by Sir Walter; but the very name of Youghal (*Eo-chaille*, "forest of yew") would tend to bear out the theory that they are indigenous, and at least coeval with the house. They figure, moreover, in an Elizabethan print, as well-grown trees, while beneath them Raleigh enjoys his foreign luxury, and the astonished servant empties his tankard on the cloud-hid victim, on his finery and his after-dinner peace. How often that incident, familiar as it is, sets one laughing! The happy garden, with its

"watry Southwind from the seaboard coste
Upblowing,"

is the very *patria* of English smokers, where evermore they may have their unique vision of master and man, and another of mild-eyed Spenser, not now talking reforms of metre, but spewing over his first pipe. Spain had learned

the uses of the strange plant as early as 1552; Raleigh's colony arose as practitioners and propagandists in 1585; and by 1640 tobacco formed one of the chief staples of the Youghal trade. To initiate his neighbors into the mystery of smoke was a blessed device to mitigate the tedium of office in a dull town; and whither the mayor led the worthy citizens devoutly followed. "It is doubtless the fact," says an agreeable writer in Bolster's Cork Magazine, "that Raleigh initiated the lazy burgesses into all the mysteries of the beatific science he had introduced, laboriously teaching them its occult delights, and giving to their dreamless vacuity an employment thenceforth fitted to serve them in place of meat and drink and clothing. . . . There was something very germane in its effects to their peculiar faculties." It is not to be forgotten how, in Raleigh's own novitiate, the powers of this earth stood up against the gentle plant he fostered; how nervous Popes thundered against it, and Switzerland and the East made the new fire-eating the surest of mortal and fatal sins; and how James I., after venting choice abuse upon a cult too ethereal for his tastes, played his trump card in cutting off the First English Smoker's head. Raleigh was faithful. On his last morning, after making his peace with Heaven, he had breakfast and a pipe, and so, with colors flying, made his glorious exit. And, curiously enough, the word "tobacco" was the valedictory word of his pen, in the note touching a bygone affair which troubled his conscience, and which was given to Sir Thomas Wilson, keeper of the Tower, on the night of October 18th, in the year 1618.

The true boast of the warden's house at Youghal, its sober and abiding charm, is its intimate association with Edmund Spenser. What Raleigh was to him, at a time when, having lost Sidney, he was thrown on the less sagacious criticism of Ludovick Bryskett and Gabriel Harvey,

we can hardly overrate. The poet's sensitive imagination must have been moved and fired from the first by the spectacle of the eager adventurer, whose life, as Dean Church truly says, was the *Faerie Queene* in prose. Spenser came to depend upon Raleigh, as his champion in a stupid planet, to expound his "simple meanings," — sometimes not so simple, after all. The two may have met in London, when the Cambridge sizar graduate, fleeing south from the trouble of his first love, gave the public the pleasant *Shepherd's Calendar*, which Sidney found too archaic; they certainly met at Smerwick; but we have no record of their friendship until the Armada year. Then, it will be remembered, Spenser's verse specifies "a strange shepherd, who chanced to find me out." The poet was familiar with Ireland from 1577 until the close of his life, as secretary to Sir Henry Sidney and Lord Grey, and as chancery and council clerk. In 1588 he was still in Dublin, and there, two years before, the heavy news must have reached him of the death in battle of an older and better beloved friend than Raleigh, and far worthier of emulation, the white knight of Penshurst, "who first his Muse did lift out of the flore." The man of thought at Kilcolman,

"Keeping his sheepe among the cowly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore,"

(where now there are no alders, and where the Mulla, otherwise the Awbeg or Awbey, is five miles away,) fell into a comforting and warm relationship with the man of action at Youghal. Visits were frequently exchanged over the highway, none of whose essential features have been altered since. From the poet's minutely biographic pen we have the annals of much of this idyllic intercourse: how they "piped until they both were weary," lying near Doneraile and the Galtee hills, in a hoary wood of the Desmond, with a Desmond tower to windward. We know that Spenser

reviewed with his ardent patron stanza after stanza of his lovely allegory, begun in England nine years before; and that Raleigh himself, when he "list the lofty Muse to raise," pulled from his silken pockets some extraordinary lyric whimper over the regal old Cynthia who had temporarily dropped his acquaintance. Sweet lines, some of them, too, for Spenser's ear:—

"On Sestos' shore . . .

Hero hath left no lamp to guide her love!"

But what Raleigh heard is more the world's affair than what he declaimed, much as modest Spenser meant his large praise of "the somer's nightingale." Full of headlong energy and faith, he communicated something of both to the man at his side, no less diligent in his way; the "wight forlore," by his own admission, who was too down-hearted to bring his work singly before the forum of London. One November morning the allies sailed together: Spenser to settle some legal dispute with Lord Roche, Raleigh to make his peace with the magnificent minx gloriously reigning. Their chief joint business, the registration of the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, was closed on December 1, 1589. The poet, as Camden says of him, *semper cum paupertate conflictatus*, secured promptly a grant of lands and a pension of fifty pounds annually from Elizabeth, and for Raleigh's sake, which he fails not to record. Spenser, who stood between Essex and Raleigh, as a willing but unavailing peacemaker, loving both, made in this year also, almost beyond a doubt, the acquaintance of Shakespeare and of his Earl of Southampton, himself the attached friend of Essex; he had the solace of visiting "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and of renewing, so as with a difference, the London life which he had long foregone. Perfect success and popularity crowned him; every writer of the time was quick in his applause. Raleigh too won his way at once, and recaptured the susceptible

queen with some gallant strategy, to rule her councils henceforward on all Irish affairs, on through the dramatic crisis when Essex and the eighteenth Earl of Desmond, his two natural enemies, languished side by side in the Tower cells. He had spread his cloak in the mud a second time; and in the flush of a restored confidence he wrote to his cousin Carew, in Ireland, that he was again "in place to pleasure or displeasure the greatest," and that his opinion "was so received and believed that I can anger the best of them!" Abruptly and triumphantly his chapter of Irish residence here ends; for though he weighed anchor at Cork, between the prison and the axe, on his final adventure, he never returned to Youghal and its "extream pleasant garden." After his failure and his elder son's death, he wrote to his wife from the Antilles, "My brains are broken," and came ashore to his own England, velveted and gemmed in his old proud wont, only to be betrayed and to die.

Spenser, after his fortunate visit, when nevertheless he had some disheartening glimpses of the ignoble follies of the court, sought his Mulla in the early spring of 1591. The following December he signed the dedication of *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, much of which was "long sithens composed," in part payment of "an infinite debt;" for "I am not alwaies ydle as ye thinke!" said the dreamer to the doer. These passages across the Irish Channel were evidently not the episodes of unmitigated joy to Spenser which they were to his sailor companion. His Muse is Greek in her allusions to the sea; seldom do we get tidings of its winning aspects, but it is untiringly vilified as a creature "horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie." Raleigh at court and the gentler Shepherd in Munster were each in love, in 1593, with an Elizabeth worthy of true hearts. Married, and busy, and living asunder, the two were little together thereafter, save in the perpetuity

of well wishing and silent sympathy. Raleigh's life, never a placid one, grew more and more crowded, more and more tangled. Likewise with Spenser, the child of peace, times went roughly at the last, and from such heartbreak as befell him he gained a softer and earlier release. Not loath for his own advancement, not slow to profit by the chances of a shifting and rebel society, he was yet, despite his appreciated circumstance, never at ease in Ireland. For he, like the other "undertakers," placed among scenes of utter anguish and implacable hostility, and least selfish, perhaps, of them all, had taken the responsibility which Sir John Pope Hennessy characterizes as that of "trying to rule a people he did not know." Sagacious as is much of his *View of the Present State*, it shows even in Spenser a certain hard arrogance, a lack of foresight and of Christian justice. At any rate, he suffered deeply in the Tyrone uprising. In 1599 the generous Essex had the mournful honor of laying him in Westminster Abbey, hallowed by no dust more reverend.

It has been well said of Sir Walter Raleigh that his character blossomed and fruited in prison and in enforced quiet; that nowhere else had his genius such rich and memorable play. After the really sublime day of Cadiz and the unsurpassable scene in Old Palace Yard, "Which ends this strange, eventful history,"

he shows best in the bright and painless banishment, where he wrought good to all posterity in cherishing the promise of the second great English singer. We forget the cruelty, the lifelong avarice,

the cheat, the holocausts of "mere Irishry" given to treachery, and famine, and the sword. Nay, the thing is like a panorama: all we see, or care to see, is the leafy Blackwater road, and the incomparable rider, with no winglike ruffs at his bronzed throat, turning absently toward the river as he smiles over his "celestial thief," saying the first line of a fast-coming sonnet,

"Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,"

and making an heirloom for art and for friendship as he goes. Or he stands with the poet, Molana and the tomb of Raymond le Gros at their feet, on the exquisite Rhinecrew heights, where Templars had leaned against the same pillars ages before them, watching the blue unbroken sea. But most often do we see Spenser, basking on the deep sunshiny sills brushed with boughs, look across to his dark-eyed host, whose laugh was ever readier than his own, and in that room at Youghal, full now forever of their voices, full then of books and bowls and profane incense from America, read in his calm accents a Chaucerian strophe of hospitality to Una and her Knight:—

"Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment where none
was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their
will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fayre discourse the evening so they
pas,
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had
store,
And well could file his tong as smooth as
glas;
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave Mary after and before!"

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ENCOUNTER.

THERE 's a wood-way winding high,
Roofed far up with light-green flicker,
Save one midmost star of sky.
Underfoot 'tis all pale brown
With the dead leaves matted down
One on other, thick and thicker;
Soft, but springing to the tread.
There a youth late met a maid
Running lightly, — oh, so fleetly!
“Whence art thou?” the herd-boy said.
Either side her long hair swayed,
Half a tress and half a braid,
Colored like the soft dead leaf.
As she answered, laughing sweetly,
On she ran, as flies the swallow;
He could not choose but follow
Though it had been to his grief.

“I have come up from the valley, —
From the valley!” Once he caught her,
Swerving down a sidelong alley,
For a moment by the hand.
“Tell me, tell me,” he besought her,
“Sweetest, I would understand
Why so cold thy palm, that slips
From me like the shy cold minnow?
The wood is warm, and smells of fern,
And below the meadows burn.
Hard to catch, and hard to win, oh!
Why are those brown finger tips
Crinkled as with lines of water?”

Laughing while she featly footed,
With the herd-boy hasting after,
Sprang she on a trunk uprooted,
Clung she by a roping vine;
Leaped behind a birch, and told,
Still eluding, through its fine,
Mocking, slender, leafy laughter,
Why her finger tips were cold:

“I went down to tease the brook,
With her fishes, there below;
She comes dancing, thou must know,
And the bushes arch above her;
But the seeking sunbeams look,

Dodging, through the wind-blown cover,
Find, and kiss her into stars.
Silvery veins entwine and crook
Where a stone her tripping bars;
There be smooth, clear sweeps, and swirls
Bubbling up crisp drops like pearls.
There I lie, along the rocks
Thick with greenest slippery moss,
And I have in hand a strip
Of gray, pliant, dappled bark;
And I comb her liquid locks
Till her tangling currents cross;
And I have delight to hark
To the chiding of her lip,
Taking on the talking stone
With each turn another tone.
Oh, to set her wavelets bickering!
Oh, to hear her laughter simple,
See her fret and flash and dimple!
Ha, ha, ha!" The woodland rang
With the rippling through the flickering.
At the birch the herd-boy sprang.

On a sudden something wound
Vine-like round his throbbing throat;
On a sudden something smote
Sharply on his longing lips,
Stung him as the birch bough whips:
Was it kiss or was it blow?
Never after could he know;
She was gone without a sound.

Never after could he see
In the wood or in the mead,
Or in any company
Of the rustic mortal maids,
Her with acorn-colored braids;
Never came she to his need.
Never more the lad was merry;
Strayed apart, and learned to dream,
Feeding on the tart wild berry;
Murmuring words none understood,—
Words with music of the wood,
And with music of the stream.

Helen Gray Cone.

FROM KING'S MOUNTAIN TO YORKTOWN.

IN the invasion of the South by Cornwallis, as in the invasion of the North by Burgoyne, the first serious blow which the enemy received was dealt by the militia. After his great victory over Gates, Cornwallis remained nearly a month at Camden resting his troops, who found the August heat intolerable.

By the middle of September, 1780, he had started on his march to North Carolina, of which he expected to make an easy conquest. But his reception in that State was anything but hospitable. Advancing as far as Charlotte, he found himself in the midst of that famous Mecklenburg County which had issued its "declaration of independence" immediately on receiving the news of the battle of Lexington. These rebels, he said, were the most obstinate he had found in America, and he called their country a "hornet's nest." Bands of yeomanry lurking about every woodland road cut off his foraging parties, slew his couriers, and captured his dispatches. It was difficult for him to get any information; but bad news proverbially travels fast, and it was not long before he received intelligence of dire disaster.

Before leaving South Carolina Cornwallis had detached Major Ferguson — whom, next to Tarleton, he considered his best partisan officer — to scour the highlands and enlist as large a force of Tory auxiliaries as possible, after which he was to join the main army at Charlotte. Ferguson took with him 200 British light infantry and 1000 Tories, whom he had drilled until they had become excellent troops. It was not supposed that he would meet with serious opposition, but in case of any unforeseen danger he was to retreat with all possible speed and join the main army. Now the enterprising Ferguson undertook to

entrap and capture a small force of American partisans; and while pursuing this bait, he pushed into the wilderness as far as Gilbert Town, in the heart of what is now the county of Rutherford, when all at once he became aware that enemies were swarming about him on every side. The approach of a hostile force and the rumor of Indian war had aroused the hardy backwoodsmen who dwelt in these wild and romantic glens. Accustomed to Indian raids, these quick and resolute men were always ready to assemble at a moment's warning; and now they came pouring from all directions, through the defiles of the Alleghanies, a picturesque and motley crowd, in fringed and tasseled hunting-shirts, with sprigs of hemlock in their hats, and armed with long knives and rifles that seldom missed their aim. From the south came James Williams, of Ninety-Six, with his 400 men; from the north, William Campbell, of Virginia, Benjamin Cleveland and Charles McDowell, of North Carolina, with 560 followers; from the west, Isaac Shelby and John Sevier, whose names were to become so famous in the early history of Kentucky and Tennessee. By the 30th of September 3000 of these "dirty mongrels," as Ferguson called them, — men in whose veins flowed the blood of Scottish Covenanters and French Huguenots and English sea rovers, — had gathered in such threatening proximity that the British commander started in all haste on his retreat toward the main army at Charlotte, sending messengers ahead, who were duly waylaid and shot down before they could reach Cornwallis and inform him of the danger. The pursuit was vigorously pressed, and on the night of the 6th of October, finding escape impossible without a fight, Ferguson planted himself

on the top of King's Mountain, a ridge about half a mile in length and 1700 feet above sea level, situated just on the border line between the two Carolinas. The crest is approached on three sides by rising ground, above which the steep summit towers for a hundred feet; on the north side it is an unbroken precipice. The mountain was covered with tall pine-trees, beneath which the ground, though little cumbered with underbrush, was obstructed on every side by huge moss-grown boulders. Perched with 1125 stanch men on this natural stronghold, as the bright autumn sun came up on the morning of the 7th, Ferguson looked about him exultingly, and cried, "Well, boys, here is a place from which all the rebels outside of hell cannot drive us!"

He was dealing, however, with men who were used to climbing hills. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the advanced party of Americans, 1000 picked men, arrived in the ravine below the mountain, and, tying their horses to the trees, prepared to storm the position. The precipice on the north was too steep for the enemy to descend, and thus effectually cut off their retreat. Divided into three equal parties, the Americans ascended the other three sides simultaneously. Campbell and Shelby pushed up in front until near the crest, when Ferguson opened fire on them. They then fell apart behind trees, returning the fire most effectively, but suffering little themselves, while slowly they crept up nearer the crest. As the British then charged down upon them with bayonets, they fell back, until the British ranks were suddenly shaken by a deadly flank fire from the division of Sevier and McDowell on the right. Turning furiously to meet these new assailants, the British received a volley in their backs from the left division, under Cleveland and Williams, while the centre division promptly rallied, and attacked them on what was now their flank. Thus dreadfully entrapped, the British fired wildly

and with little effect, while the trees and boulders prevented the compactness needful for a bayonet charge. The Americans, on the other hand, sure of their prey, crept on steadily toward the summit, losing scarcely a man, and firing with great deliberateness and precision, while hardly a word was spoken. As they closed in upon the ridge a rifleball pierced the brave Ferguson's heart, and he fell from his white horse, which sprang wildly down the mountain side. All further resistance being hopeless, a white flag was raised, and the firing was stopped. Of Ferguson's 1125 men, 389 were killed or wounded and 20 were missing, and the remaining 716 now surrendered themselves prisoners of war, with 1500 stand of arms. The total American loss was 28 killed and 60 wounded; but among the killed was the famous partisan commander James Williams, whose loss might be regarded as offsetting that of Major Ferguson.

This brilliant victory at King's Mountain resembled the victory at Bennington in its suddenness and completeness, as well as in having been gained by militia. It was also the harbinger of greater victories at the South, as Bennington had been the harbinger of greater victories at the North. The backwoodsmen who had dealt such a blow did not, indeed, follow it up and hover about the flanks of Cornwallis, as the Green Mountain boys had hovered about the flanks of Burgoyne. Had there been an organized army opposed to Cornwallis, to serve as a nucleus for them, perhaps they might have done so. As it was, they soon dispersed and returned to their homes, after having sullied their triumph by hanging a dozen prisoners, in revenge for Clarke's men who had been massacred at Augusta. They had, nevertheless, warded off for the moment the threatened invasion of North Carolina. Thoroughly alarmed by this blow, Cornwallis lost no time in falling back upon Winnsborough, there to wait for

reinforcements, for he was in no condition to afford the loss of 1100 men. General Leslie had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton to Virginia with 3000 men, and Cornwallis ordered this force to join him without delay.

Hope began now to return to the patriots of South Carolina, and during the months of October and November their activity was greatly increased. Marion in the northeastern part of the State, and Sumter in the northwest, redoubled their energies, and it was more than even Tarleton could do to look after them both. On the 20th of November Tarleton was defeated by Sumter in a sharp action at Blackstock Hill, and the disgrace of the 18th of August was thus wiped out. On the retreat of Cornwallis, the remnants of the American regular army, which Gates had been slowly collecting at Hillsborough, advanced and occupied Charlotte. There were scarcely 1400 of them, all told, and their condition was forlorn enough. But reinforcements from the North were at hand; and first of all came Daniel Morgan, always a host in himself. Morgan, like Arnold, had been ill treated by Congress. His services at Quebec and Saratoga had been hardly inferior to Arnold's, yet, in 1779, he had seen junior officers promoted over his head, and had resigned his commission, and retired to his home in Virginia. When Gates took command of the Southern army, Morgan was urged to enter the service again; but, as it was not proposed to restore him to his relative rank, he refused. After Camden, however, he declared that it was no time to let personal considerations have any weight, and he straightway came down and joined Gates at Hillsborough in September. At last, on the 13th of October, Congress had the good sense to give him the rank to which he was entitled; and it was not long, as we shall see, before it had reason to congratulate itself upon this act of justice.

But, more than anything else, the army which it was now sought to restore needed a new commander-in-chief. It was well known that Washington had wished to have Greene appointed to that position, in the first place. Congress had persisted in appointing its own favorite instead, and had lost an army in consequence. It could now hardly do better, though late in the day, than take Washington's advice. It would not do to run the risk of another Camden. In every campaign since the beginning of the war Greene had been Washington's right arm; and for indefatigable industry, for strength and breadth of intelligence, and for unselfish devotion to the public service, he was scarcely inferior to the commander-in-chief. Yet he too had been repeatedly insulted and abused by men who liked to strike at Washington through his favorite officers. As quartermaster-general, since the spring of 1778, Greene had been malevolently persecuted by a party in Congress, until, in July, 1780; his patience gave way, and he resigned in disgust. His enemies seized the occasion to urge his dismissal from the army, and but for his own keen sense of public duty and Washington's unflinching tact his services might have been lost to the country at a most critical moment. On the 5th of October Congress called upon Washington to name a successor to Gates, and he immediately appointed Greene, who arrived at Charlotte and took command on the 2d of December. Steuben accompanied Greene as far as Virginia, and was placed in command in that State, charged with the duty of collecting and forwarding supplies and reinforcements to Greene, and of warding off the forces which Sir Henry Clinton sent to the Chesapeake to make diversions in aid of Cornwallis. The first force of this sort, under General Leslie, had just been obliged to proceed by sea to South Carolina, to make good the loss inflicted upon Corn-

wallis by the battle of King's Mountain; and, to replace Leslie in Virginia, Sir Henry Clinton, in December, sent the traitor Arnold, fresh from the scene of his treason, with 1600 men, mostly New York loyalists. Steuben's duty was to guard Virginia against Arnold, and to keep open Greene's communications with the North. At the same time, Washington sent down with Greene the engineer Kosciusko and Henry Lee with his admirable legion of cavalry. Another superb cavalry commander now appears for the first time upon the scene in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington, of Virginia, a distant cousin of the commander-in-chief.

The Southern army, though weak in numbers, was thus extraordinarily strong in the talent of its officers. They were men who knew how to accomplish great results with small means, and Greene understood how far he might rely upon them. No sooner had he taken command than he began a series of movements which, though daring in the extreme, were as far as possible from partaking of the unreasoned rashness which had characterized the advance of Gates. That unintelligent commander had sneered at cavalry as useless, but Greene largely based his plan of operations upon what could be done by such swift blows as Washington and Lee knew how to deal. Gates had despised the aid of partisan chiefs, but Greene saw at once the importance of utilizing such men as Sumter and Marion. His army as a solid whole was too weak to cope with that of Cornwallis. By a bold and happy thought, he divided it, for the moment, into two great partisan bodies. The larger body, 1100 strong, he led in person to Cheraw Hill, on the Pedee River, where he coöperated with Marion. From this point Marion and Lee kept up a series of rapid movements which threatened Cornwallis's communications with the coast. On one occasion, they actually galloped into Georgetown

and captured the commander of that post. Cornwallis was thus gravely annoyed, but he was unable to advance upon these provoking antagonists without risking the loss of Augusta and Ninety-Six; for Greene had thrown the other part of his little army, 900 strong, under Morgan, to the westward, so as to threaten those important inland posts and to coöperate with the mountain militia. With Morgan's force went William Washington, who accomplished a most brilliant raid, penetrating the enemy's lines, and destroying a party of 250 men at a single blow.

Thus worried and menaced upon both his flanks, Cornwallis hardly knew which way to turn. He did not underrate his adversaries. He had himself seen what sort of man Greene was, at Princeton and Brandywine and Germantown, while Morgan's abilities were equally well known. He could not leave Morgan and attack Greene without losing his hold upon the interior; but if he were to advance in full force upon Morgan, the wily Greene would be sure to pounce upon Charleston and cut him off from the coast. In this dilemma, Cornwallis at last decided to divide his own forces. With his main body, 2000 strong, he advanced into North Carolina, hoping to draw Greene after him; while he sent Tarleton with the rest of his army, 1100 strong, to take care of Morgan. By this division the superiority of the British force was to some extent neutralized. Both commanders were playing a skillful but hazardous game, in which much depended on the sagacity of their lieutenants; and now the brave but over-confident Tarleton was outmarched and outfought. On his approach, Morgan retreated to a grazing ground known as the Cowpens, a few miles from King's Mountain, where he could fight on ground of his own choosing. His choice was indeed a peculiar one, for he had a broad river in his rear, which cut off retreat; but

this, he said, was just what he wanted, for his militia would know that there was no use in running away. It was cheaper than stationing regulars in the rear, to shoot down the cowards. Morgan's daring was justified by the result. The ground, a long rising slope, commanded the enemy's approach for a great distance. On the morning of January 17, 1781, as Tarleton's advance was descried, Morgan formed his men in order of battle. First he arranged his Carolinian and Georgian militia in a line about three hundred yards in length, and exhorted them not to give way until they should have delivered at least two volleys "at killing distance." One hundred and fifty yards in the rear of this line, and along the brow of the gentle hill, he stationed the splendid American brigade which Kalb had led at Camden, and supported it by some excellent Virginia troops. Still one hundred and fifty yards further back, upon a second rising ground, he placed Colonel Washington with his cavalry. Arranged in this wise, the army awaited the British attack.

Tarleton's men had been toiling half the night over muddy roads and wading through swollen brooks, but nothing could restrain his eagerness to strike a sudden blow, and just about sunrise he charged upon the first American line. The militia, who were commanded by the redoubtable Pickens, behaved very well, and delivered, not two, but many deadly volleys at close range, causing the British lines to waver for a moment. As the British recovered themselves and pressed on, the militia broke into two parts, and retired — partly to right, partly to left — behind the line of Continentals; while the British line, in pursuing, became so extended as to threaten the flanks of the Continental line. To avoid being overlapped, the Continentals retreated in perfect order to the second hill, and the British followed them hastily and in some confusion, having

become too confident of victory. At this moment, Colonel Washington, having swept down from his hill in a semi-circle, charged the British right flank with fatal effect; Pickens's militia, who had re-formed in the rear and marched around the hill, advanced upon their left flank; while the Continentals, in front, broke their ranks with a deadly fire at thirty yards, and instantly rushed upon them with the bayonet. The greater part of the British army thereupon threw down their arms and surrendered, while the rest were scattered in flight. It was a complete rout. The British lost 230 in killed and wounded, 600 prisoners, two field-pieces, and 1000 stand of arms. Their loss was about equal to the whole American force engaged. Only 270 escaped from the field, among them Tarleton, who barely saved himself in a furious single combat with Washington. The American loss, in this astonishing battle, was 12 killed and 61 wounded. In point of tactics, it was the most brilliant battle of the War for Independence.

Having struck this crushing blow, which deprived Cornwallis of one third of his force, Morgan did not rest for a moment. The only direct road by which he could rejoin Greene lay to the northward, across the fords of the Catawba River, and Cornwallis was at this instant nearer than himself to these fords. By a superb march, Morgan reached the river first, and, crossing it, kept on northeastward into North Carolina, with Cornwallis following closely upon his heels. On the 24th of January, one week after the battle of the Cowpens, the news of it reached Greene in his camp on the Pedee, and he learned the nature of Morgan's movements after the battle. Now was the time for putting into execution a brilliant scheme. If he could draw the British general far enough to the northward, he might compel him to join battle under disadvantageous circumstances

and at a great distance from his base of operations. Accordingly, Greene put his main army in motion under General Huger, telling him to push steadily to the northward; while he himself, taking only a sergeant's guard of dragoons, rode with all possible speed a hundred and fifty miles across the country, and on the morning of the 30th reached the valley of the Catawba, and put himself at the head of Morgan's force, which Cornwallis was still pursuing. Now the gallant earl realized the deadly nature of the blow which at King's Mountain and the Cowpens had swept away nearly all his light troops. In his eagerness and mortification, he was led to destroy the heavy baggage which encumbered his headlong march. He was falling into the trap. A most exciting game of strategy was kept up for the next ten days; Greene steadily pushing northeastward on a line converging toward that taken by his main army, Cornwallis vainly trying to get near enough to compel him to fight. The weather had been very rainy, and an interesting feature of the retreat was the swelling of the rivers, which rendered them unfordable. Greene took advantage of this circumstance, having, with admirable forethought, provided himself with boats, which were dragged overland on light wheels, and speedily launched as they came to a river; carrying as part of their freight the wheels upon which they were again to be mounted so soon as they should have crossed. On the 9th of February Greene reached Guilford Court-House, in the northern part of North Carolina, only thirty miles from the Virginia border; and there he effected a junction with the main army, which Huger had brought up from the camp on the Pedee. On the next day, the gallant Morgan, broken down by illness, was obliged to give up his command.

It had not been a part of Greene's plan to retreat any farther. He had intended to offer battle at this point, and

had sent word to Steuben to forward reinforcements from Virginia for this purpose. But Arnold's invasion of Virginia had so far taxed the good baron's resources that he had not yet been able to send on the reinforcements; and as Greene's force was still inferior to the enemy's, he decided to continue his retreat. After five days of fencing, he placed his army on the north side of the Dan, a broad and rapid stream, which Cornwallis had no means of crossing. Thus balked of his prey, the earl proceeded to Hillsborough, and issued a proclamation announcing that he had conquered North Carolina, and inviting the loyalists to rally around his standard. A few Tories came out and enlisted, but these proceedings were soon checked by the news that the American general had recrossed the river, and was advancing in a threatening manner. Greene had intended to await his reinforcements on the Virginia side of the river, but he soon saw that it would not do to encourage the Tories by the belief that he had abandoned North Carolina. On the 23d he recrossed the Dan, and led Cornwallis a will-o'-the-wisp chase, marching and countermarching, and foiling every attempt to bring him to bay, until, on the 14th of March, having at last been reinforced till his army numbered 4404 men, he suddenly pulled up at Guilford Court-House, and offered his adversary the long-coveted battle. Cornwallis had only 2213 men, but they were all veterans, and a battle had come to be for him an absolute military necessity. He had risked everything in this long march, and could not maintain himself in an exposed position, so far from support, without inflicting a crushing defeat upon his opponent. To Greene a battle was now almost equally desirable, but it need not necessarily be an out-and-out victory: it was enough that he should seriously weaken and damage the enemy.

On the morning of March 15th

Greene drew up his army in three lines. The first, consisting of North Carolina militia, was placed in front of an open cornfield. It was expected that these men would give way before the onset of the British regulars; but it was thought that they could be depended upon to fire two or three volleys first, and, as they were excellent marksmen, this would make gaps in the British line. In a wood three hundred yards behind stood the second line, consisting of Virginia militia, whose fire was expected still further to impede the enemy's advance. On a hill four hundred yards in the rear of these were stationed the regulars of Maryland and Virginia. The flanks were guarded by Campbell's riflemen and the cavalry under Washington and Lee. Early in the afternoon the British opened the battle by a charge upon the North Carolina militia, who were soon driven from the field in confusion. The Virginia line, however, stood its ground bravely, and it was only after a desperate struggle that the enemy slowly pushed it back. The attack upon the third American line met with varied fortunes. On the right the Maryland troops prevailed, and drove the British at the point of the bayonet; but on the left the other Maryland brigade was overpowered and forced back, with the loss of two cannon. A charge by Colonel Washington's cavalry restored the day, the cannon were retaken, and for a while the victory seemed secured for the Americans. Cornwallis was thrown upon the defensive, but after two hours of hard fighting he succeeded in restoring order among his men and concentrating them upon the hill near the court-house, where all attempts to break their line proved futile. As evening came on, Greene retired, with a loss of more than 400 men, leaving the enemy in possession of the field, but too badly crippled to move. The British fighting was simply magnificent, — worthy to be compared with

that of Thomas and his men at Chickamauga. In the course of five hours they had lost about 600 men, more than one fourth of their number. This damage was irretrievable. The little army, thus cut down to a total of scarcely 1600 men, could not afford to risk another battle. Greene's audacious scheme had been crowned with success. He had lured Cornwallis far into a hostile country, more than two hundred miles distant from his base of operations. The earl now saw too late that he had been outgeneraled. To march back to South Carolina was more than he dared to venture, and he could not stay where he was. Accordingly, on the third day after the battle of Guilford, abandoning his wounded, Cornwallis started in all haste for Wilmington, the nearest point on the coast at which he could look for aid from the fleet.

By this movement Lord Cornwallis virtually gave up the game. The battle of Guilford, though tactically a defeat for the Americans, was strategically a decisive victory, and the most important one since the capture of Burgoyne. Its full significance was soon made apparent. When Cornwallis, on the 7th of April, arrived at Wilmington, what was he to do next? To transport his army by sea to Charleston, and thus begin his work over again, would be an open confession of defeat. The most practicable course appeared to be to shift the scene altogether, and march into Virginia, where a fresh opportunity seemed to present itself. Sir Henry Clinton had just sent General Phillips down to Virginia, with a force which, if combined with that of Cornwallis, would amount to more than 5000 men; and with this army it might prove possible to strike a heavy blow in Virginia, and afterward invade the Carolinas from the north. Influenced by such considerations, Cornwallis started from Wilmington on the 25th of April, and arrived on the 20th of May at Petersburg, in Virginia, where

he effected a junction with the forces of Arnold and Phillips. This important movement was made by Cornwallis on his own responsibility. It was never sanctioned by Sir Henry Clinton, and in after years it became the occasion of a bitter controversy between the two generals; but the earl was at this time a favorite with Lord George Germaine, and the commander-in-chief was obliged to modify his own plans in order to support a movement of which he disapproved.

But while Cornwallis was carrying out this extensive change of programme, what was his adversary doing? Greene pursued the retreating enemy about fifty miles, from Guilford Court-House to Ramsay's Mills, a little above the fork of the Cape Fear River, and then suddenly left him to himself, and faced about for South Carolina. Should Cornwallis decide to follow him, at least the State of North Carolina would be relieved; but Greene had builded even better than he knew. He had really eliminated Cornwallis from the game, had thrown him out on the margin of the chessboard; and now he could go to work with his hands free and redeem South Carolina. The strategic points there were still held by the enemy; Camden, Ninety-Six, and Augusta were still in their possession. Camden, the most important of all, was held by Lord Rawdon with 900 men; and toward Camden, a hundred and sixty miles distant, Greene turned on the 6th of April, leaving Cornwallis to make his way unmolested to the seaboard. Greene kept his counsel so well that his own officers failed to understand the drift of his profound and daring strategy. The movement which he now made had not been taken into account by Cornwallis, who had expected by his own movements at least to detain his adversary. That Greene should actually ignore him was an idea which he had not yet taken in, and by the time he fully comprehended

the situation he was already on his way to Virginia, and committed to his new programme. The patriots in South Carolina had also failed to understand Greene's sweeping movements, and his long absence had cast down their hopes; but on his return, without Cornwallis, there was a revulsion of feeling. People began to look for victory.

On the 18th of April the American army approached Camden, while Lee was detached to coöperate with Marion in reducing Fort Watson. This stronghold, standing midway between Camden and Charleston, commanded Lord Rawdon's line of communications with the coast. The execution of this cardinal movement was marked by a picturesque incident. Fort Watson was built on an Indian mound, rising forty feet sheer above the champaign country in which it stood, and had no doubt witnessed many a wild siege before ever the white man came to Carolina. It was garrisoned by 120 good soldiers, but neither they nor the besiegers had any cannon. It was to be an affair of rifles. Lee looked with disgust on the low land about him. Oh for a hill which might command this fortress, even as Ticonderoga was overlooked on that memorable day when Phillips dragged his guns up Mount Defiance! A happy thought now flashed upon Major Mayham, one of Marion's officers. Why not make a hill? There grew near by a forest of superb yellow pine, heavy and hard as stone. For five days and nights the men worked like beavers in the depths of the wood, quite screened from the sight of the garrison. Forest trees were felled, and saws, chisels, and adzes worked them into shape. Great beams were fitted with mortise and tenon; and at last, in a single night, they were dragged out before the fortress and put together, as in an old-fashioned New England "house-raising." At day-break of April 23d the British found themselves overlooked by an enormous

wooden tower, surmounted by a platform crowded with marksmen, ready to pick off the garrison at their leisure; while its base was protected by a breast-work of logs, behind which lurked a hundred deadly rifles. Before the sun was an hour high a white flag was hung out, and Fort Watson was surrendered at discretion.

While these things were going on Greene reached Camden, and, finding his force insufficient either to assault or to invest it, took up a strong position at Hobkirk's Hill, about two miles to the north. On the 25th of April Lord Rawdon advanced, to drive him from this position, and a battle ensued, in which the victory, nearly won, slipped through Greene's fingers. The famous Maryland brigade, which in all these Southern campaigns had stood forth preëminent, like Caesar's tenth legion, — which had been the last to leave the disastrous field of Camden, which had overwhelmed Tarleton at the Cowpens, and had so nearly won the day at Guilford, — now behaved badly, and, falling into confusion through a misunderstanding of orders, deranged Greene's masterly plan of battle. He was driven from his position, and three days later retreated ten miles to Clermont; but, just as at Guilford, his plan of campaign was so good that he proceeded forthwith to reap all the fruits of victory. The fall of Fort Watson, breaking Rawdon's communication with the coast, made it impossible for him to stay where he was. On the 10th of May the British general retreated rapidly, until he reached Monk's Corner, within thirty miles of Charleston; and the all-important post of Camden, the first great prize of the campaign, fell into Greene's hands.

Victories followed now in quick succession. Within three weeks Lee and Marion had taken Fort Motte and Fort Granby, Sumter had taken Orangeburg, and on the 5th of June, after an obsti-

nate defense, Augusta surrendered to Lee, thus throwing open the State of Georgia. Nothing was left to the British but Ninety-Six, which was strongly garrisoned, and now withstood a vigorous siege of twenty-eight days. Determined not to lose this last hold upon the interior, and anxious to crush his adversary in battle, if possible, Lord Rawdon collected all the force he could, well-nigh stripping Charleston of its defenders, and thus, with 2000 men, came up in all haste to raise the siege of Ninety-Six. His bold movement was successful for the moment. Greene, too prudent to risk a battle, withdrew, and the frontier fortress was relieved. It was impossible, however, for Rawdon to hold it and keep his army there, so far from the seaboard, after all the other inland posts had fallen, and on the 29th of June he evacuated the place, and retreated upon Orangeburg; while Greene, following him, took up a strong position on the High Hills of Santee. Thus, within three months after Greene's return from Guilford, the upper country of South Carolina had been completely reconquered, and only one successful battle was now needed to drive the enemy back upon Charleston. But first it was necessary to take some rest and recruit the little army, which had toiled so incessantly since the last December. The enemy, too, felt the need of rest, and the heat was intolerable. Both armies, accordingly, lay and watched each other until after the middle of August.

During this vacation, Lord Rawdon, worn out and ill from his rough campaigning, embarked for England, leaving Colonel Stuart in command of the forces in South Carolina. Greene busied himself in recruiting his army, until it numbered 2600 men, though 1000 of these were militia. His position on the High Hills of Santee was, by an air line, distant only sixteen miles from the British army. The intervening space was filled by meadows, through which the

Wateree and Congaree rivers flowed to meet each other; and often, as now, when the swift waters, swollen by rain, overflowed the lowlands, it seemed like a vast lake, save for the tops of tall pine-trees that here and there showed themselves in deepest green, protruding from the mirror-like surface. Greene understood the value of this meadow land as a barrier, when he chose the site for his summer camp. The enemy could reach him only by a circuitous march of seventy miles. On the 22d of August Greene broke up his camp very quietly, and started out on the last of his sagacious campaigns. The noonday heat was so intense that he marched only in the morning and evening, in order to keep his men fresh and active; while by vigilant scouting parties he so completely cut off the enemy's means of information that Stuart remained ignorant of his approach until he was close at hand. The British commander then fell back upon Eutaw Springs, about fifty miles from Charleston, where he waited in a strong position.

The limits of this paper do not allow us to describe the interesting battle of Eutaw Springs. It may be resolved into two brief actions between sunrise and noon of the 8th of September, 1781. In the first action the British line was broken and driven from the field. In the second Stuart succeeded in forming a new line, supported by a brick house and palisaded garden, and from this position Greene was unable to drive him. It has therefore been set down as a British victory. If so, it was a victory followed the next evening by the hasty retreat of the victors, who were hotly pursued for thirty miles by Marion and Lee. Strategically considered, it was a decisive victory for the Americans. The state government was restored to supremacy, and, though partisan scrimmages were kept up for another year, these were but the dying embers of the fire. The British were cooped up in

Charleston till the end of the war, protected by their ships. Less than thirteen months had elapsed since the disaster of Camden had seemed to destroy all hope of saving the State. All this change had been wrought by Greene's magnificent generalship. Coming upon the scene under almost every imaginable disadvantage, he had reorganized the remnant of Gates's broken and dispirited army, he had taken the initiative from the first, and he had held the game in his own hands till the last blow was struck. So consummate had been his strategy that, whether victorious or defeated on the field, he had, in every instance, gained the object for which the campaign was made. Under one disadvantage, indeed, he had not labored: he had excellent officers. Seldom has a more brilliant group been seen than that which comprised Morgan, Campbell, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Otho Williams, William Washington, and the father of Robert Edward Lee. It is only an able general, however, who knows how to use such admirable instruments. Men of narrow intelligence do not like to have able men about them, and do not know how to deal with them. Gates had Kalb and Otho Williams, and put them in places where their talent was unavailable and one of them was uselessly sacrificed, while he was too dull to detect the extraordinary value of Marion. But genius is quick to see genius, and knows what to do with it. Greene knew what each one of his officers would do, and took it into the account in planning his sweeping movements. Unless he had known that he could depend upon Morgan as certainly as Napoleon, in after years, relied upon Davoust on the day of Jena and Auerstadt, it would have been foolhardy for him to divide his force in the beginning of the campaign, — a move which, though made in apparent violation of military rules, nevertheless gave him the initiative in his long and triumphant

game. What Greene might have accomplished on a wider field and with more ample resources can never be known. But the intellectual qualities which he showed in his Southern campaign were those which have characterized some of the foremost strategists of modern times.

When Lord Cornwallis heard, from time to time, what was going on in South Carolina, he was not cheered by the news. But he was too far away to interfere, and it was on the very day of Eutaw Springs that the toils were drawn about him which were to compass his downfall. When he reached Petersburg, on the 20th of May, the youthful Lafayette, whom Washington had sent down to watch and check the movements of the traitor Arnold, was stationed at Richmond, with a little army of 3000 men, two thirds of them raw militia. To oppose this small force Cornwallis had now 5000 veterans, comprising the men whom he had brought away from Guilford, together with the forces lately under Arnold and Phillips. Arnold, after some useless burning and plundering, had been recalled to New York. Phillips had died of a fever just before Cornwallis arrived. The earl entertained great hopes. His failure in North Carolina rankled in his soul, and he was eager to make a grand stroke and retrieve his reputation. Could the powerful State of Virginia be conquered, it seemed as if everything south of the Susquehanna must fall, in spite of Greene's successes. With his soul thus full of chivalrous enterprise, Cornwallis for the moment saw things in rose color, and drew wrong conclusions. He expected to find half the people Tories, and he also expected to find a state of chronic hostility between the slaves and their masters. On both points he was quite mistaken.

But while Cornwallis underrated the difficulty of the task, he knew, nevertheless, that 5000 men were not enough to

conquer so strong a State, and he tried to persuade Clinton to abandon New York, if necessary, so that all the available British force might be concentrated upon Virginia. Clinton wisely refused. A State like Virginia, which, for the want of a loyalist party, could be held only by sheer conquest, was not fit for a basis of operations against the other States; while the abandoning of New York, the recognized strategic centre of the Atlantic coast, would be interpreted by the whole world, not as a change of base, but as a confession of defeat. Clinton's opinion was thus founded upon a truer and clearer view of the whole situation than Cornwallis's; nor is it likely that the latter would ever have urged such a scheme had he not been, in such a singular and unexpected way, elbowed out of North Carolina. Being now in Virginia, it was incumbent on him to do something, and, with the force at his disposal, it seemed as if he might easily begin by crushing Lafayette. "The boy cannot escape me," said Cornwallis; but the young Frenchman turned out to be more formidable than was supposed. Lafayette has never been counted a great general, and, indeed, though a noble and interesting character, he was in no wise a man of original genius; but he had much good sense, and was quick at learning. He was now twenty-three years old, buoyant and kind, full of wholesome enthusiasm, and endowed with no mean sagacity. A Fabian policy was all that could be adopted for the moment. When Cornwallis advanced from Petersburg to Richmond, Lafayette began the skillful retreat which proved him an apt learner in the school of Washington and Greene. From Richmond toward Fredericksburg — over the ground since made doubly famous by the deeds of Lee and Grant — the youthful general kept up his retreat, yet never giving the eager earl a chance to deal him a blow; for, as with naive humor he wrote to Washington,

"I am not strong enough even to be beaten." On the 4th of June Lafayette crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford, and placed himself in a secure position; while Cornwallis, refraining from the pursuit, sent Tarleton on a raid westward to Charlottesville, to break up the legislature, which was in session there, and to capture the governor, Thomas Jefferson. The raid, though conducted with Tarleton's usual vigor, failed of its principal prey; for Jefferson, forewarned in the nick of time, got off to the mountains about twenty minutes before the cavalry surrounded his house at Monticello. It remained for Tarleton to seize the military stores collected at Albemarle; but on the 7th of June Lafayette effected a junction with 1000 Pennsylvania regulars under Wayne, and thereupon succeeded in placing his whole force between Tarleton and the prize he was striving to reach. Unable to break through this barrier, Tarleton had nothing left him but to rejoin Cornwallis; and as Lafayette's army was reinforced from various sources, until it amounted to more than 4000 men, he became capable of annoying the earl in such wise as to make him think it worth while to get nearer to the sea. Cornwallis, turning southwestward from the North Anna River, had proceeded as far inland as Point of Forks, when Tarleton joined him. On the 15th of June, the British commander, finding that he could not catch "the boy," and was accomplishing nothing by his marches and countermarches in the interior, retreated down the James River to Richmond. In so doing he did not yet put himself upon the defensive. Lafayette was still too weak to risk a battle, or to prevent his going wherever he liked. But Cornwallis was too prudent a general to remain at a long distance from his base of operations, among a people whom he had found, to his great disappointment, thoroughly hostile. By retreating to the seaboard, he could make sure of supplies

and reinforcements, and might presently resume the work of invasion. Accordingly, on the 20th, he continued his retreat from Richmond, crossing the Chickahominy a little above White Oak Swamp, and marching down the York peninsula as far as Williamsburg. Lafayette, having been further reinforced by Steuben, so that his army numbered more than 5000, pressed closely on the rear of the British all the way down the peninsula; and on the 6th of July an action was fought between parts of the two armies, at Green Spring, near Williamsburg, in which the Americans were repulsed, with a loss of 145 men. The campaign was ended by the last week in July, when Cornwallis occupied Yorktown, adding the garrison of Portsmouth to his army, so that it numbered 7000 men, while Lafayette planted himself on Malvern Hill, and awaited further developments. Throughout this game of strategy, Lafayette had shown commendable skill, proving himself a worthy antagonist for the ablest of the British generals. But a far greater commander than either the Frenchman or the Englishman was now to enter unexpectedly upon the scene. The elements of the catastrophe were prepared, and it only remained for a master hand to strike the blow.

As early as the 22d of May, just two days before the beginning of this Virginia campaign, Washington had held a conference with Rochambeau at Wethersfield, in Connecticut, and it was there decided that a combined attack should be made upon New York by the French and American armies. If they should succeed in taking the city, it would ruin the British cause; and, at all events, it was hoped that if New York were seriously threatened Sir Henry Clinton would take reinforcements from Cornwallis, and thus relieve the pressure upon the Southern States. In order to undertake the capture of New York, it would be necessary to have the aid of a

powerful French fleet; and the time had at last arrived when such assistance was confidently to be expected. The naval war between France and England in the West Indies had now raged for two years, with varying fortunes. The French government had exerted itself to the utmost, and early in the spring of this year had sent out a magnificent fleet of twenty-eight ships-of-the-line and six frigates, carrying 1700 guns and 20,000 men, commanded by Count de Grasse, one of the ablest of the French admirals. It was designed to take from England the great island of Jamaica; but as the need for naval coöperation upon the North American coast had been strongly urged upon the French ministry, Grasse was ordered to communicate with Washington and Rochambeau, and to seize the earliest opportunity of acting in concert with them.

The arrival of this fleet would introduce a feature into the war such as had not existed at any time since hostilities had begun. It would interrupt the British control over the water. The utmost force the British were ready to oppose to it amounted only to nineteen ships-of-the-line, carrying 1400 guns and 13,000 men, and this disparity was too great to be surmounted by anything short of the genius of a Nelson. The conditions of the struggle were thus about to be suddenly and decisively altered. The retreat of Cornwallis upon Yorktown had been based entirely upon the assumption of that British naval supremacy which had hitherto been uninterrupted. The safety of his position depended wholly upon the ability of the British fleet to control the Virginia waters. Once let the French get the upper hand there, and the earl, if assailed in front by an overwhelming land force, would be literally "between the devil and the deep sea." He would be no better off than Burgoyne in the forests of northern New York.

It was not yet certain, however, where Grasse would find it best to strike the coast. The elements of the situation disclosed themselves but slowly, and it required the master mind of Washington to combine them. Intelligence traveled at snail's pace in those days, and operations so vast in extent were not within the compass of anything but the highest military genius. It took ten days for Washington to hear from Lafayette, and it took a month for him to hear from Greene, while there was no telling just when definite information would arrive from Grasse. But so soon as Washington heard from Greene, in April, how he had manœuvred Cornwallis up into Virginia, he began secretly to consider the possibility of leaving a small force to guard the Hudson, while taking the bulk of his army southward to overwhelm Cornwallis. At the Wethersfield conference, he spoke of this to Rochambeau, but to no one else; and a dispatch to Grasse gave him the choice of sailing either for the Hudson or for the Chesapeake. So matters stood till the middle of August, while Washington, grasping all the elements of the problem, vigilantly watched the whole field, holding himself in readiness for either alternative, — to strike New York close at hand, or to hurl his army to a distance of four hundred miles. On the 14th of August a message came from Grasse that he was just starting from the West Indies for Chesapeake Bay, with his whole fleet, and hoped that whatever the armies had to do might be done quickly, as he should be obliged to return to the West Indies by the middle of October. Washington could now couple with this the information, just received from Lafayette, that Cornwallis had established himself at Yorktown, where he had deep water on three sides of him, and a narrow neck in front.

The supreme moment of Washington's military career had come, — the

moment for realizing a conception which had nothing of a Fabian character about it, for it was a conception of the same order as those in which Cæsar and Napoleon dealt. He decided at once to transfer his army to Virginia and overwhelm Cornwallis. He had everything in readiness. The army of Rochambeau had marched through Connecticut, and joined him on the Hudson in July. He could afford to leave West Point with a comparatively small force, for that strong fortress could be taken only by a regular siege, and he had planned his march so as to blind Sir Henry Clinton completely. This was one of the finest points in Washington's scheme, in which the perfection of the details matched the audacious grandeur of the whole. Sir Henry was profoundly unconscious of any such movement as Washington was about to execute; but he was anxiously looking out for an attack upon New York. Now, from the American headquarters near West Point, Washington could take his army more than half-way through New Jersey without arousing any suspicion at all; for the enemy would be sure to interpret such a movement as preliminary to an occupation of Staten Island, as a point from which to assail New York. Sir Henry knew that the French fleet might be expected at any moment; but he had not the clue which Washington held, and his anxious thoughts were concerned with New York harbor, and not with Chesapeake Bay. Besides all this, the sheer audacity of the movement served still further to screen its true meaning. It would take some time for the enemy to comprehend so huge a sweep as that from New York to Virginia, and doubtless Washington could reach Philadelphia before his purpose could be fathomed.

The events justified his foresight. On the 19th of August, five days after receiving the dispatch from Grasse, Washington's army crossed the Hudson at

King's Ferry, and began its adventurous march. Lord Stirling was left with a small force at Saratoga, and General Heath, with 4000 men, remained at West Point. Washington took with him southward 2000 Continentals and 4000 Frenchmen. It was the only time during the war that French and American land forces marched together, save on the occasion of the disastrous attack upon Savannah. None save Washington and Rochambeau knew whither they were going. So precious was the secret that even the general officers supposed, until New Brunswick was passed, that their destination was Staten Island. So rapid was the movement that, however much the men might have begun to wonder, they had reached Philadelphia before the purpose of the expedition was distinctly understood.

As the army marched through the streets of Philadelphia, there was an outburst of exulting hope. The plan could no longer be concealed. Congress was informed of it, and a fresh light shone upon the people, already elated by the news of Greene's career of triumph. The windows were thronged with fair ladies, who threw sweet flowers on the dusty soldiers as they passed, while the welkin rang with shouts, anticipating the great deliverance that was so soon to come. The column of soldiers, in the loose order adapted to its swift march, was nearly two miles in length. First came the war-worn Americans, clad in rough togery, which eloquently told the story of the meagre resources of a country without a government. Then followed the gallant Frenchmen, clothed in gorgeous trappings, such as could be provided by a government which at that time took three fourths of the earnings of its people in unrighteous taxation. There was some parading of these soldiers before the president of Congress, but time was precious. Washington, in his eagerness galloping on to Chester,

received and sent back the joyful intelligence that Grasse had arrived in Chesapeake Bay, and then the glee of the people knew no bounds. Bands of music played in the streets, every house hoisted its stars-and-stripes, and all the roadside taverns shouted success to the bold general. "Long live Washington!" was the toast of the day. "He has gone to catch Cornwallis in his mousetrap!"

But these things did not stop for a moment the swift advance of the army. It was on the 1st of September that they left Trenton behind them, and by the 5th they had reached the head of Chesapeake Bay, whence they were conveyed in ships, and reached the scene of action, near Yorktown, by the 18th.

Meanwhile, all things had been working together most auspiciously. On the 31st of August the great French squadron had arrived on the scene, and the only Englishman capable of defeating it, under the existing odds, was far away. Admiral Rodney's fleet had followed close upon its heels from the West Indies, but Rodney himself was not in command. He had been taken ill suddenly, and had sailed for England, and Sir Samuel Hood commanded the fleet. Hood outsailed Grasse, passed him on the ocean without knowing it, looked in at the Chesapeake on the 25th of August, and, finding no enemy there, sailed on to New York to get instructions from Admiral Graves, who commanded the naval force in the North. This was the first that Graves or Clinton knew of the threatened danger. Not a moment was to be lost. The winds were favorable, and Graves, now chief-in-command, crowded sail for the Chesapeake, and arrived on the 5th of September, the very day on which Washington's army was embarking at the head of the great bay. Graves found the French fleet blocking the entrance to the bay, and instantly attacked it. A decisive naval victory for the British

would at this moment have ruined everything. But after a sharp fight of two hours' duration, in which some 700 men were killed and wounded on the two fleets, Admiral Graves withdrew. Three of his ships were badly damaged, and after manœuvring for four days he returned, baffled and despondent, to New York, leaving Grasse in full possession of the Virginia waters. The toils were thus fast closing around Lord Cornwallis. He knew nothing as yet of Washington's approach, but there was just a chance that he might realize his danger, and, crossing the James River, seek safety in a retreat upon North Carolina. Lafayette forestalled this solitary chance. Immediately upon the arrival of the French squadron, the troops of the Marquis de Saint-Simon, 3000 in number, had been set on shore and added to Lafayette's army; and with this increased force, now amounting to more than 8000 men, "the boy" came down on the 7th of September, and took his stand across the neck of the peninsula at Williamsburg, cutting off Cornwallis's retreat.

Thus, on the morning of the 8th, the very day on which Greene, in South Carolina, was fighting his last battle at Eutaw Springs, Lord Cornwallis, in Virginia, found himself surrounded. The door of the mousetrap was shut. Still, but for the arrival of Washington, the plan would probably have failed. It was still in Cornwallis's power to burst the door open. His force was nearly equal to Lafayette's in numbers, and better in quality, for Lafayette's contained 3000 militia. Cornwallis carefully reconnoitred the American lines, and seriously thought of breaking through; but the risk was considerable, and heavy loss was inevitable. He had not the slightest inkling of Washington's movements, and he believed that Graves would soon return with force enough to drive away Grasse's blockading squadron. So he decided to wait before strik-

ing a hazardous blow. It was losing his last chance. On the 14th Washington reached Lafayette's headquarters, and took command. On the 18th the Northern army began arriving in detachments, and by the 26th it was all concentrated at Williamsburg, more than 16,000 strong. The problem was solved. The surrender of Cornwallis was only a question of time. It was the great military surprise of the Revolutionary War. Had any one predicted, eight months before, that Washington on the Hudson and Cornwallis on the Catawaba, eight hundred miles apart, would so soon come together and terminate the war on the coast of Virginia, he would have been thought a wild prophet indeed. For thoroughness of elaboration and promptness of execution, the movement, on Washington's part, was as remarkable as the march of Napoleon in the autumn of 1805, when he swooped from the shore of the English Channel into Bavaria, and captured the Austrian army at Ulm.

By the 2d of September, Sir Henry Clinton, learning that the American army had reached the Delaware, and coupling with this the information he had got from Admiral Hood, began to suspect the true nature of Washington's movement, and was at his wit's end. The only thing he could think of was to make a counterstroke on the coast of Connecticut, and he accordingly detached Benedict Arnold with 2000 men to attack New London. This was a thoroughly wanton assault, for it did not and could not produce the slightest effect upon the movements of Washington. By the time the news of it had reached Virginia the combination against Cornwallis had been completed, and day by day the lines were drawn more closely about the doomed army. Yorktown was invested, and on the 6th of October the first parallel was opened by General Lincoln. On the 11th, the second parallel, within three hundred

yards of the enemy's works, was opened by Steuben. On the night of the 14th Alexander Hamilton and the Baron de Viomenil carried two of the British redoubts by storm. On the next night the British made a gallant but fruitless sortie. By noon of the 16th their works were fast crumbling to pieces, under the fire of seventy cannon. On the 17th — the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender — Cornwallis hoisted the white flag. The terms of the surrender were like those of Lincoln's at Charleston. The British army became prisoners of war, subject to the ordinary rules of exchange. The only delicate question related to the American loyalists in the army, whom Cornwallis felt it wrong to leave in the lurch. This point was neatly disposed of by allowing him to send a ship to Sir Henry Clinton, with news of the catastrophe, and to embark in it such troops as he might think proper to send to New York, and no questions asked. On a little matter of etiquette the Americans were more exacting. The practice of playing the enemy's tunes had always been cherished as an inalienable prerogative of British soldiery; and at the surrender of Charleston, in token of humiliation, General Lincoln's army had been expressly forbidden to play any but an American tune. Colonel Laurens, who now conducted the negotiations, directed that Lord Cornwallis's sword should be received by General Lincoln, and that the army, on marching out to lay down its arms, should play a British or a German air. There was no help for it; and on the 19th of October, Cornwallis's army, 7247 in number, with 840 seamen, marched out, with colors furled and cased, while the band played a quaint old English melody, of which the significant title was *The World Turned Upside Down!*

On the very same day that Cornwallis surrendered, Sir Henry Clinton, having received naval reinforcements, sailed

from New York with twenty-five ships-of-the-line and ten frigates, and 7000 of his best troops. Five days brought him to the mouth of the Chesapeake, where he learned that he was too late, as had been the case four years before, when he tried to relieve Burgoyne. A fortnight earlier, this force could hardly have failed to alter the result, for the fleet was strong enough to dispute with Grasse the control over the coast. The French have always taken to themselves the credit of the victory of Yorktown. In the palace of Versailles there is a room the walls of which are covered with huge paintings depicting the innumerable victories of France, from the days of Chlodwig to those of Napoleon. Near the end of the long series, the American visitor cannot fail to notice a scene which is labeled "Bataille de Yorktown" (misspelled, as is the Frenchman's wont in dealing with the words of outer barbarians), in which General Rochambeau occupies the most commanding position, while General Washington is perforce contented with a subordinate place. This is not correct history, for the glory of conceiving and conducting the movement undoubtedly belongs to Washington. But it should never be forgotten, not only that the 4000 men of Rochambeau and the 3000 of Saint-Simon were necessary for the successful execution of the plan, but also that without the formidable fleet of Grasse the plan could not even have been made. How much longer the war might have dragged out its tedious length, or what might have been its final issue, without this timely assistance, can never be known; and our debt of gratitude to France for her aid on this supreme occasion is something which cannot be too heartily acknowledged.

Early on a dark morning of the fourth week in October, an honest old German, slowly pacing the streets of Philadelphia on his night-watch, began

shouting, "Basht dree o'glock, und Gornvallis ish dakendt!" and light sleepers sprang out of bed and threw up their windows. Washington's courier laid the dispatches before Congress in the forenoon, and after dinner a service of prayer and thanksgiving was held in the Lutheran Church. At New Haven and Cambridge the students sang triumphal hymns, and every village green in the country was ablaze with bonfires. The Duke de Lauzun sailed for France in a swift ship, and on the 27th of November all the houses in Paris were illuminated, and the aisles of Notre Dame resounded with the *Te Deum*. At noon of November 25th the news was brought to Lord George Germaine, at his house in Pall Mall. Getting into a cab, he drove hastily to the Lord Chancellor's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and took him in; and then they drove to Lord North's office in Downing Street. At the staggering news, all the Prime Minister's wonted gayety forsook him. He walked wildly up and down the room, throwing his arms about and crying, "O God! it is all over! it is all over! it is all over!" A dispatch was sent to the king at Kew, and when Lord George received the answer that evening, at dinner, he observed that his Majesty wrote calmly, but had forgotten to date his letter,—a thing which had never happened before.

"The tidings," says Wraxall, who narrates these incidents, "were calculated to diffuse a gloom over the most convivial society, and opened a wide field for political speculation." There were many people in England, however, who looked at the matter differently from Lord North. This crushing defeat was just what the Duke of Richmond, at the beginning of the war, had publicly declared he hoped for. Charles Fox always took especial delight in reading about the defeats of invading armies, from Marathon and Salamis downward; and over the news of Cornwallis's sur-

render he leaped from his chair and clapped his hands. In a debate in Parliament, four months before, the youthful William Pitt had denounced the American war as "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, unjust, and diabolical," which led Burke to observe, "He is not a chip of the old block; he is the old block itself!"

The fall of Lord North's ministry, and with it the overthrow of the personal government of George III., was now close at hand. For a long time the government had been losing favor. In the summer of 1780 the British victories in South Carolina had done something to strengthen it; yet when, in the autumn of that year, Parliament was dissolved, although the king complained that his expenses for purposes of corruption had been twice as great as ever before, the new Parliament was scarcely more favorable to the ministry than the old one. Misfortunes and perplexities crowded in the path of Lord North and his colleagues. The example of American resistance had told upon Ireland, and it was in the full tide of that agitation which is associated with the names of Flood and Grattan that the news of Cornwallis's surrender was received. For more than a year there had been war in India, where Hyder Ali, for the moment, was carrying everything before him. France, eager to regain her lost foothold upon Hindustan, sent a strong armament thither, and insisted that England must give up all her Indian conquests except Bengal. For a moment England's great Eastern empire tottered, and was saved only by the superhuman exertions of Warren Hastings, aided by the wonderful military genius of Sir Eyre Coote. In May, 1781, the Spaniards had taken Pensacola, thus driving the British from their last position in Florida. In February, 1782, the Spanish fleet captured Minorca, and the siege of Gibraltar, which had been kept up for nearly three years, was pressed

with redoubled energy. During the winter the French recaptured St. Eustatius, and handed it over to Holland; and Grasse's great fleet swept away all the British possessions in the West Indies, except Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Antigua. All this time the Northern League kept up its jealous watch upon British cruisers in the narrow seas, and among all the powers of Europe the government of George III. could not find a single friend.

The maritime supremacy of England was, however, impaired but for a moment. Rodney was sent back to the West Indies, and on the 12th of April, 1782, his fleet of thirty-six ships encountered the French near the island of Sainte-Marie-Galante. The battle of eleven hours which ensued, and in which 5000 men were killed or wounded, was one of the most tremendous contests ever witnessed upon the ocean before the time of Nelson. The French were totally defeated, and Grasse was taken prisoner, — the first French commander-in-chief, by sea or land, who had fallen into an enemy's hands since Marshal Tallard gave up his sword to Marlborough, on the terrible day of Blenheim. France could do nothing to repair this crushing disaster. Her naval power was eliminated from the situation at a single blow; and in the course of the summer the English achieved another great success by overthrowing the Spaniards at Gibraltar, after a struggle which, for dogged tenacity, is scarcely paralleled in the annals of modern warfare. By the autumn of 1782, England, defeated in the United States, remained victorious and defiant as regarded the other parties to the war.

But these great successes came too late to save the doomed ministry of Lord North. After the surrender of Cornwallis, no one but the king thought of pursuing the war in America any further. Even he gave up all hope of subduing the United States; but he in-

sisted upon retaining the State of Georgia, with the cities of Charleston and New York; and he vowed that, rather than acknowledge the independence of the United States, he would abdicate the throne and retire to Hanover. Lord George Germaine was dismissed from office, Sir Henry Clinton was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton, and the king began to dream of a new campaign. But his obstinacy was of no avail. During the winter and spring, General Wayne, acting under Greene's orders, drove the British from Georgia, while at home the country squires began to go over to the opposition; and Lord North, utterly discouraged and disgusted, refused any longer to pursue a policy of which he disapproved. The baffled and beaten king, like the fox in the fable, declared that the Americans were a wretched set of knaves, and he was glad to be rid of them. The House of Commons began to talk of a vote of censure on the administration. A motion of Conway's, petitioning the king to stop the war, was lost by only a single vote; and at last, on the 20th of March, 1782, Lord North bowed to the storm, and resigned. The two sections of the Whig party coalesced. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister, and with him came into office Shelburne, Camden, and Grafton, as well as Fox and Conway, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord John Cavendish, — stanch friends of America all of them, whose appointment involved the recognition of the independence of the United States.

Lord North observed that he had often been accused of issuing lying bulletins, but he had never told so big a lie as that

with which the new ministry announced its entrance into power; for in introducing the name of each of these gentlemen, the official bulletin used the words, "His Majesty has been *pleased* to appoint"! It was indeed a day of bitter humiliation for George III., and the men who had been his tools. But it was a day of happy omen for the English race, in the Old World as well as in the New. For the advent of Lord Rockingham's ministry meant not merely the independence of the United States; it meant the downfall of the only serious danger with which English liberty has been threatened since the expulsion of the Stuarts. The personal government which George III. had sought to establish, with its wholesale corruption, its shameless violations of public law, and its attacks upon freedom of speech and of the press, became irredeemably discredited, and tottered to its fall; while the great England of William III., of Walpole, of Chatham, of the younger Pitt, of Peel, and of Gladstone was set free to pursue its noble career. Such was the priceless boon which the younger nation, by its sturdy insistence upon the principles of political justice, conferred upon the elder. The decisive battle of freedom in England as well as in America, and in all that vast colonial world for which Chatham prophesied the dominion of the future, had now been fought and won. And foremost in accomplishing this glorious work had been the lofty genius of Washington, and the steadfast valor of the men who suffered with him at Valley Forge, and whom he led to victory at Yorktown.

John Fiske.

HEIMWEH.

SHE had been twenty-five years in this country, and had not acquired as many words of English. Her intercourse with the customers of the little dye-house, with the daily hucksters and occasional peddlers, when they were not Germans, was limited to figures and to a few brief phrases, uttered on each occasion with the same timid hesitation as of one embarking for the first time on the perilous craft of a foreign language. For conversation she had absolutely no implements. When she understood that I was the friend of her absent daughter, thoughts, greetings, questionings, rushed forward to meet me; but the door was locked. I had denied all knowledge of German. She tried to speak with me in English, but after a word or two she broke down, shook her head, smiled a disappointed smile, and laid her hand on mine, the only utterance she could find for all that eagerness and good will. But her face spoke a volume. It was the face of an old woman, and one that might, from its type, have been set down as belonging to the peasant class, though she came in reality of the *kleine Bürger*; it was rugged in outline, with the cheekbones high, the nose flat and broad, and the cheek covered with a faint stubble of down, white as the hair that lay like snow upon her head, and seemed a benediction upon her long, difficult life. But from this face a pair of deep-set gray eyes, dimmed by age, looked out with an expression of intent earnestness and a warm, sympathetic goodness that was solid and tangible, like the grasp of a hand.

Something had to be done. I unearched on the spot, by a strenuous effort, a handful of forgotten German, sadly wanting in inflections, and we established a friendship which subsisted and throve thereafter by the interchange

of that small coinage and her soft, voluble Suabian; for whether it were idleness, preoccupation, or the delight I found in that stammering intercourse, I learned no more. I am aware that it sounds limited and unsatisfactory, that our conversation would have cut a poor figure in print, and have lacked roundness, to say the least, to the ear of an outsider; but, like the cream of correspondence, it was not meant for outsiders. To me there came from those imperfect talks more sense of nearness, a larger gain and fullness of heart, than we ordinarily glean from whole acres of speech with persons whose native dictionary is identical with our own. After all, how little we understand each other, with only words to rely on! They are marvelous, and one would almost say perfect instruments, but they have been put to so many makeshift and degraded uses in this nether world that it is often a relief to forget them, and come back to truer forms of expression; and in my firm, though perhaps unphilological belief, the best Volapük is sympathy.

"We had so *grosses Heimweh* when we came here, my sister and I," the old lady said, "we had no heart to learn the language. We always hoped to go back; and then the years went on, and we had become too old to learn. My husband speaks English."

"And Lenore speaks both English and German."

"Oh, yes, High German. She is not confined to a dialect, like me, though she understands Suabian, and can speak it with her old mother."

She was half ashamed of her Suabian, though she loved it, and no doubt in her heart thought it the sweetest of languages, just as, while alluding to her daughter as a "*nettes Kind*," and taking an unexaggerated view of her talent,

she knew her to be head and shoulders above all other girls, a very queen among maidens. And she was right a thousand times; for truth, after all, is divinely, not humanly measured, giving freely to each without that robbery of another which we would bring about with our comparisons, of which fact motherhood, the world over, is testimony and proof.

"Have you heard from Lenore? I have not seen her for nearly a year, and I have so grosses Heimweh for her! She has played at — what do you call it? — Kansas Zity, at a musical festival, and was encored twice; and the people liked it so much. She has sent her photograph. I will show it to you." She disappeared a moment, returning with a picture of the girl, violin in hand, looking strong, handsome, and hopeful, as I knew her, — the girl who was carrying her chosen instrument and a brave Suabian heart all over the great West, seeking, alone and unaided by money or influence, to make her way in the profession.

"If you would come to us sometimes on Sunday afternoons; we are always at leisure then, and so alone, now that Lenore is away," the old woman said, as we parted; and many a time and oft I availed myself of the invitation. They lie before me now, those Sunday afternoons, like the Sabbaths of the holy poet, "threaded together on Time's string." Outside there were the unwonted silence and unusual stir which simultaneously take possession of our streets on that day of the week: people coming out to walk, with the air of not knowing where to go; girls strolling by twos and threes, smart in their finery and Sunday consciousness; young men lounging at the corners; children on their way from Sunday-school. But within the little brown stucco house, that stood level with the pavement, and seemed to shrink a little from its high-stooped neighbors of painted brick, was an atmosphere as different as if an ocean had

been crossed to reach it. In the living-room, behind the shop, with its light-blue walls and dark woodwork, its small windows, where the light fell slantwise through the leafage of an overhanging grapevine, were Frau Lena and her sister, Frau Margarethe, who had interrupted, to give me a hearty "Grüss Gott!" the perusal of some illustrated papers, or a game of backgammon, played on a much-worn board with dice four times the usual size.

"Man muss doch etwas schaffe," they said the first time, either fearing that games would appear to me childish, or aware that they were not in vogue on Sundays among Americans; and it was not difficult to agree with them that even on that day one must be doing something.

"To do" and "to work" were comprised in one verb, in their Suabian vocabulary, *schaffen* having descended to these humble uses from its High German meaning, "to create;" and the distinctions were pretty well obliterated in their daily lives. "To work" was the password of existence. Throughout the week they stood, hour by hour, ironing the fabrics as they came from the dyehouse; they kept the house in thrifty German fashion, and they filled up the chinks of time with knitting and sewing. Frau Margarethe's knitting-needles were not always still on Sunday, but it was a holiday, nevertheless. They wore their black stuff dresses and little fichus knit in fine thread; they read the Gartenlaube and the books brought with them from Germany, and they liked a visitor to talk to. They had German relatives and friends, who came now and then from a distance, but in the neighborhood they were alone and apart.

They both suffered from this isolation, each in her own way. Frau Margarethe chafed under it, and lost temper a little. She was the widow of a Lutheran pastor, a tall, powerful woman, with strong aquiline features and front

curls of yellow-white hair. She was an energetic worker, fond of bustle and activity, with an interest in news for the story's sake, and a pleasure in now and then speaking her mind. "Es kommt Niemand zu uns" was a complaint in which, with her, there came to be, in time, a touch of acidity. Frau Lena's loneliness had a deeper sadness in it, and a greater compensation as well, meaning, as it did, the absence of a loved one; for her the one who came not was Lenore. But in the concentration of her affections there was no touch of exclusiveness or of egoism. Her heart overflowed with kindness. She had the sort of wistful interest in her neighbors which belongs to certain lonely, good souls. She thought the Americans cold, but she watched the people who came and went, and liked to hear of their doings; she was delighted to have news of weddings or other festivals, and the heartfelt sympathy which she expressed at any accident or misfortune to persons who were known to her only by sight or by name was the accent of one near to her fellow-beings in suffering, however remote from them in language. Some good women are made that way. Leading simple and retired lives, they feel keenly all the happenings of life, and have almost a personal joy or pain in the most remote human happiness or wound. When I think of the inexhaustible sweetness of such springs, and of the great human need, I marvel they should be so little frequented; but we all walk daily among things unseen, and what we call choice is often only another name for chance, whatever that means.

Never were Sundays more peaceful, more Sabbath-like, to me than in that house where religion was hardly mentioned, — was not so much denied as altogether ignored. Its best words were written in Frau Lena's face; as human love, it had entered into her heart, and mellowed all life with its light. We did

not discuss the Infinite in our patchwork vocabulary, and our frequent recognition of the problems and difficulties of life left those of the mind untouched. "Es ist a harta Welt!" Frau Lena often exclaimed; but it never entered into her head that it could be a hard world to people with no work to do, and no daughter away in the distance. Yet her little room was nevertheless a confessional, where absolution of some sort covered the errors of the week, and was not of less effect for being unconsciously bestowed; where vistas opened now and then through fogs of perplexity, unasked questions had their answer, and the struggle of youth was weathered with a little more ease. Even our gossip and stories, transferred from one apprehension to the other with indescribable difficulty, frequent misunderstandings, and much laughter, had in them something that was above every-day. We got hopelessly snarled at times, but some superior faculty must have come to the aid of our intelligences, for somehow the gist of all these conversations remains with me. I managed to discuss with her, again and again, Lenore's journeys, plans, and prospects, and to get many a glimpse of old times and of life in the little Suabian town. Questions about Germany and their youth made the two old ladies' faces beam and their tongues facile. They clung, as Würtembergers are apt to do, to Suabian ways and memories. A German visitor to the Caucasus, a few years ago, found there a colony of Suabians, who had built themselves houses after the pattern of the nests from which they had flown, with the beams and rafters crossed in the old fashion, and had preserved into new generations the traditional modes of living and the native dialect. It is the heart which refuses to adjust itself; the deep-rooted attachment and home-pain cling about limbs and tongue, and will not let them free.

"It was so sweet there," I was told,

who knows how often? — “so friendly in the evening, when the grandfather sat with his pipe in the chimney corner, and the brothers came in, and all the cousins, and we had a glass of wine, and talked together, and sang songs.”

“One had to work there too,” Frau Margarethe would say, with that mingled complaint of work and pride in it that we often find among those who have rubbed long in its harness; “no sewing-machines, no conveniences, in those days. My sister and I helped to spin the family linen, and made up our own marriage portion. I can show you things now that I had when I was married. Then we had seven brothers, and each had to have two dozen shirts spun and made for him as a wedding gift. But we did not finish them all, for the last one was in such a hurry to be married that he got only eighteen shirts. He said we could finish them afterwards; but my sister was already betrothed, and we had little time, so we told him that was now the duty of his wife. It was no wonder he could not wait; she was the prettiest girl in the town.”

“It is better as you have it,” said Frau Lena. “Women do not have to work from morning till night. They buy the stuff for their clothes, and have machines to make them fast, and it leaves them more time to read. Nowadays people can know so much.”

Greater opportunities than her own had been it were easy to find; but the spontaneous love of books is not too common. “Es ist so schön, der Max und die Thekla!” she exclaimed, one day, looking up from the pages of a Schiller the size of a family Bible, over which I had found both white heads bowed together. Seventy years old, knocked and buffeted about the world, with her youth and her poetry lying fifty years and an ocean behind her, the story of Max and Thekla was still most beautiful to her! Schiller and Uhland, with Hermann Kurtz and a few other Suabian authors,

comprised their library, and these she knew by heart. Goethe she considered cold, with an exception in favor of Hermann und Dorothea.

“It was just like that in our village; each one owned a little vineyard outside the wall, like the one to which Hermann went with his mother. I used to go there so often.”

It would not be just to Frau Lena to give the impression that our Sunday afternoon feasts were wholly those of reason and of soul. The tradition which clings most tenaciously to a good housewife is the code of hospitality as practiced in her youth. To receive an afternoon visit and offer no refreshments would have seemed to Frau Lena the very zero of ungraciousness; and to have refused her gentle hospitality, even on the plausible ground of having recently dined, would have been to strike sorrow to her heart. It was not to be thought of. The recollection was invariably laid aside, and the repast of bread and butter and beer, or of home-made jam and cakes, received unflinching justice. The appetite always came. At Christmas time she regularly set aside for me a liberal supply of the *Sprengel*, flavored with anise seed, and stamped with effigies representing the different trades, and of the *Schnitzbrod* belonging to the festivity. The *Schnitz*, a sort of dark conglomerate, with nuts, figs, dates, and pieces of citron preserved entire and imbedded in its depths, was not to be partaken of in large quantities without peril to the American digestion; so the supply often lasted till it defied the attempts upon it of any weaker combination than the axe and the thirty-two chews associated with the name of Mr. Gladstone; but eaten it was to the last crumb, and never were sweeter morsels. Everybody has his memorials of gormandizing, as Thackeray called them, — of *menus* which the peculiar skill of the cook, or some fortuitous joy of the appetite, has sculptured forever upon the tables of his

memory. It is good to enjoy with the inner sense of intimacy the triumphs of any art whatever; it is pleasant to be rescued from starvation; grateful to the footsore and hungry wayfarer is the welcome that awaits him at an inn. But the food which is most delicious to the palate, and remains longest a store of comfort to the heart, is the food that is offered in kindness. One would not like to forget how that tasted.

Grace for Frau Lena's banquets took the form of a prayer that the bread which she cast upon the waters, and of which hungrier guests than myself partook from time to time, might come back in friendliness and success to her wanderer in the West. Perhaps it was destined to do so in time, for Lenore had friend-winning qualities, but the days in which there seemed to be no return were many and long. "You will never get on in the profession, Lenore," a fellow-musician said to her one day; "you are altogether too good;" and though Lenore's goodness was of a sensible, unconscious, every-day type, with no peculiar aspirations after sacrifice, it was hardly an equipment for the fray. Frau Lena would never herself have had the ambition to plan such a career for her only child. That belonged to her husband, a fiery, picturesque Pole, with a face chiseled in outline, and in hue rich as a Rembrandt portrait, and an impetuous torrent of speech which had cleft its way more or less ruggedly through several languages. He sometimes assisted at our conferences, pipe in mouth, sitting in the warm room with a fur cap on and a sheepskin spread over his knees. He was proud of Lenore. They had made every sacrifice for her musical education in Germany; for her establishment in the profession nothing could be done; that was expected to come of itself. It was not a case of exaggerated pretensions or a mistaken vocation. Lenore was not a genius, and even the parental adoration made no such claim for her;

but a marked talent for music had received careful cultivation; she was prepared for the labor, and, as a matter of course, so they argued, for the reward. A little waiting, and all would come.

In a long period of waiting, the first days—or years—have a sort of rapture about them. The end is so clearly in view that it seems almost gained. A little advance towards the promised land is like a long leap; a momentary brightness throws its ray far into the future. In those first years, there were long, happy hours passed in reading Lenore's letters, with their accounts of new scenes and people, and the newspaper slips she sent, telling how the accomplished violiniste, Mlle. Lenore H——, had played such and such selections with excellent bowing, finished taste, and great delicacy of expression; there was the winter's tour to be studied out beforehand, and followed daily on the map; there were its results to look forward to; and when these proved less than was expected, there was the hope of a better engagement for next winter. Lenore had breathed in that spirit of Western exhilaration which makes all things seem possible to the mind, as the air of the mountains renders exertion easy and delightful to the body. Her energy and courage gladdened the home she had left; the little house was full of life,—a life that was being lived hundreds of miles away.

But as the years dropped, one by one, into the abyss; as the gain, though more surely gain, proved more and more slow, and the larger earnings went to make up for a large deficit in the past; as, above all, it became evident that, her little successes having been scored in that far-off country, Lenore must stay to reap her harvest where she had sown her grain, then waiting became hard indeed to Frau Lena. Her dearest and most ambitious hope had been that Lenore would come home. She had dreamed of brilliant concert tours, which

should have the home city for the centre of their revolution; she had canvassed again and again, in her mind, the possibility of engagements in the city itself. If concerts did not pay there, could not pupils be found? But it was not yet the fashion, as it has since become, to teach young girls the violin; besides, there were so many other teachers. Lenore was practically a stranger in the city of her childhood, and she could not afford to pass there in idleness that residence of years which is one of the tests required for admission to its privileges. The West was more hospitable, and to the West she was bound more and more. Not all at once did this idea penetrate the mother's mind: the changes of which I am speaking in a paragraph were slow in taking place; the channel down which we float in an hour the stream took ages to hollow. Every spring Lenore's return was talked of. She would take a holiday in the summer; there would be nothing to do; they would have her for three whole months; and after that, who knows? — something might turn up near at hand. Frau Lena planned the whole as anxiously and as eagerly as if it had been a campaign. Lenore should practice every day in the parlor upstairs, — it would be so good to hear her once more; they would make new concert dresses together. "You don't know how well she looked in the yellow one that we finished the day before she went away. She stood there to try it on. And the red and black dress, too, was so handsome, with a long train. They are getting shabby now, and we must make some more." But when summer came, there were still no violin sounds in the house, no rustle or shimmer of concert dresses. Some engagement was offered for the summer months which it would not do to refuse, or there were chances for the following winter that had to be watched; the girl could not afford to turn away from an assured or probable advantage,

and undertake the expensive journey home, with perhaps the chance of a long inaction. So the visit had to be given up, with the result of disappointment and weariness on both sides. And each time the disappointment was keener, albeit the hope had been less daring than at first.

Even Lenore's Western spirit of buoyancy and confidence grew faint at times; there were hours when the shadow was dark upon it. Many an anxiety the mother had, but did she realize, in her narrow existence, the bitterness of the affronts and rubs which the spirit gets in its contact with the machinery called life? Yet she scrutinized, poor woman, with eyes that tried to pierce both ignorance and distance, the possible faith or unfaith of a new manager. Her heart burned with indignation at the perfidy of such a one; with gratitude at every indication of kindness or good will, even though the money which should have reinforced it was not forthcoming. "Poor man, he has himself lost money; but what a pity he should have undertaken to manage a troupe!" Again and again Lenore was asked to play at concerts where no payment was offered. "They say it will make her known," her mother said, "but it is hard that all the money should go to those who are known and well off already." The arithmetic of that testament of the stag to the stream is a recurrent puzzle.

"Don't say anything of it at home," I read in Lenore's letters. But the message had traveled there by telegraph; it came again to me in the translation, "Don't tell Lenore." For into the blue-walled sitting-room behind the shop there had come a gradual, but no less perceptible change. Hope had worn itself out; Frau Lena fell back upon patience, but her husband's stock was exhausted. Frau Margarethe, always skeptical as to the benefits of any departure from the daily routine and labor of a German *Hausfrau*, had brought deeper and sounder convictions to the reinforcement of her intui-

tions. To the mother disappointed ambition was nothing to that pang of separation which gnawed deeper and deeper. "I could be content with so little," she would say, pleading, as it were, with fate, "if I only had my Lenore!"

They were getting old. Frau Lena, whose back was bent and rounded by work, had never been so strong as her sister, but Frau Margarethe's broad, muscular shoulders began first to give way; she caught cold, and was confined to her room all winter by an illness, the first she had known in her life. Frau Lena, in carrying something upstairs to her, lost her footing, and fell down the steep, narrow staircase. She was terribly bruised and shaken, but she made light of it, and in a day or two was about again, waiting on her sister, and going through the old round of duties which they had shared for so long. It was a dreary winter. There was still a little gayety on our Sunday afternoons. We talked of Germany and of Lenore; we dwelt purposely on the pleasant side of things, and made the most of the present. Sometimes, as we sat there in Frau Margarethe's room, it seemed almost the same as of old. But when I took leave, and Frau Lena followed me down the stairs and out through the shop, the mask which she had worn with an effort in the sick-room would suddenly fall, and her face, old and pale, would reveal the grief she had tried to hide. "I am so homesick for my Lenore! If I could only have my child!" and tears, the difficult tears of age, moistened her cheeks. Short, stifled sobs came while I held her hand, and tried to whisper a comfort that was, somehow, robbed of its strength. "Ach, mein Liebchen," she would say, drying her eyes, "es ist a harta Welt!" I did not contradict her, and, looking back through the years, I cannot do so now.

Yet, discouraging as things seemed to us all, Lenore was really gaining ground. The difficulties which they had ignored

at first had become more apparent; her own long-sustained joy in struggle had flagged; her naturally robust health had been heavily taxed; but, in spite of drawbacks, she had acquired more confidence in her powers, had made friends, and was becoming known. It was a great deal for the girl to have achieved such a position as she had gained single-handed, but it had been a gradual achievement, and it culminated in no moment of triumph that could make good all the past. Lenore's tour during that winter, which proved so weary a one to her mother, was longer and involved harder work than any she had undertaken, but it was more successful, and when it closed her holiday was secured. She made arrangements to go home for the summer, and even before she got there had news to send which gladdened Frau Lena's heart. With what pride and pleasure she communicated it! "Lenore ist Braut!" She had consented to join her fate to that of a fellow-musician, whose sympathy and kindness had done much to lighten the discouragements and to enhance the successes of the last months. He was to accompany her to the East, and they would be married in the fall. So the clouds lifted at last from the old woman's life, and a ray from the crimsoned sunset fell across the snow of her head.

Nobody could be happier than was Frau Lena in those days. Waiting was once more a joy to her. And at last she had her daughter again, with a son besides, and could watch their happiness from the standpoint of a joy that was hardly less radiant. But it was only for a farewell. She had told nobody of the sinister effects left by her fall. The suffering, concealed so long, was stronger than she; perhaps the long period of anxiety had been a harder strain even than we knew; perhaps the joy itself was too much for her. Within a week of Lenore's return the summons came. Medical aid could do nothing. She smiled

once more through her pain at her loved ones ; then the light faded softly from the worn, patient face, leaving only its peace. "If I die here, away from my own country," she had said once, "I should like a little black cross over my grave, like the one on my mother's, at home." Did her loving heart apprehend, then, that the Heimweh might last into the beyond ?

Sophia Kirk.

PAN THE FALLEN.

HE wandered into the market
 With pipes and goatish hoof ;
 He wandered in a grotesque shape,
 And no one stood aloof.
 For the children crowded round him,
 The wives and graybeards, too,
 To crack their jokes and have their mirth,
 And see what Pan would do.

The Pan he was they knew him,
 Part man, but mostly beast,
 Who drank, and lied, and snatched what bones
 Men threw him from their feast ;
 Who seemed in sin so merry,
 So careless in his woe,
 That men despised, scarce pitied him
 And still would have it so.

He swelled his pipes and thrilled them,
 And drew the silent tear ;
 He made the gravest clack with mirth
 By his sardonic leer.
 He blew his pipes full sweetly
 At their amused demands,
 And caught the scornful, earth-flung pence
 That fell from careless hands.

He saw the mob's derision,
 And took it kindly, too,
 And when an epithet was flung,
 A coarser back he threw ;
 But under all the masking
 Of a brute, unseemly part,
 I looked, and saw a wounded soul
 And a godlike, breaking heart.

And back of the elfin music,
 The burlesque, clownish play,

I knew a wail that the weird pipes made,
 A look that was far away, —
 A gaze into some far heaven
 Whence a soul had fallen down ;
 But the mob only saw the grotesque beast
 And the antics of the clown.

For scant-flung pence he paid them
 With mirth and elfin play,
 Till, tired for a time of his antics queer,
 They passed and went their way ;
 Then there in the empty market
 He ate his scanty crust,
 And, tired face turned to heaven, down
 He laid him in the dust.

And over his wild, strange features
 A softer light there fell,
 And on his worn, earth-driven heart
 A peace ineffable.
 And the moon rose over the market,
 But Pan the beast was dead ;
 While Pan the god lay silent there,
 With his strange, distorted head.

And the people, when they found him,
 Stood still with awesome fear.
 No more they saw the beast's rude hoof,
 The furtive, clownish leer ;
 But the lightest in that audience
 Went silent from the place,
 For they knew the look of a god released
 That shone from his dead face.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE UNITED STATES LOOKING OUTWARD.

INDICATIONS are not wanting of an approaching change in the thoughts and policy of Americans as to their relations with the world outside their own borders. For the past quarter of a century, the predominant idea, which has successfully asserted itself at the polls and shaped the course of the government, has been to preserve the home market for the home industries. The employer

and the workman have alike been taught to look at the various economical measures proposed from this point of view, to regard with hostility any step favoring the intrusion of the foreign producer upon their own domain, and rather to demand increasingly rigorous measures of exclusion than to acquiesce in any loosening of the chain that binds the consumer to them. The inevitable

consequence has followed, as in all cases when the mind or the eye is exclusively fixed in one direction, that the danger of loss or the prospect of advantage in another quarter has been overlooked; and although the abounding resources of the country have maintained the exports at a high figure, this flattering result has been due more to the superabundant bounty of Nature than to the demand of other nations for our protected manufactures.

For nearly the lifetime of a generation, therefore, American industries have been thus protected, until the practice has assumed the force of a tradition, and is clothed in the mail of conservatism. In their mutual relations, these industries resemble the activities of a modern ironclad that has heavy armor, but an inferior engine and no guns; mighty for defense, weak for offense. Within, the home market is secured; but outside, beyond the broad seas, there are the markets of the world, that can be entered and controlled only by a vigorous contest, to which the habit of trusting to protection by statute does not conduce.

At bottom, however, the temperament of the American people is essentially alien to such a sluggish attitude. Independently of all bias for or against protection, it is safe to predict that, when the opportunities for gain abroad are understood, the course of American enterprise will cleave a channel by which to reach them. Viewed broadly, it is a most welcome as well as significant fact that a prominent and influential advocate of protection, a leader of the party committed to its support, a keen reader of the signs of the times and of the drift of opinion, has identified himself with a line of policy which looks to nothing less than such modifications of the tariff as may expand the commerce of the United States to all quarters of the globe. Men of all parties can unite on the words of Mr. Blaine, as reported in a recent

speech: "It is not an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume, or produce only what we can eat." In face of this utterance of so shrewd and able a public man, even the extreme character of the recent tariff legislation seems but a sign of the coming change, and brings to mind that famous Continental System, of which our own is the analogue, to support which Napoleon added legion to legion and enterprise to enterprise, till the fabric of the Empire itself crashed beneath the weight.

The interesting and significant feature of this changing attitude is the turning of the eyes outward, instead of inward only, to seek the welfare of the country. To affirm the importance of distant markets, and the relation to them of our own immense powers of production, implies logically the recognition of the link that joins the products and the markets, — that is, the carrying trade; the three together constituting that chain of maritime power to which Great Britain owes her wealth and greatness. Further, is it too much to say that, as two of these links, the shipping and the markets, are exterior to our own borders, the acknowledgment of them carries with it a view of the relations of the United States to the world radically distinct from the simple idea of self-sufficingness? We shall not follow far this line of thought before there will dawn the realization of America's unique position, facing the older worlds of the East and West, her shores lapped by the oceans which touch the one or the other, but which are common to her alone.

Coincident with these signs of change in our own policy there is a restlessness in the world at large which is deeply significant, if not ominous. It is beside our purpose to dwell upon the internal state of Europe, whence, if disturbances arise, the effect upon us may be but

partial and indirect. But the great seaboard powers there do not only stand on guard against their continental rivals; they cherish also aspirations for commercial extension, for colonies, and for influence in distant regions, which may bring, and, even under our present contracted policy, have already brought them into collision with ourselves. The affair of the Samoa Islands, trivial apparently, was nevertheless eminently suggestive of European ambitions. America then roused from sleep as to interests closely concerning her future. At this moment internal troubles are imminent in the Sandwich Islands, where it should be our fixed determination to allow no foreign influence to equal our own. All over the world German commercial and colonial push is coming into collision with other nations: witness the affair of the Caroline Islands with Spain; the partition of New Guinea with England; the yet more recent negotiation between these two powers concerning their share in Africa, viewed with deep distrust and jealousy by France; the Samoa affair; the conflict between German control and American interests in the islands of the western Pacific; and the alleged progress of German influence in Central and South America. It is noteworthy that, while these various contentions are sustained with the aggressive military spirit characteristic of the German Empire, they are credibly said to arise from the national temper more than from the deliberate policy of the government, which in this matter does not lead, but follows, the feeling of the people, a condition much more formidable.

There is no sound reason for believing that the world has passed into a period of assured peace outside the limits of Europe. Unsettled political conditions, such as exist in Hayti, Central America, and many of the Pacific islands, especially the Hawaiian group, when combined with great military or commercial importance, as is the case

with most of these positions, involve, now as always, dangerous germs of quarrel, against which it is at least prudent to be prepared. Undoubtedly, the general temper of nations is more averse from war than it was of old. If no less selfish and grasping than our predecessors, we feel more dislike to the discomforts and sufferings attendant upon a breach of peace; but to retain that highly valued repose and the undisturbed enjoyment of the returns of commerce, it is necessary to argue upon somewhat equal terms of strength with an adversary. It is the preparedness of the enemy, and not acquiescence in the existing state of things, that now holds back the armies of Europe.

On the other hand, neither the sanctions of international law nor the justice of a cause can be depended upon for a fair settlement of differences, when they come into conflict with a strong political necessity on the one side opposed to comparative weakness on the other. In our still-pending dispute over the seal-fishing of Bering Sea, whatever may be thought of the strength of our argument, in view of generally admitted principles of international law, it is beyond doubt that our contention is reasonable, just, and in the interest of the world generally. But in the attempt to enforce it we have come into collision not only with national susceptibilities as to the honor of the flag, which we ourselves very strongly share, but also with a state governed by a powerful necessity, and exceedingly strong where we are particularly weak and exposed. Not only has Great Britain a mighty navy and we a long, defenseless seacoast, but it is a great commercial and political advantage to her that her larger colonies, and above all Canada, should feel that the power of the mother country is something which they need, and upon which they can count. The dispute is between the United States and Canada, not the

United States and England ; but it has been ably used by the latter to promote the solidarity of sympathy between herself and her colony. With the mother country alone an equitable arrangement, conducive to well-understood mutual interests, could readily be reached ; but the purely local and peculiarly selfish wishes of Canadian fishermen dictate the policy of Great Britain, because Canada is the most important link uniting her to her colonies and maritime interests in the Pacific. In case of a European war, it is probable that the British navy will not be able to hold open the route through the Mediterranean to the East ; but having a strong naval station at Halifax, and another at Esquimalt, on the Pacific, the two connected by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, England possesses an alternate line of communication far less exposed to maritime aggression than the former, or than the third route by the Cape of Good Hope, as well as two bases essential to the service of her commerce, or other naval operations, in the North Atlantic and the Pacific. Whatever arrangement of this question is finally reached, the fruit of Lord Salisbury's attitude can hardly fail to be a strengthening of the sentiments of attachment to, and reliance upon, the mother country, not only in Canada, but in the other great colonies. Such feelings of attachment and mutual dependence supply the living spirit, without which the nascent schemes for Imperial Federation are but dead mechanical contrivances ; nor are they without influence upon such generally unsentimental considerations as those of buying and selling, and the course of trade.

This dispute, seemingly paltry, yet really serious, sudden in its appearance, and dependent for its issue upon other considerations than its own merits, may serve to convince us of many latent and yet unforeseen dangers to the peace of the western hemisphere, attendant upon

the opening of a canal through the Central American Isthmus. In a general way, it is evident enough that this canal, by modifying the direction of trade routes, will induce a great increase of commercial activity and carrying trade throughout the Caribbean Sea ; and that this now comparatively deserted nook of the ocean will, like the Red Sea, become a great thoroughfare of shipping, and attract, as never before in our day, the interest and ambition of maritime nations. Every position in that sea will have enhanced commercial and military value, and the canal itself will become a strategic centre of the most vital importance. Like the Canadian Pacific Railroad, it will be a link between the two oceans ; but, unlike it, the use, unless most carefully guarded by treaties, will belong wholly to the belligerent which controls the sea by its naval power. In case of war, the United States will unquestionably command the Canadian Railroad, despite the deterrent force of operations by the hostile navy upon our seaboard ; but no less unquestionably will she be impotent, as against any of the great maritime powers, to control the Central American canal. Militarily speaking, the piercing of the Isthmus is nothing but a disaster to the United States, in the present state of her military and naval preparation. It is especially dangerous to the Pacific coast ; but the increased exposure of one part of our seaboard reacts unfavorably upon the whole military situation. Despite a certain great original superiority conferred by our geographical nearness and immense resources, — due, in other words, to our natural advantages, and not to our intelligent preparations, — the United States is woefully unready, not only in fact, but in purpose, to assert in the Caribbean and Central America a weight of influence proportioned to the extent of her interests. We have not the navy, and, what is worse, we are not willing to have the navy, that will weigh

seriously in any disputes with those nations whose interests will there conflict with our own. We have not, and we are not anxious to provide, the defense of the seaboard which will leave the navy free for its work at sea. We have not, but many other powers have, positions, either within or on the borders of the Caribbean, which not only possess great natural advantages for the control of that sea, but have received and are receiving that artificial strength of fortification and armament which will make them practically inexpugnable. On the contrary, we have not on the Gulf of Mexico even the beginning of a navy yard which could serve as the base of our operations. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not regretting that we have not the means to meet on terms of equality the great navies of the Old World. I recognize, what few at least say, that, despite its great surplus revenue, this country is poor in proportion to its length of seaboard and its exposed points. That which I deplore, and which is a sober, just, and reasonable cause of deep national concern, is that the nation neither has nor cares to have its sea frontier so defended, and its navy of such power, as shall suffice, with the advantages of our position, to weigh seriously when inevitable discussions arise, — such as we have recently had about Samoa and Bering Sea, and which may at any moment come up about the Caribbean Sea or the canal. Is the United States, for instance, prepared to allow Germany to acquire the Dutch stronghold of Curaçoa, fronting the Atlantic outlet of both the proposed canals of Panama and Nicaragua? Is she prepared to acquiesce in any foreign power purchasing from Hayti a naval station on the Windward Passage, through which pass our steamer routes to the Isthmus? Would she acquiesce in a foreign protectorate over the Sandwich Islands, that great central station of the Pacific, equidistant from San Francisco, Samoa, and

the Marquesas, and an important post on our lines of communication with both Australia and China? Or will it be maintained that any one of these questions, supposing it to arise, is so exclusively one-sided, the arguments of policy and right so exclusively with us, that the other party will at once yield his eager wish, and gracefully withdraw? Was it so at Samoa? Is it so as regards Bering Sea? The motto seen on so many ancient cannon, *Ultima ratio regum*, is not without its message to republics.

It is perfectly reasonable and legitimate, in estimating our needs of military preparation, to take into account the remoteness of the chief naval and military nations from our shores, and the consequent difficulty of maintaining operations at such a distance. It is equally proper, in framing our policy, to consider the jealousies of the European family of states, and their consequent unwillingness to incur the enmity of a people so strong as ourselves; their dread of our revenge in the future, as well as their inability to detach more than a certain part of their forces to our shores without losing much of their own weight in the councils of Europe. In truth, a careful determination of the force that Great Britain or France could probably spare for operations against our coasts, if the latter were suitably defended, without weakening their European position or unduly exposing their colonies and commerce, is the starting-point from which to calculate the strength of our own navy. If the latter be superior to the force that can thus be sent against it, and the coast be so defended as to leave the navy free to strike where it will, we can maintain our rights; not merely the rights which international law concedes, and which the moral sense of nations now supports, but also those equally real rights which, though not conferred by law, depend upon a clear preponderance

of interest, upon obviously necessary policy, upon self-preservation, either total or partial. Were we now so situated in respect of military strength, we could secure our perfectly just claim as to the seal fisheries; not by seizing foreign ships on the open sea, but by the evident fact that, our cities being protected from maritime attack, our position and superior population lay open the Canadian Pacific, as well as the frontier of the Dominion, to do with as we please. Diplomats do not flourish such disagreeable truths in each other's faces; they look for a *modus vivendi*, and find it.

While, therefore, the advantages of our own position in the western hemisphere, and the disadvantages under which the operations of a European state would labor, are undeniable and just elements in the calculations of the statesman, it is folly to look upon them as sufficient for our security. Much more needs to be cast into the scale that it may incline in favor of our strength. They are mere defensive factors, and partial at that. Though distant, our shores can be reached; being defenseless, they can detain but a short time a force sent against them. With a probability of three months' peace in Europe, no maritime power would now fear to support its demands by a number of ships with which it would be loath indeed to part for a year.

Yet, were our sea frontier as strong as it now is weak, passive self-defense, whether in trade or war, would be but a poor policy, so long as this world continues to be one of struggle and vicissitude. All around us now is strife; "the struggle of life," "the race of life," are phrases so familiar that we do not feel their significance till we stop to think about them. Everywhere nation is arrayed against nation; our own no less than others. What is our protective system but an organized warfare? In carrying it on, it is true, we have only to use certain procedures which all states

now concede to be a legal exercise of the national power, even though injurious to themselves. It is lawful, they say, to do what we will with our own. Are our people, however, so unaggressive that they are likely not to want their own way in matters where their interests turn on points of disputed right, or so little sensitive as to submit quietly to encroachment by others, in quarters where they have long considered their own influence should prevail?

Our self-imposed isolation in the matter of markets, and the decline of our shipping interest in the last thirty years, have coincided singularly with an actual remoteness of this continent from the life of the rest of the world. The writer has before him a map of the North and South Atlantic oceans, showing the direction of the principal trade routes and the proportion of tonnage passing over each; and it is curious to note what deserted regions, comparatively, are the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the adjoining countries and islands. A broad band stretches from our northern Atlantic coast to the English Channel; another as broad from the British Islands to the East, through the Mediterranean and Red Sea, overflowing the borders of the latter in order to express the volume of trade. Around either cape — Good Hope and Horn — pass strips of about one fourth this width, joining near the equator, midway between Africa and South America. From the West Indies issues a thread indicating the present commerce of Great Britain with a region which once, in the Napoleonic wars, embraced one fourth of the whole trade of the Empire. The significance is unmistakable: Europe has now little interest in the Caribbean Sea.

When the Isthmus is pierced this isolation will pass away, and with it the indifference of foreign nations. From wheresoever they come and whithersoever they afterward go, all ships that use the canal will pass through the

Caribbean. Whatever the effect produced upon the prosperity of the adjacent continent and islands by the thousand wants attendant upon maritime activity, around such a focus of trade will centre large commercial and political interests. To protect and develop its own, each nation will seek points of support and means of influence in a quarter where the United States has always been jealously sensitive to the intrusion of European powers. The precise value of the Monroe doctrine is very loosely understood by most Americans, but the effect of the familiar phrase has been to develop a national sensitiveness, which is a more frequent cause of war than material interests; and over disputes caused by such feelings there will preside none of the calming influence due to the moral authority of international law, with its recognized principles, for the points in dispute will be of policy, of interest, not of conceded right. Already France and England are giving to ports held by them a degree of artificial strength uncalled for by their present importance. They look to the near future. Among the islands and on the mainland there are many positions of great importance, held now by weak or unstable states. Is the United States willing to see them sold to a powerful rival? But what right will she invoke against the transfer? She can allege but one, — that of her reasonable policy supported by her might.

Whether they will or no, Americans must now begin to look outward. The growing production of the country demands it. An increasing volume of public sentiment demands it. The position of the United States, between the two Old Worlds and the two great oceans, makes the same claim, which will soon be strengthened by the creation of the new link joining the Atlantic and Pacific. The tendency will be maintained and increased by the growth of the European colonies in the Pacific, by the

advancing civilization of Japan, and by the rapid peopling of our Pacific States with men who have all the aggressive spirit of the advanced line of national progress. Nowhere does a vigorous foreign policy find more favor than among the people west of the Rocky Mountains.

It has been said that, in our present state of unpreparedness, a trans-isthmian canal will be a military disaster to the United States, and especially to the Pacific coast. When the canal is finished the Atlantic seaboard will be neither more nor less exposed than it now is; it will merely share with the country at large the increased danger of foreign complications with inadequate means to meet them. The danger of the Pacific coast will be greater by so much as the way between it and Europe is shortened through a passage which the stronger maritime power can control. The danger lies not merely in the greater facility for dispatching a hostile squadron from Europe, but also in the fact that a more powerful fleet than formerly can be maintained on that coast by a European power, because it can be so much more promptly called home in case of need. The greatest weakness of the Pacific ports, however, if wisely met by our government, will go far to insure our naval superiority there. The two chief centres, San Francisco and Puget Sound, owing to the width and the great depth of the entrances, cannot be effectively protected by torpedoes; and consequently, as fleets can always pass batteries through an unobstructed channel, they cannot obtain perfect security by means of fortifications only. Valuable as such works will be to them, they must be further garrisoned by coast-defense ships, whose part in repelling an enemy will be coördinated with that of the batteries. The sphere of action of such ships should not be permitted to extend far beyond the port to which they are allotted, and of whose defense they form an essential part;

but within that sweep they will always be a powerful reinforcement to the sea-going navy, when the strategic conditions of a war cause hostilities to centre around their port. By sacrificing power to go long distances, the coast-defense ship gains proportionate weight of armor and guns; that is, of defensive and offensive strength. It therefore adds an element of unique value to the fleet with which it for a time acts. No foreign states, except Great Britain, have ports so near our Pacific coast as to bring it within the radius of action of their coast-defense ships; and it is very doubtful whether even Great Britain will put such ships at Vancouver Island, the chief value of which will be lost to her when the Canadian Pacific is severed,—a blow always in the power of this country. It is upon our Atlantic seaboard that the mistress of Halifax, of Bermuda, and of Jamaica will now defend Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific. In the present state of our seaboard defense she can do so absolutely. What is all Canada compared with our exposed great cities? Even were the coast fortified, she could still do so, if our navy be no stronger than is as yet designed. What harm can we do Canada proportionate to the injury we should suffer by the interruption of our coasting trade, and by a blockade of Boston, New York, the Delaware, and the Chesapeake? Such a blockade Great Britain certainly could make technically efficient, under the somewhat loose definitions of international law. Neutrals would accept it as such.

The military needs of the Pacific States, as well as their supreme importance to the whole country, are yet a matter of the future, but of a future so near that provision should immediately begin. To weigh their importance, consider what influence in the Pacific would be attributed to a nation comprising only the States of Washington, Oregon, and California, when filled with such men

as now people them and are still pouring in, and controlling such maritime centres as San Francisco, Puget Sound, and the Columbia River. Can it be counted less because they are bound by the ties of blood and close political union to the great communities of the East? But such influence, to work without jar and friction, requires underlying military readiness, like the proverbial iron hand under the velvet glove. To provide this, three things are needful: First, protection of the chief harbors by fortifications and coast-defense ships, which gives defensive strength, provides security to the community within, and supplies the bases necessary to all military operations. Secondly, naval force, the arm of offensive power, which alone enables a country to extend its influence outward. Thirdly, it should be an inviolable resolution of our national policy that no European state should henceforth acquire a coaling position within three thousand miles of San Francisco,—a distance which includes the Sandwich and Galapagos islands and the coast of Central America. For fuel is the life of modern naval war; it is the food of the ship; without it the modern monsters of the deep die of inanition. Around it, therefore, cluster some of the most important considerations of naval strategy. In the Caribbean and the Atlantic we are confronted with many a foreign coal depot, and perhaps it is not an unmitigated misfortune that we, like Rome, find Carthage at our gates bidding us stand to our arms; but let us not acquiesce in an addition to our dangers, a further diversion of our strength, by being forestalled in the North Pacific.

In conclusion, while Great Britain is undoubtedly the most formidable of our possible enemies, both by her great navy and the strong positions she holds near our coasts, it must be added that a cordial understanding with that country is one of the first of our external interests. Both nations, doubtless, and properly,

seek their own advantage; but both, also, are controlled by a sense of law and justice drawn from the same sources, and deep-rooted in their instincts. Whatever temporary aberration may occur, a return to mutual standards of right will certainly follow. Formal alliance

between the two is out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and ideas will give birth to sympathy, which in turn will facilitate a coöperation beneficial to both; for, if sentimentality is weak, sentiment is strong.

A. T. Mahan.

CARRIAGE HORSES AND COBS.

A SCIENTIFIC person once declared (and Mr. Ruskin scornfully rebuked him for the assertion) that the amount of coal consumed in any given country will measure the degree of civilization to which it has attained. The same remark has been made in regard to sulphuric acid, and doubtless it could be applied to many other commodities with that mixture of truth which is sufficient for an epigram. Of carriage horses, for example, it might be said that their quality (if not their quantity) is an index of civilization; for the carriage horse changes his character from century to century, almost from year to year, as wealth and skill augment, as highways improve, as vehicles become lighter, as railroads are brought into play, as people use their steeds for pleasure and for show rather than for long and necessary journeys. When Horace Walpole paid an electioneering visit to the country, in 1761, after an absence of fifteen years or so, he found that a great improvement had taken place, and he explained it as follows:—

“To do the folks justice, they are sensible and reasonable and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital by the help of good roads and post chaises, which, if they have abridged the king’s dominions, have at least tamed his subjects.”

The primitive carriage horse was a pony, unacquainted with grooming, ignorant even of the taste of oats; and the vehicle that he drew required no roads, — a path through the forest sufficing for its progress. And yet, oddly enough, it is still employed in certain parts of this country. Within a few months of the present writing, I have seen it conveying a squaw and a papoose around the circus ring; and the red men have constructed it in that identical form for centuries, and still use it in some of the Western reservations. This woodland carriage is made, as doubtless the reader knows, by taking a couple of long poles, and affixing them to the horse’s neck in such a manner that they drag on the ground behind his heels, the load being fastened on the end of the poles. The next step in carriage building — the one great step in the art — was the invention of the wheel; but history has preserved neither the name nor the nationality of the mighty genius who bridged this gulf. It is certain, however, that he lived thousands of years before the Christian era.

Carriages were first used in England by the nobility about the beginning of the thirteenth century, but the roads were so bad and the vehicles so heavy that they were of little real service until toward the end of the sixteenth century. A contemporary account of the city of London, written about 1550, speaks of

the streets as being, even then, "very foul, full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noxious." The spring was not invented till near the close of the seventeenth century, and many years more elapsed before it was sufficiently developed to afford much relief. Later still, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, began that very great and rapid improvement — noted, as we have seen, by Horace Walpole — in highways, vehicles, and horses, which increased the rate of travel from four or five to twelve miles an hour, and culminated shortly before the introduction of railways.

The carriage horse, it need scarcely be said, became lighter and more active according as the weight that he had to draw, and more especially the friction of the roadways, diminished. Originally he was simply a beast of burden, the first English carriage horse being of the old black cart or shire horse strain, a huge, ungainly animal, with a big head and shaggy fetlocks. Contemporary with the cart-horse coachers were the "running footmen," with their wands of office. The chariots which they attended progressed so slowly that these functionaries could easily go ahead, when necessary, and engage apartments and refreshments at the next inn where a stop was to be made. They were also extremely useful in putting their shoulders to the wheel, when, as often happened, the vehicle stuck in a rut or in some "perilous slough." Later, in the seventeenth century, many Flemish mares were imported to England for carriage horses. They had more style and quality, but lacked endurance, as Gervase Markham pointed out in his well-known work. The cream-colored coach horses which are still bred in the queen's stables, though they have seldom been used since the death of Prince Albert, are descended from the same strain. In France, the Norman breed furnished the carriage horses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one writer

speaks of the "richly mottled grays" that drew the coach of Richelieu.

It is an apt illustration of that conservatism which prevails in, or perhaps more correctly is an essential part of, forms and ceremonies that the state carriage horse of England has always been a century or so behind the times. Shire horses were used to draw Queen Anne's coach, though they had been given up by private persons for many years before she came to the throne; and in the same way, during the present reign, the Hanoverian horse has held a place in the royal stables to which he is entitled only on the score of antiquity. Another similar example was to be found, until lately, in the steeds that horsed the chariots of the Roman cardinals. These too were of Flemish origin, "of great size, as fat as prize oxen, proud and prancing at starting, — all action and no go."

As the Flemish mare succeeded the shire horse, so the Cleveland bay succeeded and vastly improved upon the Flemish importation. Cleveland bays are still bred, constituting with their cousins the Yorkshire coach horses, and with the stout fast-stepping hackneys, the three strains of harness horse now to be found in England. I shall have a word to say about them all.

The Cleveland bays originated, as the name imports, in Cleveland, a district of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and they date from about the middle of the eighteenth century. Remotely, they sprang from a cross between the native black cart horse, already mentioned, and the thoroughbred; but the type became a fixed one, and is thus described by "Frank Falconer:" —

"The Cleveland bay, in its natural and unmixed form, is a tall, powerfully built, bony animal, averaging, I should say, 15 hands 3 inches in height, rarely falling short of 15½, or exceeding 16½ hands. The crest and withers are almost invariably good; the head bony,

lean, and well set on. Ewe necks are probably rarer in this family than in any other, unless it be the dray horse, in which it is never seen. The faults of shape to which the Cleveland bay is most liable are narrowness of chest, undue length of body, and thinness of the cannon and shank bones. Their color is invariably bay, rather on the yellow bay than on the blood bay color, with black manes, tails, and legs. They are sound, active, powerful horses, with excellent capabilities for draught, and good endurance so long as they are not pushed beyond their speed, which may be estimated at from six to eight miles an hour, on a trot, or from ten to twelve — the latter quite the maximum — on a gallop, under almost any weight."

But the Cleveland bay did not long continue in his original form; there were more and greater infusions of thoroughbred blood, so that he became "finer," more speedy, a little longer of limb, and in all respects a superior animal for the coach and the saddle. The country gentlemen were great breeders and users of Cleveland bays. "A squire," it is said, "of two or three thousand a year, in the midland or northern counties, did not consider his stable furnished without five or six full-sized, well-bred coach horses;" and if he went a journey of fifty or seventy-five miles, he would be conveyed not only in his own carriage, but by his own steeds. Noblemen counted their carriage horses by the score; for in those days they traveled in some state. Six-in-hand for gala or ceremonious occasions, and four for every-day purposes, were the usual number. But times have changed. "The old duke always journeyed to London with six post chaises and four, attended by outriders. The present man comes up in a first-class carriage with half a dozen bagmen, and sneaks away from the station in a brougham, smoking a cigar." The reader will remember that even Sir Pitt Crawley, an exces-

sively penurious gentleman, was met by a coach and four at his park gates, where he and his companion Becky Sharp had been set down by the stage.

County running races also contributed very largely, though indirectly, to the improvement of carriage horses. Local magnates liked to be represented at these races by horses of their own breeding, and consequently there was a wide diffusion of thoroughbred sires. Under these influences, the improved, or half-bred, Cleveland bays lost their distinctive color in a large degree, chestnuts, iron-grays, roans, and dark browns being often found among them. Still, there are in existence even at the present time many Cleveland bays of the correct color, with legs black from the knee down, and with that "list" or strip of black running from the withers to the root of the tail which is considered to establish beyond a doubt the purity of their blood. A dark brown coat with a cinnamon muzzle was supposed to indicate a tough and hardy beast, and animals thus marked are seen occasionally nowadays. Blacks were the least common, this color being avoided, as suggestive of a cart-horse origin, unless it could be traced directly to a thoroughbred sire. Particular colors came to be associated with particular districts. Thus, in one neighborhood, it would be the ambition of every carriage owner to have a gray Sir William or a brown Sir Peter, as the case might be; whereas in another district a black this or a chestnut that would be considered as an indispensable inmate of a gentleman's stable.

The most potent influence in developing the carriage horse was, however, that mania for fast traveling in coaches and post chaises which could be satisfied with nothing less than ten and even twelve miles an hour. Anybody who has actually driven ten or twenty miles at this rate in a light carriage — not simply heard or talked about it, which

is a more common occurrence — can imagine what a task it was for four horses to travel at such speed, while hauling a load of four tons or more. Nothing but a strong dash of thoroughbred blood, and hardly that, could supply the requisite wind and limb. One of the best of those colored plates that illustrate the road in coaching days shows both what kind of horse was used, and what was the effect upon him of his work. It is a picture of The Night Team putting to in the frosty moonlight at a roadside inn, while a few passengers, muffled to the eyes, shiver on top of the stage. Three of the four horses, the wheelers and the off leader, are bays, — broken down, but still powerful. The ribs clearly show through their short, nicely groomed coats; their fine, well-bred heads, topped by small, aristocratic ears, hang mournfully down; their knees are fearfully sprung; their hind legs are twisted and swollen. Altogether, they give the impression of having accomplished some tremendous feats, and of being still able to perform the like, when well warmed to their work. The fourth horse, the nigh leader, is a gray, young and sound, but vicious. He wears a broad bandage over his eyes, to prevent shying at “objects,” and two or three hostlers are struggling to get him within the traces, while he plunges about with head and tail high in the air. The fast mail coaches broke down many good horses before their time; and if anybody had upon his hands an unmanageable brute, such as the English system of breaking was eminently fitted to produce, he doubtless put him into one of those horse-taming and horse-killing machines.

During the past fifty years many of the best Cleveland bays have been exported, — so many that the deficiency in the London market has been supplied in part by carriage horses brought over from Germany. Not long ago, an English agricultural journal inquired,

with much feeling, and with less attention to grammar, “When royalty or nobility wants a pair of upstanding London carriage horses, where goes the thousand guineas that hardly fetches them?” “Not,” answering its own question, “to the struggling English occupier, but to the broad expanses of the Continent.” Even the great job-masters of London (two of whom supply no less than five hundred pairs of carriage horses each to their customers, not counting single brougham and victoria horses) had recourse at one time to the Flemish horses. They were cheap and good-looking, but so washy and soft, so deficient in bone and endurance, so defective in those very points which Gervase Markham condemned in them two hundred years before, that, after a few years’ trial, they were generally given up by the job-masters.

Closely allied to the Cleveland bays are the Yorkshire coach horses. Separate studbooks are maintained in England for these families, although in many instances the same animal is recorded in both books, while in this country one compilation of pedigrees does service for both strains. The differences between them are thus stated by an English writer: —

“The Cleveland bays in what I may call their aboriginal form are agricultural horses, with plenty of grand points in their frame, but with no elegance of ‘turning,’ and without any action, and therefore totally unfitted to produce from themselves alone the big carriage horse. The Yorkshire coach horses have both the qualities above referred to, but they, again, if kept to themselves, will in a very short time become high on the leg and light of bone, and consequently equally unfitted to draw the weight of a big barouche or a state coach.” What is wanted, he goes on to say, is “the big harness horse, standing from 16 hands to 16.2 in height, with the bone and shortness of leg, the depth and

grandeur of frame, which are in the Cleveland, and are not in the Yorkshire coach horse ; with the quality, elegance, and action which are in the Yorkshire coach horse, and not in the Cleveland ; and with the 'long, elegant top line,' which is only produced by a combination of both."

Both the Cleveland bays and the Yorkshire coach horses are moderately high steppers, and usually incapable of a fast trot.

A third family of carriage horses is that of the hackneys, whose studbook, like the others just mentioned, is a very modern one, dating from 1882. Their origin is remotely the same as that of the Cleveland bays and the Yorkshire coach horses, — a mixture of thoroughbred and cart horse ; but in the hackney family there is an intermediate strain, namely, that of the old Norfolk trotter, a fast-trotting, plain, serviceable, moderate-sized beast, that had a great reputation in his day, and from which, in part, many of our own trotters are descended. The best hackneys now extant trace back almost invariably to one particular horse, called Marshland Shales, who was foaled in 1802. He stood 14.3, was of a dun color, and is said to have descended from the great race horse Eclipse. George Borrow, in a passage of *Lavengro*, which I venture to quote here, although it is a familiar one, tells how he saw Marshland Shales at a fair in Norwich, when he was a boy, and the horse was old : —

"Nothing very remarkable about that creature, unless in being smaller than the rest, and gentle, which they are not. He is almost dun, and over one eye a thick film has gathered. But stay, there is something remarkable about that horse ; there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest. As he advances, the clamor is hushed, all eyes are turned upon him. What looks of interest, — of respect ! And what is this ? People are taking off

their hats ; surely not to that steed ! Yes, verily, men, especially old men, are taking off their hats to that one-eyed steed, and I hear more than one deep-drawn Ah ! 'What horse is that ?' I said to one very old fellow, dressed in a white frock. 'The best in mother England,' said the very old man, taking a knobbed stick from his mouth, and looking me in the face, at first carelessly, but presently with something like interest. 'He is old, like myself, but can still trot his twenty miles an hour. You won't live long, my swain, — tall and overgrown ones like thee never does ; yet if you should chance to reach my years, you may boast to thy great-grandboys that thou hast seen MARSHLAND SHALES.' "

The hackney is almost too plain to be called a carriage horse, and yet he has some style, a great deal of strength, and much more speed than the larger and more elegant sort. Many hackneys, indeed, have showy and beautiful action. Moreover, having been bred in something very like its present form for a hundred and fifty years, the type is more likely to be reproduced than is that of the Cleveland bay or Yorkshire coach horse. An American horseman of national reputation, the importer and owner of some excellent hackneys, writes on the subject as follows : —

"The Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys are a distinct breed of horses ; with some thoroughbred and other crosses, of course, but still a distinct breed. They stamp their characteristics on their progeny in a very marked and decided manner, — more marked than any other breed of horses that I know of." And he goes on to describe them as follows : "The Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys are from 14 hands to 15.3 or even 16 hands high. The average is perhaps 15.1½. A good hackney is a horse of considerable substance, with plenty of bone, fine quality, good length, on short legs, and with riding shoulders. He is a fast and good walker, and his trot is bold,

straight, and true, and fast enough for him to go ten to fourteen miles an hour. Many Norfolk and Yorkshire hackneys have trotted better than a mile in three minutes. The fine weight-carrying hacks one sees in Rotten Row, and the splendid teams that are paraded at the meets of the coaching and four-in-hand clubs in Hyde Park, are nearly all hackneys."

Of late years there have been imported to this country many representatives of all these families, the Cleveland bay, the Yorkshire coach horse, and the hackney, — some of them fine specimens, and some of them hardly worth their passage money. In fact, many of the animals exhibited at our horse shows, and sometimes actually winning prizes, as English carriage horses and coaching stallions, have been coarse, clumsy brutes, but a slight distance removed from the cart horse, and frequently not even sound.

The next type of carriage horse to be considered is the French coach horse. A great antiquity is commonly set up for this family by its admirers, but I have never been able to find any evidence in support of their assertions. Moreover, it is difficult to discover exactly what was the origin of the French coach horse. It is commonly said to have been a cross between the English thoroughbred and the Arab. It is certain that the English thoroughbred figures largely in the pedigree, and there may have been infusions of Arab blood; but the French coach horse has a bulkiness of form and a mildness of temper that indicate some other element, and it is probably that of the ancient and admirable Percheron family. The French coachers are large, handsome horses, usually chestnut, sometimes bay, and occasionally black in color. They have very fine, intelligent heads, rather short necks, broad chests, good, sloping shoulders, and the best of legs and feet.

In one respect, that of speed, they

are far superior to any strain of English coach horses. In order to satisfy the government test in France, a coaching stallion must trot two miles and two fifths at the rate of a mile in three minutes, and this on a turf track. They are also, as a rule, more gentle and docile than the English carriage horses, but a little inferior to the latter in point of "quality," and not possessed of so proud a carriage. Very few French coach horses have been imported to the Eastern States, but there are many in the West.

But is there no family of American coachers? Good horses having been raised in this country for at least one hundred and fifty years, is it possible that in all that time we have not produced a typical carriage horse of our own? Alas, no, although we have ample material for the purpose. One of the most brilliant performers that appeared on the trotting course during the season of 1890 was Pamlico, a five-year-old stallion, owned in North Carolina, but bred in Vermont. Pamlico won many races, obtained a record of 2.16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in a fourth heat, and proved himself to be a very enduring and speedy trotter. But, besides being a trotter, Pamlico, except for some want of height, is almost an ideal coach horse. He is of a rich bay color, with black points; his back is short, his shape round and smooth, with neither the angularities nor the high rump that are associated with the trotting model; his neck inclines to arch; he has a handsome head, with small ears, large eyes, broad between; and, race horse though he is, Pamlico possesses the bold, proud action of a coaching stallion.

Now, Pamlico, though an unusual, is not an exceptional type, and the same element from which he derives his coaching appearance is found in a large proportion of our trotting stock. Pamlico's grandsire, and our most famous trotting stallion, was Rysdyck's Hambletonian,

who died about fourteen years ago. He was descended in the paternal line from Mambrino, one of the best and stoutest thoroughbreds that ever ran in England; but his dam was by Bellfounder, and Bellfounder was a Norfolk trotter of the purest stamp. Here, then, we have the same element upon which the English hackney is based. Rysdyck's Hambletonian was a peculiar horse, endowed with an extraordinary capacity for transmitting his peculiarities. He was a rich bay in color, with great muscular development, fine action, and the strongest and soundest of legs and feet. But his long back, his dull spirit, his coarse, heavy head and mulish ears, are the very characteristics that a carriage or driving horse ought not to have; and the great vogue that the Hambletonians have enjoyed in this country has been, on the whole, an injury to the character of our horseflesh. Still, the Hambletonian family possesses a wonderful aptitude for retaining its own and assimilating other good qualities; and when united with strains possessing the nervous energy and the "quality" in which it is deficient, it rises to a high degree of excellence, as in the Volunteers, the Almonts, and many others. Thus far, that craze for raising fast trotters, which keeps a hundred men poor where it enriches one, has prevented the development of an American coacher; but the Hambletonian carriage horse is an easy potentiality. Other trotting families, notably the Mambrino Patchens and some of the Clays, contain similar material.

Carriage horses thus bred would have unusual speed. They would be a race of trotting coachers, and those individuals that lacked the fineness of a carriage horse would nevertheless be strong, serviceable animals, easily sold at a fair price; whereas the strictly trotting-bred horse, like the strictly running-bred horse, is apt to prove good for nothing if not good for racing.

Nor would any great difficulty be ex-

perienced in obtaining with trotting-bred horses, carefully selected, the proper action of a coacher. Many of them, such as Pamlico, have it already, and the career of the trotting stallion Shepherd F. Knapp (not to be blighted even by that unfortunate name) is instructive in this regard. Knapp, a Maine-bred horse, of Messenger and Morgan descent, was exported to England nearly fifty years ago, and made a great reputation there as a hackney. He won many prizes in the show ring, and is spoken of by one authority as "unsurpassed for pace and action." His descendants, moreover, and those of his son Washington, rank with the very best hackneys in England for style, action, and "quality," and also, it need not be said, for speed. The action of a carriage horse should be bold and free; but excessively high action, being incompatible with speed or endurance, is a fault in the true coacher.

High-steppers, or park or sensation horses, as they are sometimes called, stand by themselves, — in a small, select, and very expensive class. Their gait is not merely, or even chiefly, a means of locomotion, — it is an end in itself; and very pretty is the effect of their peculiar up-and-down step, especially when they are driven at a slow trot, with all the accessories of a fine equipage. They travel as if they had springs in their hoofs, their knees at the upward stroke seeming almost to touch those musical, well-burnished pole chains with which they are often and most suitably harnessed. The high-stepper expresses, so far as a horse can do it, the insolence of wealth. In his prime he would furnish a good text for a sermon, and in his decay he might point the moral of a pathetic tale.

These horses are distinctly for show, not for use. "You may drive your step-pers," one authority remarks, "very slowly for the most part, and fast a short distance, if they shine in a fast trot, for two hours or so every day; but

if you want to go ten miles out of town and back, you must fall back on a useful pair, or hire post horses."

Shepherd F. Knapp, whose action was so much admired in England, was bred in Maine, as I have said; and the best of our "sensation" horses come from that State, probably because its stony pastures tend to make the horses that run in them step high. Ten years ago a really high-stepping carriage horse was almost unknown in this country, but we raise many of them now; the demand partly causing the supply to exist, and partly calling it forth from its hiding-place where it existed before. A "down East" farmer raises a colt or two from good stock, which, being turned out for several years on a rocky hillside, and having also, it may be, a tendency in that direction, get in the habit of lifting their feet high when they trot. The owner looks upon this action as a defect rather than a merit, but fashionable people in New York and Boston think otherwise: it soon becomes known that the dealers who go from farm to farm will pay a good price for horses with excessively high action, and accordingly such horses are bred.

Beside carriage horses proper, which range from the tall, hunter-like barouche horse to the small, nimble animals that are now often used for broughams and victorias, and beside the high-stepper or sensation horse, we have the cob. "Cob" is so ambiguous a word that many stanch horsemen absolutely exclude it from their categories. Any smallish, chunky horse, especially if his tail be cut short, is a cob. But there are cobs and cobs. The well-bred modern hackney sometimes comes within this category; but few and far between, especially in this country, are such cobs as that. The ordinary cob is fat and faint-hearted, well fitted to draw a village cart gently about a village, but likely to go to pieces if put to any severe task. He has the bulkiness of a small cart horse, but lacks the

nervous energy needed to make him a good roadster or a good saddle horse. He shines at horse shows, his broad back being admirably adapted for the display of trappings and caparisons; and he is a source of wealth to fashionable dealers. A small, "blocky," undersized horse, with a rather pretty head, weak legs perhaps, and no speed, will go a-begging in the country for \$125 or \$150; but in the hands of the dealer, clipped, docked, and hogged, he easily brings \$250 or \$300.

But as we might, if we took the trouble, have a race of American-bred coachers, so we had, and in a lesser degree still have, a breed of incomparable cobs. The old Morgan horse was a perfect cob, small, powerful, speedy, docile, enduring, and possessed of great style. The Morgans, as I have mentioned in a previous article, were always in demand by captains of the militia when a "muster" was to be had, for what they lacked in size they more than made up by their proud and spirited carriage. This race, unhappily, fell into neglect as the Hambletonian star came into the ascendant; and although it has lately been revived, the object is to produce trotters, not cobs, and to increase the size of the horse. This purpose is a laudable one, and yet the Morgan cob should also be preserved.

Within a few weeks I came by chance, in a small New England village, upon a perfect specimen of this kind. It was a little bay mare, with a rather long body and round barrel. She stood on short legs, and must have been less than 15 hands high, but she had the strength, in all the moving parts, of a 16-hand horse; her neck was thick, but not coarse, her head small and Arabian in shape, with fine, aristocratic, intelligent ears, and an eye flashing with spirit and courage. She was nineteen years old when I saw her, and hollow-backed, but still so spirited as to require a man's hand upon the reins. A cob

of this kind is capable of an immense amount of work, and will perform it upon exactly half the food required by a big horse.

The modern fashion of using cobs and small horses generally for carriage purposes is an improvement in several ways, and chiefly because it is more humane; the wear and tear of their feet upon the pavements being considerably less than it is in the case of a large horse. Formerly the London job-masters had no horses in their stables under 16 hands high; now they have many, chiefly for single brougham use, from 15 hands upward, and the same tendency prevails in this country. In fact, the use of small carriage horses followed the introduction of those less bulky and lighter vehicles that are due chiefly to the skill and originality of American builders; but it is doubtful if heavy carriages, even, are not drawn more easily, as a rule, by horses that weigh from nine hundred to ten hundred than by those that weigh from ten hundred to twelve hundred pounds. Such, I have found, is the common opinion of American horsemen, and such seems to be the experience of English coach drivers.

"In these days," writes the Duke of Beaufort, "when the road coaches only carry passengers, and no luggage to speak of, even if there is any at all, we should prefer, for all sorts of roads, short-stepping and small, though thick, horses. They are infinitely pleasanter to drive. Anybody who has had the experience of taking off a big lolloping team of rather underbred horses, who are very tired, and have been hanging on the coachman's hands for the last two or three miles of the stage, will understand what a pleasure and relief it is to feel the quick, sharp trot of a little team of fresh horses."

When, however, it is a question of hauling a heavy load, such as an omnibus, at a jog trot on level ground, then

the big horse is required. There must be a good weight to throw into the collar. Moreover, when horses are well bred and well shaped, neither beefy nor leggy, but bony and muscular, they can hardly be too big. "A pair of 15-hand horses," an English authority writes, "will always have to be pulling at an ordinary phaeton; whereas the same carriage seems to roll after a pair of 15.2½'s of its own motion, leaving them light in hand, well collected, and with full play for their action."

This statement, however, is not, as it might be thought, at all inconsistent with the opinion just expressed concerning the superiority of small horses as fast weight-pullers. They are better for this purpose, not because they are small, but because they usually have the relative shortness of limb and of stride which are mechanically adapted for pulling a moderate load at a brisk pace. When these characteristics are found in larger horses, as, for example, they often are in the Percheron family, you have animals that are capable of great tasks. A span of Percherons are said to have drawn an omnibus around a mile track in four minutes; and the gray Norman-Percheron stallions that drew the diligence from Calais to Paris in pre-railway days trotted and galloped at the rate of eleven miles an hour, equaling the speed of their better bred English contemporaries, but not, it is true, keeping it up so long; their stages being but five miles in length, whereas the English stages were ten miles.

But whatever the size of the carriage horse, and whatever the use for which he is intended: whether he is to be a big, showy coacher, or a fast-stepping barouche horse, or a useful, medium-sized animal, or a stout one for a brougham, or a showy one for a phaeton, or an all-day nag for a comparatively light carriage and long drives; whether he is to be a horse, a cob, or a pony, let him have the inward energy,

the outward grace, and the fineness of larity of the racer and the dumpiness
bone and muscle that only a dash of of the cart horse — are not only the
thoroughbred or Arab blood can supply. most useful, but the most beautiful, the
Half-bred horses — avoiding the angu- world over.

H. C. Merwin.

BUT ONE TALENT.

YE who yourselves of larger worth esteem
Than common mortals, listen to my dream,
And learn the lesson of life's cozening cheat,
The coinage of conceit.

— The angel, guardian of my youth and age,
Spread out before me an account-book's page,
Saying, "This column marks what thou dost owe, —
The gain thou hast to show."

"Spirit," I said, "I know, alas! too well
How poor the tale thy record has to tell.
Much I received, — the little I have brought
Seems by its side as naught.

"Five talents, all of Ophir's purest gold,
These five fair caskets ranged before thee hold;
The first can show a few poor shekels' gain,
The rest unchanged remain.

"Bringing my scanty tribute, overawed,
To Him who reapeth where He hath not strawed,
I tremble like a culprit when I count
My whole vast debt's amount.

"What will He say to one from whom were due
Ten talents, when he comes with less than two?
What can I do but shudder and await
The slothful servant's fate?"

— As looks a mother on an erring child,
The angel looked me in the face and smiled:
"How couldst thou, reckoning with thyself, contrive
To count thy talents five?"

"These caskets which thy flattering fancies gild
Not all with Ophir's precious ore are filled;
Thy debt is slender, for thy gift was small:
One talent, — that was all.

"This second casket, with its grave pretence,
Is weighty with thine IGNORANCE, dark and dense,
Save for a single glowworm's glimmering light
To mock its murky night.

"The third conceals the DULNESS that was thine.
How could thy mind its lack of wit divine?
Let not what Heaven assigned thee bring thee blame;
Thy want is not thy shame.

"The fourth, so light to lift, so fair to see,
Is filled to bursting with thy VANITY,
The vaporous breath that kept thy hopes alive
By counting one as five.

"These held but little, but the fifth held less, —
Only blank vacuum, naked nothingness,
An idiot's portion. He who gave it knows
Its claimant nothing owes.

"Thrice happy pauper he whose last account
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!
The more thy gifts, the more thou needs must pay
On life's dread reckoning day."

— Humbled, not grieving to be undeceived,
I woke, from fears of hopeless debt relieved:
For sparing gifts but small returns are due, —
Thank Heaven I had so few!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE almost universal homage paid to Cardinal Newman at his death by all sorts and classes of persons is a striking phenomenon. There is no reason to suppose that the mass of English and English-speaking people is more inclined than it was forty-five years ago to adopt the ecclesiastical position of the teacher whom now they honor. Doubtless, in these years, many prejudices formerly entertained towards the Roman Catholic Church and faith have been dissipated, partly by Newman's own writings, partly by the influence of the

school which he so largely formed within the Church of England, which has popularized many tenets and practices once commonly supposed to be exclusively and distinctively Romish.

To a certain small extent, the honor paid to Newman in his death may have been dictated by a sense of the unfairness with which he and his friends were treated in the early days of the Oxford movement, when, first as Newmanites, and afterwards as Puseyites, their name was cast out as symbolical of all that was evil. But while this half-uncon-

scious desire to offer reparation to a school formerly treated with abuse and scorn, but whose services in quickening and transforming the English Church have since been recognized, may not have been absent, we suspect that any such feeling was balanced, in the ordinary British mind, by a desire to show respect for one who had, in the popular estimation, honestly followed his premises to their legitimate conclusion, not without a sly slap at those who remained behind, apparently less logical or less honest in following out their convictions. But whatever subordinate feelings of this sort may have served to swell the flood of praise, reverence, and admiration which has poured in from all quarters since Newman's death, its chief source was, without doubt, a recognition of the greatness and nobility of the man, as preëminent for saintly character as for intellectual gifts. In a sense, as has been pointed out, in the strange irony of history the homage paid to the deceased cardinal was an evidence of the triumph of that liberalism in religion which he most dreaded. To quote the words of Dean Plumptre, "Dogmatic differences embodied in Anglican formularies and Protestant traditions have sunk into the background as compared with the unworldliness, the saintliness, the genius, which all could recognize and value."

Above all else, probably, that contributed to this general outburst of respect was a feeling of admiration, and in a way of affection, for one who in his *Apologia* had bared his own mind and heart to the public scrutiny, that he might clear himself, and by implication his religion, from the charge or suspicion of dishonesty. People at large cared little for the various steps by which Newman passed from Calvinism to Anglicanism, and from Anglicanism to Romanism; but they delighted in

tracing his perfect truthfulness and sincerity in taking each step, in following the light which seemed to lead him on. Others, who had no thought of following his steps, when the light seemed to be leading in quite another direction, could make their own the prayer of his hymn, *Lead, Kindly Light*. To many there would be a shade of meaning, unthought of, probably, by himself, in the motto he adopted when appointed a cardinal, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. In spite of doctrinal and ecclesiastical differences, all felt the beauty of his character, the strength of his devotion, the witness of his life.

A more striking proof of this could hardly be found than in the selection of Newman's name for the first of the series of English Leaders of Religion in this and the last century (to be followed by Keble, Simeon, Bishop Wilberforce, Wesley, Maurice, Chalmers), edited by Mr. Stedman, and the writing of Newman's biography by the editor of the *Spectator*,¹ who, valuing most highly Newman's defense of the great fundamental truths of Christianity, would be one of the last to adopt in any sense his Roman point of view.

Agreeably to what has been said, it will be noted that it is by his comparatively uncontroversial and more personal works that Newman is most widely known. His *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, his hymns, his *Apologia*, are familiar where the *Tracts*, the *Grammar of Assent*, the *Essay on Development*, are but names.

Having mentioned Newman's *Sermons*, it may be worth while to point out a fact that is commonly missed: that all the sermons in the well-known eight volumes were preached by Newman as Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, to which is attached a very small parish, at the ordinary parochial services, which are quite distinct from the University Sermons, preached at different hours in the

¹ *Cardinal Newman*. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. [English Leaders of Religion.] Edited

by A. M. M. STEDMAN, M. A. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

same edifice in its character of the University Church. But such was the attraction of Newman's personality and ministry that members of the university, old and young, flocked to these services; and thus it was, in great measure, that Newman exercised so great a moulding, religious influence over the mind of Oxford, and, through Oxford, of England. There is but one volume of University Sermons proper preached by Newman, all bearing on the relation of Faith to Reason, the great point chiefly insisted on being the aid given to the intellectual by the moral faculties in the apprehension of religious truth.

Mr. Hutton dwells at some length on the excellences of the Parochial Sermons, giving many choice extracts to illustrate their extraordinary reality, their remarkable freedom from exaggeration, combined with their uncompromising severity in urging the claims of spiritual truth and in probing the human heart. At the same time, we are glad to note that he calls attention to the singular force of Newman's Roman Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations, as containing, as we have long felt, "the most eloquent and elaborate specimens of his eloquence as a preacher." If, as is said, they have not quite the delicate charm of the reserve of his Oxford Sermons, they represent the full-blown blossom of his genius, while the former show it only in bud.

Mr. Hutton, as he says in his preface, devotes the main part of his book "to the study of Dr. Newman's life before leaving the Anglican Church; in other words, to the course of thought which led him to the Church of Rome." This study is carefully and fairly pursued, the partiality of a personal friend and admirer being combined with the impartiality of, to a certain extent, a theological opponent. But it naturally suggests the question, at which we have already hinted, and which it lay outside of Mr. Hutton's purpose to discuss, as to the

course of thought which led others, in great degree sympathizing with Newman, to refuse to follow him to the Church of Rome. Because he was honest, were they dishonest? If we grant that he was logical, must we regard as wanting in either intellectual or moral perspicacity such men, for instance, as Dr. Pusey, less brilliant, certainly, than Newman, but assuredly no less profound a scholar; or the great preacher at Oxford and St. Paul's Cathedral, removed since Newman's death, a sharer in the cardinal's brilliancy of intellectual gifts, while much more widely read in modern philosophy, and to whom we should be inclined to apply Mr. Hutton's words concerning Newman, that "he has influenced the world more deeply, though perhaps not more widely, than it has fallen to any Englishman of our time to influence it through the instrumentality of the pulpit"? Dr. Liddon's profound personal veneration for Dr. Newman, and his sympathy with so large a portion of his teaching, would have made his deliberate review of Newman's course and his criticism of Newman's later writings by no means the least interesting part of his biography of Dr. Pusey.

For ourselves, we should be inclined to say that there was always a difference between the point of view of the Newmanites and that of the Puseyites. We use the terms, not historically, but as standing for different sections of the same Oxford school, — for those who, as we believe, logically became Roman Catholics, and for those who equally logically remained in the English Church. Both appealed to authority, the authority of the Church as distinct from the private judgment of the individual, which common Protestantism professes to regard as by itself sufficient and alone entitled to determine (from the Bible, at any rate) its creed. Now, as we understand the matter, there are two really distinct views of authority, which are nevertheless commonly confounded: one that

regards the voice of the Church (for it is of ecclesiastical authority that we are speaking) as in and by itself decisive,—as giving, in fact, a *judicial* sentence, to which the individual must of necessity bow, or be a rebel; the other that regards the voice of the Church as *evidence* of an extremely valuable kind, which will go far towards forming the verdict of the individual mind and conscience, but which will have to be correlated with other lines of evidence. Where the former view is adopted, the natural tendency will be to desire an absolutely infallible present authority, to whose decision all questions of sufficient magnitude and importance may be referred. The desire for such an authority will tend to its creation. The wish will be father to the thought. Now, this we conceive to be the process of reasoning by which Newman was led to the Church of Rome. His was a soul that yearned for authority. At first he thought that he found an absolute and infallible guide in the Scriptures. When the insufficiency of the Bible alone—each man his own interpreter, and after a while each forming his own canon—was realized, and he had learned from Dr. Hawkins the value of tradition, first the Anglican Church and then the Primitive Church became Newman's infallible authority, if only the judgment of one or the other on any disputed point could be definitely ascertained. The difficulty, amid the divergent views of apparently equally reputable divines, of getting any clear determination on a variety of points seemed to render this position also untenable. There must be somewhere, argued Newman, a living authority to whom man can bow in simple obedience, or there can be no security at all as to revelation. Rome claims to satisfy this yearning of the heart for an absolute authority on which to lean. It was in the rest thus offered that the great attraction of the Roman Church, we imagine, consisted for Newman, as for many others.

It was the thought that in her he found the realization of his ideal, more than any facts which the study of ecclesiastical history presented, that decided Newman to renounce Anglicanism and submit to Rome.

Newman was throughout an idealist. He pictured to himself an ideal Church, "the Church of the New Testament," such as never really existed. This perfect or worthy representative of the Most High he had not found in his Anglican experience. The English Church fell miserably short of the ideal he had imagined, whether as regards her witness to the faith, the strictness of her discipline, or the standard of holiness set before them by her members. In the Roman Church, of which he had no experience, he hoped to find the ideal realized. At least she claimed to fulfill it; and was not that a presumption in her favor, since somewhere (it was assumed) the ideal must be realized? When once Rome's claims had been accepted, all Newman's intellectual subtlety, no longer needed to construct a theory (the *Via Media* or any other), was exercised in defending that which had been adopted, in explaining away all that seemed inconsistent with her pretensions.

Newman was a monarchist. His hatred of republicanism, shown by his refusal, in 1833, to go out into the streets of Paris, or to look upon the tricolor at Algiers, as associated with the French Revolution, had its counterpart in matters ecclesiastical and religious. "My Bishop is my Pope," he said in his Anglican days; and so, when, largely under the influence of a temporary panic, the bishops charged against him, he threw up as hopeless in the English Church the contest for what he considered Catholic principles. Others continued the contest, and by patience succeeded, if not in winning the authorities to their side, at least, to a very great extent, in leavening the body of the English Church and people with their principles.

Dr. Pusey's was not a simply obstinate persistence. His was a more patient spirit, less sensitive, more practical. Consequently, he was neither overwhelmed by immediate rebuffs, nor did he set before him an imaginary ideal, of which he was bound somewhere to find, or to think he found, the realization. The authority to which he appealed was that of the universal Church, throughout the world and throughout the ages, as bearing witness to the teaching of the one indwelling Spirit. Newman and his followers looked for a present living authority, as a continuous organ of fresh revelation, a central oracle, ready and easy of access, ready and easy of pronouncement. Pusey and the Anglicans appealed to the Church as a witness continually applying truth once for all revealed. In the former case, the more centralized the authority, the more perfectly will its functions be fulfilled; in the latter case, the strength of witness lies in the consent of independent and diverse testimony; its value will be the greater the wider the range from which it is gathered. That this was the position of the early Christian Church there can be no doubt. When contending, in the second century, against Manichean dualism for the central truth of the Divine unity, or, two centuries later, for the divinity of Christ, it was by a complex method that the truth was arrived at. There was no such quick and easy method of settling the question as by an appeal to a central Divine oracle. Slowly and painfully the Church had to collect and weigh evidence. And thus a far more satisfactory conclusion was reached, not only more sure in itself, but of far more lasting effect on the faithful, who knew that the question had been threshed out. The Roman idea of authority is much simpler. But simple processes are not those which harmonize most exactly with what we recognize to be the law of God's dealings with the world. As Dr. Mozley says in his criti-

cism of Newman's *Essay on Development*: "If we are to go at all by the actual course of Providence before us, it is most natural to suppose that God would, after such a revelation [as that given by Christ], leave men, with the additional light of truth and all the other advantages of every kind which may be part of it in their possession, to carry it out with more or less abuse or perversion if they will," rather than to expect a Divine revelation continually going on.

There can be no doubt, as has been said, as to Newman's absolutely loyal acceptance of the Roman position. To imagine him restless or restive under the authority he had chosen would be to misunderstand both the character of the man and the chain of reasoning which led him to Rome.

How far the Church of his adoption trusted her illustrious convert, or used as she might have done his wonderful gifts, is a question. Certain it is that he was never the power in the Roman Church that he was in the Church of England; and that he was thwarted in two cherished schemes, — the preparation of a new English translation of the Bible for the use of Roman Catholics, to supersede the wretched Douay version, and the establishment of a Roman Catholic college at Oxford. Certain it also is that Dr. Newman was not summoned as a theologian to the Vatican Council, and that his strongly expressed opinion as to the inexpediency of defining the papal infallibility was disregarded. In fact, during the reign of Pius IX., as was natural, Newman was treated with scant appreciation by the authorities of the Roman Church.

We have refrained from quoting Mr. Hutton at all freely, trusting that his book will be widely read, as one worthy alike of its subject and of its author, and as giving in an easy and convenient form the history of one of the most remarkable figures of this century, whose influence has been both wide and deep.

One quotation, however, we desire to make, touching that which was the centre and core of Newman's teaching, and in which we are disposed to think the layman gives to the teaching of the divine a useful limitation. Speaking of Newman's intensely dogmatic creed, Mr. Hutton says: "I suppose that all clear-headed men will agree with Cardinal Newman in admitting that, without the confession of certain intellectual truths, and without a careful sifting of what these truths are, there is no possibility of the safe preservation of any divine revelation. But surely he a little confuses between the intellectual conceptions which are necessarily implied in the fact of revelation and the life and character which are the subjects of revelation. . . . It is perfectly easy to

conceive that a multitude of Christians may have had right feelings towards God without having had the most accurate and clearly defined thoughts concerning his essential being. Dogma is essential in order to display and safeguard the revelation, but dogma is not itself the revelation. And it is conceivable that, in drawing out and safeguarding the revelation, the Church may not infrequently have laid even too much stress on right conceptions, and too little on right attitudes of will and emotion. Dogma is only subsidiary to that unveiling of God to man which is the single aim of revelation, and instead of being made subsidiary it is sometimes made to stand in the place of that to which it ought to be purely instrumental."

ANCIENT ATHENS FOR MODERN READERS.

THERE were many ancient manuals describing Athens, her local traditions and her monuments. Of them all, one only, and that by no means the best, has descended to us. It nearly fills the first book in the description of Greece by Pausanias, "the traveler." This work is based on an extended tour through Greek lands in the time of the Antonines, supplemented by liberal but somewhat uncritical use of good earlier accounts, and of classic Greek literature generally. The reëditing of Pausanias, in the light of recent excavations and discoveries, is probably the most important task remaining in the whole domain of classical studies. It is well known that the Germans who excavated Olympia were guided, almost at every step, by Pausanias' detailed accounts of temples and monuments standing in his time. Whoever shall have the glory of laying bare what may yet remain of the Delphic

sanctuary will be almost equally dependent upon every word of the much-abused *Periegete*.

His first book, however, is decidedly the least satisfactory of the entire ten, being overloaded with tiresome historical and biographical digressions, and no less remarkable for tantalizing omissions just where the reader is most eager for full information. There is also a striking lack of literary form and scientific observation of details, which is much less painfully felt in later books. Still, even for Athens, in the absence of Polemon's famous work, and of the other competent guides which have perished, Pausanias must without doubt always furnish the chief clue. Any descriptive work on Athens for scholars and students will naturally take the form of a more or less literal version of his *Attika*, supplemented by an account of the buildings and ruins now visible,

and their identification so far as may be possible. Even the guidebooks for the ordinary tourist, like the excellent German and English Baedeker for Greece in general, and the still more exhaustive French Guide Joanne for Athens alone, have necessarily depended to a large extent upon the information afforded by this ancient traveler. The best work on Athens in English for classical students has been, until recently, the rather heavy and unimaginative book of Dr. Thomas Dyer. There can be no doubt that his work, and indeed all others upon Athens, must be considered as superseded, to a great extent, at any rate for the moment, by the scholarly volume of two English ladies, which has been published this year.¹

The dual nature of this work goes much deeper than title and authorship. Mrs. Verrall's task, indeed, though not altogether easy, was comparatively small and definitely limited. It has apparently been executed in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

Miss Harrison, the real authoress, is best known, and prefers to be known, as a special student of mythology. She has, in fact, like so many before her, discovered a key which explains some famous myths most neatly and ingeniously; and she is in danger of carrying its use too far. Her theory is, in a word, that the discordant or irrelevant additions to a simpler earlier myth were usually suggested by, and were invented to account for, some traditional rite, whose real origin and purport were no longer known to the classic priest or worshiper, — though they may be rediscovered by keener modern eyes. Her preliminary essay of one hundred and fifty-six pages, discussing the principal Attic legends, is offered merely as "pro-

legomena to a more systematic study." It is interesting, certainly, and full of suggestion; and neither this dissertation itself, nor the numerous digressions into the same field throughout the body of the volume, can fairly be criticised as prolix.

Yet undoubtedly it is true that most students will turn eagerly to this volume, not for a new theory upon the origin and growth of myths, but rather for a full and authoritative statement concerning the excavations and the brilliant discoveries of the last few years within the limits of Athens. And while such readers will find here a great wealth of information on these subjects, they will often feel that they are having to stem a strong cross-current in the effort to reach what they seek. Indeed, Miss Harrison avows at once, in title and preface, that her own first and heartiest interest is aroused rather by myth and ritual than by the visible remains of antiquity.

In one important instance, at least, we think we have good ground for discontent on this account. Perhaps the most surprising and widely known discovery of recent years was the "find" of some twenty archaic female figures in Parian marble, to the northwest of the Erechtheion, during the excavations upon the Acropolis in May, 1886. Mr. Russell Sturgis has just published a valuable essay on the coloring of Greek statues,² which is almost wholly illustrated from these precious discoveries; and Professor Alfred Emerson, in his review of the progress in classical archæology during the last decade,³ properly devotes three pages out of forty-seven to "the greatest archæological event of this epoch."

Miss Harrison summarily decides that these figures cannot be statues of the London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

² Harper's Magazine, September, 1890, pages 535-550.

³ Archæological Institute of America, Tenth Annual Report, Appendix.

¹ *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*. Being a Translation of a Portion of the Attica of Pausanias by MARGARET DE G. VERRALL; with Introductory Essay and Archæological Commentary by JANE E. HARRISON.

goddess Athene herself, as they lack her essential attributes. This decision — which is by no means undisputed — seemingly destroys all interest in them on the part of our authoress in her chief character as mythographer. At any rate, we get no word as to their number, size, or material; no description of them collectively, nor of any one singly. Hardly a half page, in a volume of eight hundred pages, is given to the subject; and of Miss Harrison's two hundred and fifty illustrations, *one*, of the smallest, is devoted to one of these statues, — because it may possibly resemble an old priestess, who is casually mentioned by Pausanias!

On the whole, we think Miss Harrison would have laid us under still greater obligations if she had decided to publish two distinct works, — one setting forth her theories on ritual and myth, the other devoted to the topography and monuments of Athens; and some such bisection will, we imagine, actually force itself upon the authoress, if she undertakes a revision of the present volume.

It is no discourtesy to these ladies, nor any disparagement of their work, to say that the element in this book which makes it indispensable to all students, even the most advanced, of Athenian topography is not contributed by either of them. Miss Harrison states most frankly her obligations to and dependence upon Dr. Dörpfeld. Any writer on the same subject at this time should feel compelled to acknowledge an equally heavy debt to this most remarkable archæologist. Entering the archæological field with the training and the tastes of an architect rather than of the traditional classical philologist, his almost infallible acuteness and insight have thrown a fresh light on nearly every vexed problem of Attic topography. It is a most happy chance that has developed such a genius during these last years, which have been so full of fruitful excavations and important discoveries.

But the brilliant German scholar displays another characteristic of true genius in the prodigality, the utter lack of selfishness or jealousy, with which he imparts his ideas to all his fellow-workers and disciples.

There are many subjects in which Miss Harrison puts forth revolutionary theories, and sustains them by ingenious proof, or by calling attention to remains hitherto unnoticed. In all or nearly all these cases, not only has she been Dr. Dörpfeld's pupil, but he has revised and completed her work, both in manuscript and in the proof-sheets. It is not easy to mention another archæologist, living or dead, who would thus cheerfully permit the first publication of many among his own most notable discoveries by another hand, and in a foreign language. Perhaps this generous example may be hardly less helpful to the scholars of the world than the technical results of Dörpfeld's studies, great as these are.

Of course some of the illustrious German's most revolutionary views are already well known, through his own essays in learned periodicals, or from the publication of them by others. In particular, Dörpfeld's famous thesis — that the Greek theatres in the fifth century B. C. had no stage whatever higher than the level of the orchestra — divides the scholarly world at the present moment into two hostile camps. Yet even in these cases he has enriched Miss Harrison's pages at every turn with the latest results of his investigations. In other matters, such as the new location of the Athenian market-place and of the buildings known to have been near it, the views here set forth, as well as the evidence by which they are defended, will be new to nearly all readers.

There really is only one point of any importance in the entire book at which the authoress ventures, though not without serious misgiving, to part company with her Mentor. Even this is a liter-

ary rather than a topographical question, namely, whether a certain passage of Pausanias is to be understood as referring to the Erechtheion, or to the "old temple" of Athena on the Acropolis, — the existence of such a temple having been demonstrated, and its remains identified, by Dr. Dörpfeld, some years ago.

This is, however, only one, though the most striking, example of the diligent and judicious effort made by the authoress to record the latest results attained by the most eminent special investigators in their several fields. In the explanation of the figures in the pediments of the Parthenon, for instance, full acknowledgment is made to our own director, Dr. Waldstein, for his "severe and studied application" of the true method to be followed in the interpretation of such sculptures. American readers will be gratified also by the hearty praise accorded to Professor J. R. Wheeler's essay on the Dionysiac theatre, written while its author was a member of the American School. Miss Harrison remarks, "The whole account is the best existing in English." Every such word is a welcome reminder that the new generation of American students have found their way to the sources, and that the second-hand scholarship of the past will satisfy us no more.

There are certain defects in this volume, to which we are the more fully justified in calling attention because the abundance and freshness of its information make it a necessity to every student of the subject. To begin with, the least important, or the most pedantic, of our grievances, Greek words, even quite familiar ones, are very inaccurately accented. Perhaps we have no right to demand exactness in this nicety from our English cousins so long as they ignore, in pronouncing Greek, the very accents which they print and write. In fact, their best known writer on Greek composition, after the twenty-fifth exer-

cise of his book for beginners in that delightful art, makes a first allusion to "accents, to which the learner had better not attend at present"! Miss Harrison and her proof-reader seem, at times, to be docile pupils of Professor Sidgwick. There are, indeed, too many other indications of haste or insufficient pains in final revision. The English text also abounds in printer's mistakes, and erroneous or insufficient references occur to baffle the conscientious student. These blemishes will, we trust, be effaced in a second edition, and no doubt Miss Harrison would fully appreciate any corrections by her readers. The work is of a kind which makes perfection in such matters almost unattainable, save by the aid of many co-workers.

The translations of the poetical quotations are chiefly credited to D. S. MacColl, and are executed with a freedom which makes them unsafe to accept as equivalents of the Greek. The present writer deliberately believes that the use of rhyme in translation from the classic poets inevitably brings with it so many modern associations and such constant temptation to stray away from one's text that it can be approved only in great artists like Fitzgerald, from whom we gladly accept something equally beautiful with the original, however diverse from it. This conviction is certainly not shaken by such rollicking jingles as, —

"In a myrtle bough shall my sword be hid.
So Harmodios and Aristogeiton did,
When, on the day of the offering,
They slew Hipparchos the tyrant king."

There is a great wealth of illustrations throughout the book. Many of these, especially the drawings from vase-paintings not elsewhere accessible, are extremely helpful. It would, perhaps, be ungrateful to complain of the injury many of them have suffered in the processes of reproduction and reduction. Yet in some cases, especially where views of confused ruins are presented,

very little can be distinguished, even by those readers who are familiar with the objects illustrated. Students will, in many cases, wish to supplement this book by a collection of photographs, — such, for instance, as the admirable series of the (English) Hellenic Society.

We venture to hope that in a subsequent edition the notes will be either set at the foot of each page, or else at least collected in one place at the end of the volume, instead of being massed at five irregular intervals in the body of the work, reminding us of the depots of provisions, etc., on the great Persian highways.

Miss Harrison tells us most frankly at the outset that her own competence, at first hand, is confined to the realm of the myths. We have repeatedly expressed our gratitude for the diligence and good judgment with which she follows the best guides in other fields. Of course no student will, in every case, agree with her choice of an authority or with her own conclusions. We must protest here, however, in particular, against her apparent acceptance of the modern Greek pronunciation as the nearest practicable approach to the ancient utterance. The classical orthography was at least approximately rational. The three vowels and four diphthongs to which the modern Romaic gives one value, *ēē*, were written originally for the express purpose of representing seven distinct sounds.

There are, naturally, many portions of this work which show distinctly its real character as in great part a compilation. This is, perhaps, nowhere so evident as in the historical explanations, which have a somewhat perfunctory character. There is one long paragraph (page 60) which we have read repeatedly, and can make nothing of on any other theory than the utterly incredible one that Miss Harrison supposes *Ægina* and *Salamis* to be alternative names for the same island! But enough, and too much, already, of

this thankless carping over details. The few things which the critic cannot approve inevitably demand far more space than he can occupy in expressing his appreciation of the many that have instructed and delighted him.

In closing these remarks on a book that, by its character and its very authorship, is peculiarly significant of the great and encouraging changes which classical studies are now undergoing, we wish to express our most hearty enjoyment of one characteristic not common to the great mass of archæological publications. Miss Harrison is, happily, not one of that race of scholars who regard the mere accumulation of accurate knowledge as an all-sufficient end in itself. This volume contains frequent and successful appeals to the imaginative faculty. Everywhere the authoress shows that sensitiveness to the beautiful elements in nature and art which is, we trust, to be more effectively stimulated as women come to their rightful share in the studies and in the creative work of men. One of the most delightful digressions of the book is the description of the little river *Ilissos*, included in which is the famous bit of dialogue from Plato's *Phaidros*. We venture to quote here in full, however, a paragraph from the preface, which illustrates most happily the spirit of the entire work: —

“The task before me is touched with inevitable sadness. The record we have to read is the record of what we have lost. That loss, but for Pausanias, we should never have realized. He, and he only, gives us the real live picture of what the art of ancient Athens was. Even the well-furnished classical scholar pictures the Acropolis as a stately hill approached by the Propylæa, crowned by the austere beauty of the Parthenon, and adds to his picture perhaps the remembrance of some manner of Erechtheion, a vision of colorless marble, of awe, restraint, severe selection. Only

Pausanias tells him of the color and life, the realism, the quaintness, the forest of votive statues, the gold, the ivory, the bronze, the paintings on the walls, the golden lamps, the brazen palm-tree, the strange old Hermes hidden in myrtle leaves, the ancient stone on which Silenus sat, the smoke-grimed images of Athene, Diitrephes all pierced with arrows, Kleoitias with his silver nails, the

heroes peeping from the Trojan horse, Anacreon singing in his cups: all these, if we would picture the truth, and not our own imaginations, we must learn of, and learn of from Pausanias.

"But if the record of our loss is a sad one, it has its meed of sober joy; it is the record also of what — if it be even a little — in these latter days we have refound."

TWO BOOKS OF VERSE.

"TRUTH of substance in union with distinction of style." Arnold's summary of the characteristics of the best poetry is a formula on the whole so satisfying that one returns to it again and again. The simple words, not one more than is needed, are, like those of Chaucer's earlier Oxford scholar, "of high sentence;" and they seem a fit praise to bestow upon a recent addition to the best poetry of our own day and country, Miss Thomas's little book, significantly named *The Inverted Torch*.¹ The stanzas whence the title is drawn embody an idea which forms the climax of the connected poem, and are naturally placed on the final page. With gracious transformation, the ancient sign of death becomes to the poet's vision, purged by pain, a luminous symbol of immortality. The wind-blown taper being reversed,

"Up climbed the lovely flower of light again!

"Thou Kindler of the spark of life divine!
Be henceforth the Inverted Torch a sign
That, though the flame beloved thou dost depress,
Thou wilt not speed it into nothingness;
But out of nether gloom wilt reinspire,
And homeward lift the keen empyreal fire!"

Seldom has the motive of a lyrical se-

quence been stated with so complete a felicity, in a single image so elemental and impressive. We are reminded of the diverse beauty of the overture to Sonnets from the Portuguese; nor is it strange, in spite of the contrast in subject, that we should associate Miss Thomas's threnody with that pæan of love triumphant, since each sets forth with perfect sincerity an individual experience which is yet universal.

The analogy with *In Memoriam*, which suggests itself in the opening lines, —

"I dreamed that in thy hollowed palm

Thou heldst some measure of gray sand," —

is presently seen to be somewhat remote. The grief herein expressed is in its nature other than that which built itself a lordly monument in the Laureate's verse. It is an intimate and household sorrow that here speaks to us, with an accent now and again most piercing. Moreover, while there runs through the entire poem that development idea which is a note of modern poetry, and without which no elegiac pomp could satisfy a reader of to-day, it marks the excellent truthfulness of the poet that this progression extends only to a certain point. Only so far as she herself has learned it will she record the lore to be learned of loss. The conclusion is a strenuous prayer, contrasted with the solemn af-

¹ *The Inverted Torch*. By EDITH M. THOMAS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

firmation of Tennyson's first and last stanzas. His thought widens gradually and surely to the sea; the singer of *The Inverted Torch* remains "closed in human life's defile," waiting solution. Once, it is true, she sees above the straight rock-wall a joyful fire of dawn: —

"Thou against all this shadow-world!
Thou between whom and me were hurled
Figments that mourning Fancy rears —
Thou against all that thus appears —
Thou, and the Life to be, 'gainst all
I dream and fear, and Life miscall!"

Here, indeed, is something of that clear faith which is a golden cordial in the work of Browning. Where this is absent, however, the effect is not void of cheer; virtue goes forth from the courageous soul even in its hour of struggle, even at its moment of deepest dismay. Contact with a nature capable of entering into the noble and rare relation portrayed in this poem is in itself a heartening inspiration, — a nature

"peer of the kingliest stone,
Lucid by day, and braving the dark with its
luminous freight."

The *Inverted Torch* might almost be called a sonnet-sequence with interludes; for its sonnets not only outnumber the other lyrics, but, as a rule, outweigh them in value. The sonnet is certainly, as a prince of sonnet-makers has called it, the true coin: —

"Whether for tribute to the august appeals
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
It serve; or, mid the dark wharf's cavernous
breath,
In Charon's hand it pay the toll to Death."

This couplet-conclusion, unusual with Rossetti, leads us to the mention of a peculiarity to be noted in the sonnets of Miss Thomas. She invariably follows the Italian model, with but one deviation, which is infrequent, — a terminal alexandrine; but it may be observed that many of these sonnets, if read aloud, leave lingering in the ear the effect of the Shakespearean form. This illusion is due not alone to a diction shaped by companionship with the Eliz-

abethans, but to a singular fluency of movement, very seldom attained within the strict Italian bonds, though common in the sonnets of Shakespeare. How to combine the advantages of both forms is a master secret. Nowhere is the distinction which stamps the best verse in this volume more striking than in the freely moulded first lines of certain of the sonnets; take, for instance, the direct

"I know not why henceforward I should fear,
Once having felt the master stroke of fate,"
or the sonorous

"Two powers the passive giant deep control."

Such lines are "captain jewels in the carcanet," but every bead is finely cut and instinct with sober light.

Miss Thomas appreciates fully and uses fitly that heritage of rich and picturesque words handed down to us from the days of the Renaissance, when words took on life from the vivid time, and were made more precious, being passed from lip to lip of that great company who became poets because the air was fame. We do not speak of a servile and studied imitation, but of the free usage of any true inheritor who knows his own. It may be seen in the following quotations how much is gained by the choice of words enriched through tradition: —

"The other, as with bell of sphery toll,
Whether the wind be loosed or chainèd be,
To tidal orisons draws holily
The mighty water."

"Here, here, and there, I pageant things discern,

Once idly named My Griefs."

"Death grows with all my days past all control,
And nearer brings oblivion — or dream —
Or boon awakening of the lifted soul."

This is the handling of language that gives us lines good to dwell with, haunting the chambers of Memory with serene and melodious presence.

Popularity is so often a limitation that it is a pleasure to find a singer who has caught the ear of the public still advancing in his art. A poet who has already found many to dance to his piping, and who yet goes down to the reeds by the river to cut himself a new and better flute, is in earnest, and merits a smile from Apollo. The first thing that strikes the reader of *Lyrics for a Lute*¹ is the marked growth of the writer since the publication of his widely read *Madrigals and Catches*. His Muse moved feately enough in the French forms, and nimbly danced to the jingling metre of *Præd*; but now she has learned a truer grace, and trips in time with the "silvery feet" of Herrick's maidens. Mr. Sherman's sound and saving love for the sunny lyrist of the *Hesperides* is quite evident. Herrick is for him "my happy poet;" might we but give to our modern verses

"That subtle touch to make them live,
Like Herrick's, after we are gone"!

His poetic creed appears in a finished little quatrain:—

"In Nature's open book
An epic is the sea;
A lyric is the brook:
Lyrics for me!"

He is an apprehensive pupil of the gallant singers of the early Stuart time; and one can fancy the pleasure of Lamb, who so enjoyed Wither's fine turn,—

"Thoughts too deep to be exprest,
And too strong to be supprest,"—

could that genial critic read the last lines of the farewell *To His Book*:—

"Her praise is inspiration's breath;
Her scorn were aspiration's death!
Go, then, and if she welcome you
I care not what the world may do!"

The old-time felicity is again found in the love lines *On a Clock*,—obstinate "slave of Time," not heeding the entreaty of the lover,—and the old-time

¹ *Lyrics for a Lute*. By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

quaintness in *The Fly-Leaf to the Reader*. Somewhat more individual, perhaps, is *The Harbor of Dreams*, which has a delicate charm of cadence:—

"This is the margin of sleep;
Here let the anchor be cast;
Here in forgetfulness deep,
Now that the journey is past,
Lower the sails from the mast.
Here is the bay of content,
Heaven and earth interblent;
Here is the haven that lies
Close to the gates of surprise."

A swift, victorious movement and abundance of color characterize *A Greeting for Spring*, and in *Winter Starlight* the spell of a magic hour is perfectly crystallized. A growing sympathy with the world's life and beauty is apparent throughout the book; and one of its divisions is sacred to Nature, the other three being devoted to Fancy, Love, and Books. We note not only a sounder choice, but a greater variety of measures, than in the earlier volume; uniform lucidity of expression and a fastidious correctness of rhymes. A high reverence for the function of the poet is displayed, frankly and without self-consciousness:—

"Sing on, nor heed what lips are murmuring
To scorn your art: one perfect song shall
live
For love and you long after they are mute."

This theme, the perpetuity of song, frequently recurs. Types of the mysterious birth of poetry surround the singer; all nature is vocal concerning the great secret whereon his hope and endeavor are set. This promises much; the Muse, whatever her caprice, will never stoop to a half-hearted lover, one skeptical of his call and claim. The other characteristic which remains most impressed upon the reader is a healthful joyousness, native as the note of a bird. In *Lyrics for a Lute* there is no morbid verse, and two of the lines might stand as a poetical frontispiece:—

"No melancholy strain he knew;
His skies were always bright and blue."

MR. WOODBERRY'S CRITICISM.

It is a commonplace that literature is to be apprehended by a direct appeal to it, and not by the diligent study of books about literature. Criticism, as a form of literary art, is no exception to this rule. If we would know the force of critical power, our business is to place ourselves under the direct critical rays. The difficulty in doing this arises in part from the double action of the mind when engaged in this exercise. Supposing we have immediate acquaintance with a piece of literature, — and it is only then that we derive the greatest advantage of criticism upon such a piece, — we are embarrassed by our effort to exercise the judicial function ourselves. While we are listening to the judgment, we are aware of another voice appealing to us from the work under trial. We find ourselves sitting in judgment, as a sort of court of final appeal, and this consciousness of ultimate authority has a tendency to make us undervalue the judgment of the lower court.

Nothing, therefore, sets the mind so free to enjoy criticism as a quick apprehension of the judicial temper in the critic. If, upon early inquiry, we note the large elements of fairness, honesty, sanity of temper, freedom from prejudice, absence of quibbling, we lay aside our own judicial robes and step down from the bench, leaving our other selves in full possession of the power to enjoy the insight, the discrimination, the breadth of view, the learning, which the judge who is speaking may have to display.

It will not take the reader of Mr. Woodberry's volume of essays¹ long to settle himself into this attitude. The subjects treated are mainly literary, but,

in the discussion of literary art, Mr. Woodberry is never out of sight of personality. Nothing impresses us more, in the general view which he takes of literature and men of letters, than his refusal to regard the subject as dis severed from vital relations. With him literary art is not an air plant, detached from visible connection with this too solid earth; and when he sets himself the task of determining the sources of a man's literary power, he looks for them less in the influence of other literary art, or even in the general impression produced by the man's environment, than in the original constitution of the man himself, and in so doing he gets farthest into the secrets of the man's being. His article on Browning, called out by the poet's death, is an excellent example of this humane criticism, and the special application of the principle of choice, which inheres in a man's nature, to the form of art in which he is at his best is well set forth in the following passage: —

"There is a compensation for these deficiencies of power in that the preference of his mind for a single passion, or mood, or crisis, at its main moment, opens to him the plain and unobstructed way to lyrical expression. His dramatic feeling of the passion and the situation supplies an intensity which finds its natural course in lyrical exaltation. It may well be thought, if it were deemed necessary to decide upon the best in Browning's work, that his genius is most nobly manifest in those lyrics and romances which he called dramatic. The scale rises from his argumentative and moralizing verse, however employed through those monologues which obey the necessity for greater concentration as the dramatic element enters into them, up to those most powerful and direct poems in which the intensity of feeling

¹ *Studies in Letters and Life.* By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

enforces a lyrical movement and lift; and akin to these last are the songs of love or heroism, into which the dramatic element does not enter."

In the more direct studies of human life, where the question of art does not present itself, the peculiar strength of Mr. Woodberry's critical power is distinctly seen. The paper on Darwin, especially, brings into prominence that power of grasping wholes which is, one may say, the final test of a man's critical ability. The simplicity of treatment in this paper makes it easy for one to perceive the masterly manner in which the subject is handled. Scarcely less intelligible are the papers on Landor and Shelley; and here, the subjects on which these men expended their force, the forms which they employed, bring the men themselves more directly within the range of Mr. Woodberry's own tastes and interests. The temptation is all the greater to temper judgment with favor, and possibly the reader may detect a slight disposition to give Shelley the benefit of doubt; but the

evenness of mind displayed in the treatment, the fine sense of proportion in the measure of the man, especially in the Landor paper, are so manifest that one is well aware that he is listening to a judge, and not to an advocate.

The absence of rhetorical splendor or of epigrammatic decisions will disappoint those who like to take their criticism hot and well spiced; but such absence is symptomatic of a criticism which is, in the long run, most serviceable and most to be depended on. The direction in which Mr. Woodberry's critical power tends is toward that comprehensive judgment which not only regards a life or a work of art as a whole, but brings to the test a comparison of the life or the work with the ideal to which it aspires. This can be had only when one's mind is catholic, and refuses to take a merely contemporary view of life and art. Under these conditions, criticism, upon whatever expended, becomes, if couched in clear, melodious English, itself a work of art, to be enjoyed for its own sake as well as for the interpretation which it offers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"Thou Spell, I WAS once honored by the
avaunt!" friendship of a man of explosive prejudices. He was a proof-reader, and worthy to be coupled with Alexander the Corrector. Amenity itself in the commerce of private life, in his office he was immitigable. His honesty was aggressive; his frankness had the inhuman innocency of childhood. Like some other zealous magistrates, he made incursions beyond the legitimate boundary of his province. No misquotation but he set it in the pillory; no mixed metaphor but he pursued it through all its windings like a ferret; he was a killing frost to every over-venturesome flower

of speech; none such could take *his* winds of March with its beauty; a faulty construction quailed before him like a prevaricating witness before Jeffries, and every solecism found in him a Torquemada. His were, indeed, bloody assizes, and on the margin of a proof-sheet his red pencil left a calamitously sanguine trail behind it. He would have dealt as unmercifully with his own epigraph, could he have had the chance, and I trust there is no misplaced comma therein to disturb his well-earned rest. But, above all, his bile was blackened by any indecency in spelling. The kindest hearted of men (he would have made

me say "the most kind hearted"), to young authors he seemed a very Ogre. The Muse of accuracy rent her garments with a feeling of irrecoverable loss when he died. *Si quis piorum manibus locus*, I fancy him haunting now the English alcoves of

"The beatific Bodley of the Deity," to whose shelves no volume is admitted that has not passed the censorship of impeccable orthodoxy.

I had occasion to visit this Rhadamanthus one day, where he sat in chambers at the printing-house. Ordinarily his good-mornings were ceremonious, and one approached business by a gentle slope through health and weather; but now he turned upon me with a glare in his spectacles as of personal wrong, and without preliminary greeting blared forth: "Mr. X, when I come down to my office in the morning, it is my habit to begin the duties of the day by reading a chapter of the New Testament. But if by any chance it should happen that I found the words of my Blessed Redeemer printed in the Websterian cacography, I'd hurl them behind the backlog!" All this in a single jet, and with an absence of punctuation that would never have escaped him in a proof-sheet. Recovering himself with a courteous apology for his abruptness, he explained that he had been correcting a manuscript polluted with those heresies of spelling.

I confess that I share these orthodox antipathies and resentments, that I too glow with these sacred heats. Are they the less grateful that they are unreasonable? They are peremptory as instincts, and will not be denied. The ancient leading case of *Martialis v. Sabidium* settled the matter once for all without appeal. I cheerfully admit that Webster was right nine times out of ten in the reforms he proposed; that he has logic, analogy, simplicity, and oftentimes etymology on his side. But what are all these against habit and prepossession?

You will say, perhaps, that the meaning is the main thing, and, provided that be clear, the spelling may go hang. But stay; since we have but twenty-six letters to spend upon our literature, since Shakespeare had no more for his all-potent incantations, should there not be method and frugality in the administering of so small a patrimony? Not that a seemly superfluity should not be indulged on occasion. Does not "honour" lose something of its state and "favour" of its benevolence when the *u* in each has been economized? A cynic will scowl at this as a trifling ceremonial, but such niceties are the thin partitions that divide us from barbarism. Nay, the mere misplacing of a letter or an accent may vulgarize a fine sentiment, or make a harmlessly erroneous statement offensive. If a man write that he was standing in the centre of the street when he means the middle, does not his crime call for sterner discipline if he call his impossible whereabouts the "center"? I am willing that my gas or my water should be measured by a "meter," though I may have misgivings as to the scrupulous impartiality of the contrivance, but I challenge peremptorily the competence of his ear who should offer to instruct me in the "meter" of Milton. Are these things merely nugatory? The Homooousians and Homoiousians took a more serious view of them, cheerfully inflicting and enduring martyrdom for a vowel more or less. Ask the first beggar you meet whether he feel not an inhuman change in the word "altruism" where the *You* is dropped and the *I* left unsocially alone, as usually it is in their hurry by those who use it oftenest?

And yet, though a purist of the strictest sect, I sometimes look backwards with a sigh of regret to those happier days when every man did his spelling for himself. Then could some prodigal son beguile the gripple avarice of the alphabet and squander in the debauch of a single period letters enough to have

fed a page. Thus dealt a lay brother of Greenwich Priory nearly three centuries ago with the word "susspissyou" giving it that sibilancy of the Old Serpent which should have put Eve on her guard. These were their *épanchements*. But they could be niggard also at a pinch, and the sister of Henry VIII., herself a queen, makes "marvellously" cringe to "merwously" at much sacrifice of backbone in her service. What freshness must there have been in language when every word was a very Proteus at taking new shapes! Even more than a hundred years later, though dictionaries had begun to do their deadly work, the pen could still expatiate in the pigeon-wing of a flourish now and then. There is still a pleasant suggestion of gentleman-like leisure and of a roomier world in such forms as "musique" and "physique;" and one may easily believe that when these, like tadpoles, had to sacrifice their tails at the bidding of evolution, there were men who no longer found pleasure in the quavers of Cuzzoni or efficacy in the drugs of Dr. Mead. I suppose that I prefer the old-fashioned switch-tailed "cheque" to the docked form my countrymen have adopted. To me this has the air of a disrespectful nickname for that species of literature which has the supreme art of conveying the most pleasure in the least space. Not that I am fanatical, for the editor would not find me implacable who should write to me that he "enclosed his check" for double the amount I expected. Yet there are outrages in the like kind which it would be pusillanimous to endure meekly. Such is the Revised Version of the Scriptures, for example. It may be more true to the letter that killeth, but does it not prosaically evaporate that aroma of association at once the subtlest and the most potent gramarye of Imagination? Does it not make the Almighty speak like a spruce writer of leaders?

At last Dr. Johnson's folio was laid heavily over the springing shoots of our

language, like the traditional tile over the acanthus. In England it seems to have done its work of flattening and repressing effectually, but when the same feat was attempted on this offshoot transplanted to our virginly vigorous soil, the uncontrollable plant sprang up on every side, and, if it could not transform its incubus into a Corinthian capital, at least wreathed it with an arabesque of foliage not its own. Or did the original stock perish, and was this adventitious greenery but the pushing insolence of native weeds? To drop figures of speech for those of arithmetic, I believe that the American vocabularies contain more words than the British; but in spite of this victory of superior numbers, it is becoming in us to be merciful, and to admit that the English have some rights in their mother tongue which an American is bound to respect. When our cousins are in good humor, they talk of our common language; when they are not, they tax us with an uncommon language, and spice their abhorrence of it with modes of speech in which I am quite willing to renounce any share whatever.

I was put upon these reflections by seeing, in *Notes and Queries*, the copy of a letter from Mr. W. E. Norris to the editor of the *London Times*, protesting against any complicity in the spelling used in a book of his printed in England from plates made in America. *Notes and Queries* is a useful and even excellent periodical, whose more serious labors are mitigated by communications every week from every Q in a corner who wishes to inform the world that there is anything he does not know, — an inexhaustibly prolific theme. The querulous voice of the doddypoll, elsewhere extinct as the dodo, may be heard in its thickets. Mr. W. E. Norris is the author of several entertaining novels, written in a very comfortable English, as times go. He tells us that he wrote his letter "with tears running down his pen," and it would be easy to turn the

tables upon him by hinting that a careful analysis could detect no salt in the water which he mixes with his ink. But this were a cheap advantage to take, especially in the case of one to whom I am a debtor for much wholesome and innocent entertainment. Besides, it is not with Mr. Norris that I have a crow to pluck, and I have said enough to show that I entirely sympathize with his feeling of the indignity that has been put upon him. No; what I protest against is that his letter should be printed under the heading of "Americanisms," — a heading under which certain contributors to Notes and Queries seem eager to show how easy it is to trip over ignorance into ill manners. They write about the English and American language without knowing the rudiments of either. To drop the *u* out of "honour" or to write "plow" for "plough" may be archaisms, if you will, but they are not Americanisms. Formerly, all English words derived from French originals ending in *eur* changed it to *our*; and properly enough, since the accent fell on the last syllable, as may be seen in Chaucer. The accent had been shifted to the first syllable as early as Elizabeth's time, though some poets who Chaucerized, as it was called, occasionally followed the archaic accentuation even during the reign of James. "Plow" was a common spelling in English books for a century at least. Do Englishmen never read their older literature in the original editions, as Charles Lamb loved to do? Such spellings are not Americanisms, but survivals. True Americanisms are self-coining phrases or words that are wholly of our own make, and do their work shortly and sharply at a pinch. Of the former we have invented many so bewitching for their quaintness or brevity, their humor or their fancy, that our English cousins have not been squeamish in corroborating the urbanely languid ranks of their diction with these backwoods recruits. Of the latter we have

coined too many that are refused admission to the higher society of the vocabulary because they are unidiomatic or vulgar, or both. Of acceptable and sure-to-be-accepted words I cite "shadow" and "stage" as active verbs, both in unassailable analogy with "coach," "floor," "ship," and so many others. "To voice," which is laid at our door, is an inheritance, and though I cannot now lay my hand on the reference that would prove it, I feel sure that "to shadow" will yet prove its Elizabethan origin, as its features seem to warrant. These and their like spare us cumbersome periphrases, and are sure of adoption because they chime in with that instinct for short cuts which connotes English as the language that, beyond all others, means business and the hurry implied in it.

I believe that one of the spellings that were too much for Mr. Norris's sensibilities was "center." I do not wonder. But this again is no Americanism. It entered the language in that shape, and kept it at least so late as Defoe. The Mirror for Magistrates, Cotgrave, Minsheu, and the Glossographia Nova (1707) all spell it so. In its modern form, it makes, with half a dozen more, an exception to our general treatment of the French termination in *tre*, and to our invariable rule as regards that in *dre*. So, too, the banishing of the *u* from such words as "honour." Its presence there was once uniform; it is now an exception. But no indictment for mayhem, if such it be, will lie against us. More than two hundred years ago James Howell proposed and practised this curtailment with others like it. Most of these have been adopted. In a very few words the *u* has been obstinate. The only argument in its favor that I have seen is that, in losing it, we lose all trace of its direct adoption from the French. This is a fact of more interest to the historians than to the writers of our language, and is, moreover, secure enough in the

dictionaries. But why, then, retain the *u* in "parlour," the French original of which does not end in *eur*, but in *oir*? And if "parlour," why not "mirroure" also, as of old? I am convinced that *u*'s room, in all these cases, is better than his company; yet is old habit so strong that I shudder, and seem to hear a sad *Quid miserum laceras?* reproaching its evulsion. Dear old French friends, you of the *vieille roche*, the *De Trops*, as I part with you I sigh loyally, —

"God bless their pigtails though they're now cut off!"

Another imputed Americanism which has been trampled upon in Notes and Queries is the locution "come and" do this, that, or tother. Why, the first motto adopted by our emigrant ancestors was "Come over *and* help us," not "*to* help us," and did they get it of the redskins? Naturally not, but from the Scriptural "Come over [into Macedonia] and help us," where the construction, of course, is not in the least affected by the intervening words. The phrase is a common English idiom, and one of which Thackeray (who wrote classically colloquial English, if ever any man did) was rather fond. With other hardy perennials it came over in the Mayflower, which, naturally enough, brought also "crank," lately stigmatized as autochthonous, as if what was a boast in Athens must needs be a shame in America.

The best English commences alike with the shelf and the street. Formal logic can never be applied to language, which has a logic of its own of more than feminine nimbleness, and verbal critics should learn their own tongue before they meddle with others. As for idioms, I should advise such critics to ponder deeply what the Rev. E. Young in his Pre-Raffaellism says of definitions: "It may be almost said of them as Confucius said of the gods: Respect them; take care not to offend them; have as little to do with them as possible." And on our side we should re-

member that we have every right in the language we have inherited which our elders and betters had, that we may enlarge, enrich, and modify, but may not deface it.

Iambic Prose — Mr. Palmer's version from
and Cons. the Odyssey, in the October

Atlantic, recalls vividly his oral translations in Sever Hall some years ago. To me, as to many of his hearers, these readings were a fresh revelation. We had never before realized that Homer is still alive. One curious testimony to the force and genuine simplicity of Mr. Palmer's renderings was this: we nearly all went away astonished that Homer was so absurdly easy, and sure that, with a little practice, we could do nearly or quite as well ourselves! This impression of unlabored simplicity Mr. Palmer has himself somewhat cruelly effaced by compelling us to listen, as we read, for his iambic rhythms. One reader, at least, is sure that his own loss is herein greater than his gain. All good prose is rhythmic, though not with the regular cadences of verse. Iambics especially are so natural, as Mr. Palmer says, in our speech that they can be used with great freedom, especially in the more impressive passages, without exciting remark. Few readers, for instance, until they are told, see how largely the story of little Nell's death has been thrown into undivided pentameter verses. We should have felt the rhythm more truly if we had not been reminded of it.

The professor's own — presumably unrhythmic — prose is so persuasive and easy-gliding that one glaring bit of sophistry is in danger of passing unnoticed. A satisfactory English version in hexameters is, as we also believe, impossible. But any such undertaking is of course a metrical experiment, an attempt to keep faithfully the form of the original. It is precisely because this form is so remote from the average prose sentence of our speech that all prolonged experiments in it break down. A prose

version is not, therefore, a second step in that direction, but a mighty leap the other way.

By the way, we do not quite agree that the accenting of each third instead of each second syllable is the rock of shipwreck for English hexameters. Young Lochinvar and Ghent to Aix are no dainty *tours de force*. There is true lifeblood in their gallop. The great burden of an hexameter is rather at the beginning, since our sentences usually open with an article, a preposition, or some word which refuses to bear the weight of an accent. Hence such trochaics as

"For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

It may be noted that even the Greeks had to abandon dactyls for iambs, when their article came into its full rights and prepositions had become obedient to their name. Indeed, Aristotle remarks that the iambic verse of the drama is the nearest approach to the movement of ordinary speech.

The form, therefore, which Mr. Palmer should have discussed, just before he crossed the borderland, is our "blank verse." Indeed, we are half disposed to believe that versification like Bryant's, joined with riper scholarship, might yet produce in this metre the best English Odyssey attainable. The free use of "run-on" lines permitted with us makes this movement almost as varied and as unforced as prose. The great loss in such a version will probably always be the sacrifice of the unit of measure. The Homeric poets shaped, or found ready to hand, a metrical unit just about long enough for a normal sentence. Every student of the Greek learns to expect the sense to end with the line. But not even a Dante could compress an average Homeric verse into ten syllables of English.

But enough, and more, of the very kind of discussion we deprecate from our friend the translator. Let us join in

beseeching Mr. Palmer, when he publishes his book, to omit every allusion to rhythm from his title-page and his preface; we shall be glad to forget all theories of metre while surrendering ourselves to the simple pathos of the best of all the old stories, simply, directly, and forcefully retold.

— Mr. Chapman might have
On First Looking into Chapman's Dante.
taken, as motto for his interesting essay in translation of

the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, Dante's own testimony in the *Convito* (i. 7): "And therefore let every one be aware that nothing harmonized in service of the Muse can be changed from its own speech to another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony." For, like every intelligent translator, Mr. Chapman has approached his task with that serious comprehension of its difficulties which is the prime step to their conquest.

To speak frankly, the opening paragraph of his article seems curiously inadequate in its judgment of Dante. Only from a foreign and a purely literary point of view could it be considered that the power of Dante lay in his use of words. To his compatriots, his power is that of the prophet of Italian unity, moral and political, and of the poet, maker of the language of his nation. Also, it is a myopic vision of the great structure of the *Commedia* that sees in it only disconnected details. Tower and arch, carven wreath and grinning gargoyle, are parts of an ordered design, and balance, even presuppose, one another. Great is the power of Dante's word, because this is the terse symbol of his scheme of life, evolved through many years of smouldering isolation.

Mr. Chapman's adoration of the word of Dante has availed him in his metrical version, which is vigorous, well cadenced, and at times surprisingly fortunate. Yet it is certain that the translator of a great poem has at best only a choice in sacrifice. Fidelity is his whole duty;

and the means to this end are somewhat dependent upon the nature of the poem. For example, the early lyrics of Dante, — entirely mediæval in tonality, — with their pearly atmosphere and pure, rather rigid outlines, are well rendered by Rossetti's kindred yet unique idiom. But the grave, intense, sharply individualized *Commedia*, in which the last word of the Middle Ages chimes with the exordium of the Renaissance, requires a different method of version. Its philosophy and diction are essential; its grace of *terza rima* only can be spared. In English poetry, rhythm is more intimately effective than rhyme; and the closely wreathed Italian measure, blossoming in threefold clusters of soft assonances, is at best poorly represented by the diffusive English, dropping from its verses monosyllables hard as nuts. Mr. Chapman notes the inadequacy of the English derivatives from the Latin to imitate the cognate Italian. This is true; and yet it may be part of the poetic office to restore these words, departed, sometimes degraded, from their prime meaning, or laid on the shelf, like formal best clothes of thought.

Surely, one is bound to convey the message of Dante as directly as may be; and it will always prove a supreme difficulty to retain the *terza rima* without offense to the tradition of his boast that rhymes never led him aside. On the whole, we may well rest content with Professor Longfellow's translation of the *Commedia*, which mirrors the thought and word of Dante in a metre peculiarly akin to the spirit of the English language. The first and elect bringer of Old World beauty to the new continent would not, without serious decision, have denied to his art the satisfaction of the *terza rima*.

Finally, Mr. Chapman is to be congratulated upon the scholarly ease of his translation. Rarely does he step quite off the path of Dante; yet these few new footprints are noticeable. The only im-

portant divergence, however, occurs in lines 115 and 116, which I should render (bound not to disturb the translator's rhymes): —

"We went aside to a place free of air
And luminous, whereto the ground made rise."

But I am not minded to put myself (as says the Italian proverb) in the place of the hare as well as of the hunter, and hasten to return to the safer ground of the critic to note that a pair of griffin's eyes have been unadvisedly thrust by Mr. Chapman into the eye-sockets of armed Caesar. *Grifagno* means, not griffin, but gerfalcon; and from that word flashes the keen black glance of the great Roman. And finally, something is missed of the splendid tautology where the word "honor" in its various forms — *orrevol*, *onori*, *orranza*, *onrata*, *onorate* — resounds, as when "the note of a trumpet is heard from the right hand, and from the left another answers."

— Though I am inclined to agree in general with Mr. Andrews in his estimate of the different English translations of Goethe's *Faust*, I think he fails to do justice to one conspicuous quality of Bayard Taylor's version. Its shortcomings are very ably stated; but these are, to my mind, in a measure compensated for by a poetic afflatus which distinguishes the book, and shows it to be the work of a poet. Mr. Brooks is less successful in reproducing the musical key of the original, and he is far poorer in winged words which seize the spirit of the German as by inspiration. I cannot, for instance, imagine a happier rendering of the line in the dedication,

"Das strenge Herz es fühlt sich mild und weich,"

than Taylor's,

"And the stern heart is tenderly unmanned,"

which certainly accords better with the elegiac key of the poem than Brooks's, "The rigid heart to milder mood gives way," or Miss Swanwick's,

"A tender mood my steadfast heart over-
sways."

The same observation holds good in regard to the Easter choruses, though the admirers of Taylor are here perhaps obliged to concede a liberal use of his predecessors, and particularly of Brooks. Taylor followed in this respect the example of his master, who declared (apropos of Mephisto's song, "Was machst du mir vor Liebchen's Thür," which he had adapted from Shakespeare) that he felt at liberty to use all that came in his way, provided he could improve upon it. And who will question that, considered as poetry, Taylor's version is here superior to that of Brooks? Take, for instance, the Chorus of the Disciples, which is the most difficult, and so may serve as a test of the comparative merits of the translators. How ecstatic is the swift dactylic movement of Taylor's rendering!

"Has He, victoriously,
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all gloriously
Now sits exalted?
Is He in glow of birth
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here!
We, his aspiring
Followers, Him we miss;
Weeping, desiring,
Master, Thy bliss!"

Excepting the last four lines, which fall a trifle below the key, I regard this as one of the greatest feats of translation in the English language. The alternately rhyming lines,

"Ist er in Werdelust
Schaffender Freude nah?
Ach! an der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da,"

are rendered with a poetic felicity and vigor which throw Brooks far into the shade. Particularly, the rendering of the almost untranslatable word *Werdelust* by "glow of birth," and the producing of a dactylic rhyme, accurate both as to sense and sound, in "woe of earth," can scarcely fail to challenge the ad-

miration of all who know the difficulties which are here so triumphantly overcome. Here is the version of Brooks, and I beg the unprejudiced reader, with an ear for rhythmical effects, to pronounce if it approaches so near to the sublimity of the original:—

"Risen victorious?
Sits he, God's Holy One,
High throned and glorious?
He, in this blest new birth
Rapture creative knows;
Ah! on the breast of earth
Taste we still nature's woes.
Left here to languish,
Lone in a world like this,
Fills us with anguish,
Master, thy bliss."

Miss Swanwick's version of this is almost on the level of prose, and makes scarcely the faintest attempt to sound the trumpet note of triumph which rings in the first four lines, and which Taylor has reproduced so finely:—

"He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious.
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers.
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours.
Yearning He left his own
'Mid sore annoy.
Ah! we must needs bemoan,
Master, thy joy!"

I believe I am acquainted with all translations of Faust into English, and I have, after much study, come to the conclusion that Taylor's approaches nearer to the third order, to which Mr. Andrews refers, than any of the others. If I were to state its claim to superiority in one word, I should say that, generally speaking, it is poetry, while all the others are metrical prose, rising now and then into the regions consecrated to the tuneful Nine. It is not by any means a final and fully satisfactory translation, making all others superfluous; but it gives everywhere evidence of having been written by a man of finer poetic

susceptibility and a higher poetic gift than any of his competitors.

Ibsen, a Hard Nut to crack. — While we are all talking about Ibsen, and expressing our more or less sagacious opinions of him, his strongest and most characteristic work remains buried in an idiom which few have the leisure to master. But, desirable as translations of these works are, it is greatly to be feared that we shall have to get along without them, for the difficulties in the way of their execution are enormous. Brand is written mostly, and Peer Gynt largely, in rhymed octosyllabic iambic verse, and both poems are almost as compact in thought as *The Divine Comedy*. When we look to our own literature for examples of this form, we think of *Hudibras* and the narrative poems of Scott; but the one model is too light, and the other too diffuse, to afford any really helpful suggestions. I have a vivid recollection of a certain morning when I struggled for an hour or two with the couplet,

"Tabets *alt* din vinding skabte,
Evigt ejes kun det tabte,"

and evolved nothing better than this wretchedly inadequate version : —

"What we win is ours never,
What we lose we gain forever."

If I had not been so set upon getting in the double rhyme, I might have done better, or at least saved some of the time spent in the effort; but to my mind the metrical scheme of Brand enters so distinctly into the character of the poem that I should hardly recognize Ibsen's thought in any other form. With this work, at all events, and with Peer Gynt, its companion or foil, there can be no question of prose translation, rhythmical or unrhythmical. Their tremendous energy finds expression in the intricately rhymed *staccato* movement of the verse quite as much as in the words considered as mere symbols of ideas. As well try to convey in prose the feeling of a chorus from *Faust*, of the

"Christ ist erstanden
Aus der Verwesung Schooss,"

for example, as to think of adequately reproducing in prose the passion of Brand's indignant outbursts.

Let me select a passage in illustration. Brand has vainly endeavored to persuade a peasant to risk his life upon an errand of mercy. As the stubborn peasant beats his retreat, the priest soliloquizes. I will first make a rough but literal prose translation of the passage, and then put as much of the thought as possible into the form of the original : —

"They homeward grope. Thou slack thrall, sprang up in thy breast a power of will, were not *that* the faculty that is lacking, I had lessened the irksomeness of the way; sore of foot and with back weary unto death, gladly and lightly I had borne thee; but help is profitless to a man who *will* not what he cannot. Hm! Life, life, — it is hard [to understand] how dear life is to the good people. Every weakling attaches to life as much importance, as if the salvation of the world and the healing of the souls of all mankind were laid upon his puny shoulders."

And now for the attempt at versification : —

"Homeward they grope. Thou weakling soul,
Hadst thou a will at thy control,
Were nothing lacking thee but strength,
I might the journey's weary length
Have shortened; though my feet are sore,
Gladly I would have borne thee o'er;
But help is useless to the man
Who *will* not do more than he can.
Life, — 't is a thing beyond my wit
How the good people cling to it!
By every weakling life is weighed
As if the fortunes of the nation,
As if humanity's salvation,
Were on his puny shoulders laid."

This may, perhaps, be taken as an example of the best that it is possible to do with Brand in English. The form is absolutely reproduced (except for two double rhymes which are replaced by single ones), and the thought is substan-

tially the same in original and translation. But this passage is exceptionally amenable to treatment, and even then its translation has cost no slight effort. In short, the translation of a page of Brand even into such English as the above is something of a *tour de force*; and one would wish unlimited leisure if

he were to do much of this sort of work. It is possible to translate Brand in its original rhythmic form, just as it is possible to translate Homer in English hexameters; but either task would prove an ungrateful one, and would demand a sustained effort that is not likely to be devoted to it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Youma, the Story of a West-Indian Slave, by Lafcadio Hearn. (Harpers.) The story is a simple one in its inception, the fidelity of a slave to her young white charge as against her love for one of her own race; but it is embroidered with a good deal of description of Creole life, with a tropical profusion of color, and with an uprising of slaves and an earthquake. In fact, the simplicity of the tale is scarcely discoverable under such a covering of language. — Brushes and Chisels, by Teodoro Serrao. (Lee & Shepard.) A story of artist life in Rome, with an opening which seems to promise rose leaves, and a close which is deadly nightshade. — The Broughton House, by Bliss Perry. (Scribners.) Mr. Perry has set himself a difficult task, and apparently has restricted himself deliberately for the sake of securing artistic force and concentrated effect. He has taken four persons, — a woman and three men, — set them down, as it were, on the porch of an ordinary village inn, and watched them as they played their little drama, which, moving sluggishly at first, gains headway, and turns out to be a tragedy. An artist, who is a selfish fellow, has married a country girl with half-developed nature. A rich manufacturer, loafing at the tavern, and a country school-master, fumbling about for his destiny, complete the quartette. The artist means to slink away from his wife, whom he regards as a dead weight, and betake himself to Europe. The manufacturer means to get possession of the deserted wife for his own base ends. The school-master makes out the situation, is at first lost in the swamp of his own uncertain mind, but finally gets upon firm ground, and both receives inspiration from the woman and communicates resolution to her. She, poor woman, brave enough to resist evil, but not brave enough to live, drowns herself at the culminating point, and precipitates a horror upon the reader, who has been growing uneasy,

but is not quite prepared for this catastrophe. The general design of the book is fairly well conceived, but Mr. Perry has not sufficient skill to make his persons and scenes really significant. There is too much that is *sub-audited*, and too many trivialities, which he fails to charge with force. As a consequence, the reader feels too strongly the contrast between the external story and the interior spiritual plot; the former does not sufficiently reveal the latter. In his attempt, also, at naturalness, Mr. Perry is often dull and uninteresting. His book goes to sleep too often. Nevertheless, his attempt, though it has failed, seems to indicate that he is on the right track. At any rate, he does not fall into the too common vice of such writers, of laying upon very ordinary incidents too solemn a responsibility. — One Man's Struggle, by George W. Gallagher. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The one man is a conscientious clergyman who left a country village to take charge of a church in a manufacturing town. He attacked the evils of intemperance, thereby alienating the wealthy members of the congregation, and, though he increased the spiritual efficiency of his church, was asked to resign, at the very moment when he was dying at home of heart disease. The book records with fidelity to easily imagined facts the history of such a man. The author has not over-much skill as a story-teller, but his earnestness and apparently his experience enable him to give a matter-of-fact reality to his story. — Were they Sinners? by Charles J. Bellamy. (Authors' Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass.) Quite so, and rather miserable sinners too. — Armored of Lyonesse, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) A romance with a very romantic heroine, who does in private life all the opportune and benevolent deeds which the fairy godmother does in the story-book. Mr. Besant has written an entertaining tale, but one has to put one's judgment in his pocket. —

How a Husband Forgave, by Edgar Fawcett. (Belford Co.) He was an adulterer, and she knew it. So she became an adulteress, and he knew it. Then he had several pages of prostration, and forgave her. They went abroad, and came back happy. That is the story. — The Lady with the Camellias, by Alexandre Dumas fils. (Belford Co.) — With the Best Intentions, a Midsummer Episode, by Marion Harland. (Scribners.) A somewhat angular piece of light writing, having for its theme the growth of a bit of scandal under the fostering care of a meddlesome woman or two, with a satisfactory explosion at the end, in which the cultivators of the scandal are sufficiently damaged. — Cypress Beach, by W. H. Babcock. (The Author, Washington.) An unnatural, violent story, with some slight claim to attention, but deficient in those qualities which go to make up a really strong and effective story of supernaturalism. — Lee & Shepard have begun a Good Company Series in paper covers, to contain popular books, presumably, published by them in more expensive form. The second of the series is *In Trust*, by Amanda M. Douglas.

History. Outlines of Jewish History. From B. C. 586 to C. E. 1890. With three maps. By Lady Magnus; revised by M. Friedländer. (Jewish Publication Society of America.) The reader will pause over the title-page, and note, if he has not seen it before, the formula Christian Era, in place of the customary Year of our Lord. His attention will next be directed to the author's statements regarding the Saviour, and the birth of Christianity, which, like Renan, she refers to Paul of Tarsus. It is interesting to note how an educated Jewess, living in the midst of Christians, treats such subjects, and it is not often that one has the opportunity thus to put himself by the side of the modern Jew. Again, he will read with great interest the narrative of Jewish life in North America, and the account given of the relations maintained between Jews and Christians. The body of the book is taken up, of course, with a history of the struggle of the Jew in the development of European history. The entire work is one of great interest; it is written with moderation, and yet with a fine enthusiasm for the great race which is set before the reader's mind. We notice that Lady Magnus treats of the conversion of Jews to Christianity. She records but a single instance of the reverse, and this instance was not accredited. — The Story of Russia, by W. R. Morfill, is an addition to The Story of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) A business-like, systematic, and judicious book, which ought to be received gratefully by readers who desire to bring their scattered notions of this most fascinating and

darkly understood nationality into some sort of order. Mr. Morfill frankly avows his interest in the nation and his general sympathy with its evolutionary movement, and he leaves quite untouched that chapter of Russian history over which we are now shuddering. But his book does not profess to give much of a survey of contemporaneous Russia, and is very thin and unsatisfactory in the history of the country just when it becomes especially noteworthy; we mean that which relates to Russia's intervention in modern European politics. It is so good as far as it goes that we wish it went farther. — The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy, by Jacob Burckhardt; translated by S. G. C. Middlemore. (Macmillan.) One ponders a little over the title, but a survey of the contents of the book makes it clear that Dr. Burckhardt is dealing with those aspects of the period of the Renaissance which look to the condition of society. Thus, he treats first of the State as a work of art, a title which is in itself a text; then of the Development of the Individual, of the Revival of Antiquity, of the Discovery of the World and of Man, Society and Festivals, Morality and Religion. The work is possibly more learned than Symonds's book; it abounds in incisive passages and what may be called the epigrams of scholarship; and though somewhat close reading and not wholly luminous, it is a very striking presentation of the subject. A good example of learning, high and dry, tempered by unconscious humor, is the suggestion in a footnote: "A thorough history of flogging among the Germanic and Latin races, treated with some psychological power, would be worth volumes of dispatches and negotiations. A modest beginning has been made by Lichtenberg, *Vermischte Schriften*, V. 276-283." — The French Revolution, by Justin H. McCarthy. In two volumes. Vol. I. (Harpers.) Mr. McCarthy, who is a son of the McCarthy, carries his narrative in this volume as far as the destruction of the Bastille. His book is part history, part essay. A good deal of it reads as if it might have been first used in the form of magazine articles, which should not tax the mind too severely, even as they did not cost the writer too close study. We confess that we do not see much historic insight in this work; little more than the easy performance of a tolerably well-educated man dealing lightly with a great subject. — The Civil War on the Border, by Wiley Britton. (Putnams.) The secondary title of this book describes its contents: A Narrative of Operations in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory during the Years 1861-62, based upon the Official Reports of the Federal Commanders Lyon, Sigel, Sturgis, Frémont, Halleck, Curtis, Schofield,

Blunt, Herron, and Totten, and of the Confederate Commanders McCulloch, Price, Van Dorn, Hindman, Marmaduke, and Shelby. It should be added that the author supplements his study by his personal observation, since he was in the field himself. It is almost purely a military narrative, and it is written with moderation and with evident desire for fairness and accuracy. There is little express judgment of men, but in a quiet way the author makes us feel his respect for General Lyon and his small regard for General Lane. — *The Jews under Roman Rule*, by W. D. Morrison (Putnams), is a pleasantly written volume in *The Story of the Nations Series*, covering a period of about three hundred years, from B. C. 164 to A. D. 135. The destruction of the Jews as a nation is the central fact about which the book is grouped, and the writer, who has a good eye for large movements, helps the reader greatly by not losing sight of the epochs included in his survey. The details are abundant, but they do not interfere with the perspective.

Travel. *Adventures in the Great Forest of Equatorial Africa, and the Country of the Dwarfs*, by Paul Du Chaillu. (Harpers.) This is a condensation of Du Chaillu's former books, and is brought out now to remind readers that the discoveries for which the world is cheering Stanley were already made a generation ago by this intrepid and lively traveler. It is a pity that the book has not a map, with lines to show Stanley's various routes, since in this case the comparison would have been an interesting one. Mr. Du Chaillu's powers of entertainment have been supposed to draw discredit on his veracity. We only wish all accepted truth-tellers were as entertaining. No one can read this book, besides, without discovering how genuinely humane is the vivacious traveler. — *In and Out of Central America, and Other Sketches and Studies of Travel*, by Frank Vincent. (Appleton.) Mr. Vincent's travels in Central America were rapid, but he is a trained observer, and his book gives a good notion of external features. His trip was along the Pacific coast only; other papers in the volume relate to the far east. — *A Social Departure, how Orthodoxy and I went round the world by ourselves*, by Sara Jeannette Duncan. (Appleton.) A lively sketch of travel, in the East chiefly, with bright vignette illustrations. The necessity of keeping up the liveliness is something of a strain upon the author, and one murmurs to himself now and then, "Mark Twain in skirts;" but the world does look a little different to two women traveling by themselves from what it does to "others of a similar age," and this book may well be married to some of the more serious works covering the same field.

— *European Days and Ways*, by Alfred E. Lee. (Lippincott.) The writer appears to have been United States consul at Frankfurt or some other German city. The earlier part of his book is a record of impressions received by a resident. Later he records impressions received when traveling in Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Austria. There is a commendable plainness in the narrative, and an intelligent appreciation of the subjects likely to attract a reader.

Books for Young People. *The Nursery Alice*, containing twenty colored enlargements from Tenniel's Illustrations to Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, with text adapted to nursery readers, by Lewis Carroll. (Macmillan.) The colors may make the book more instantaneously interesting to small eyes, but Tenniel's delicate creations do not gain by the transformation. We demur a little, also, when asked to believe that the Alice of fame can be made to eat of any stalk which will minify the book satisfactorily for children of five. Some of that age will take to the original easily. Let others have the real Alice as a *bonne bouche* of the future. To tell the honest truth, Alice in Wonderland is the possession of the grown-up child. Its nonsense is his nonsense, and its fine shades of fun are extra-juvenile.

Poetry and the Drama. London, and Other Poems, by Slack-Davis. (J. B. Weldin & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.) A small volume of serious poems by a man of education. The spirit is reserved and thoughtful, and the lines are not unmusical, but the mind is not taken captive by the verse. — *May Blossoms*, by Lillian. (Putnams.) The verses of a child of seven. The ear of the little singer is good; she has caught poetical tunes as some children catch and repeat music or song on the instrument. There are some happy childish phrases, also. But the wonder at the child's facility does not lessen our wonder at the indiscretion of the child's guardians. — *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes, together with the Rhyme of the Border War*, by Thomas Brower Peacock. (Putnams.) The reader must not skip the fac-similes of the letters of Matthew Arnold, which Mr. Peacock solemnly affirmed him "to the revision and reprinting of all former publications in this book." The good-natured and conscientious critic, when asked for his opinion, may well study these documents and ponder the lesson contained therein. — *The Pleroma, a Poem of the Christ*, by Rev. E. P. Chittenden. (Putnams.) The unlearned reader may be told that the title of this book is Englished in the ninth verse of II. Colossians as the Fulness. Mr. Chittenden is a naturalist. He is also enamored of scientific and odd words, and his pages are studded with such

brilliant as ichthyic, imbricate, lenticle, gas-teropods, carpellate, sessile, quadrifurcate, and like charming dactyls and, so to speak, pterodactyls. The enthusiasm with which he chases his subject through the Bible and nature is wonderful, and as he leaps ever so many five-barred gates on the way one would think he would tire before the end; but there is no appearance of faintness to the close of this astounding book, with its fusillade of italics and small capitals.

Economics and Sociology. Principles of Economics, by Alfred Marshall. Vol. I. (Macmillan.) Mr. Marshall treats the apparent intrusion of ethics into the domain of economics very cleverly when he says in his preface: "It is held that the Laws of Economics are statements of tendencies expressed in the indicative mood, and not ethical precepts in the imperative. Economic laws and reasonings, in fact, are merely a part of the material which Conscience and Common-sense have to turn to account in solving practical problems, and in laying down rules which may be a guide in life." But he admits tacitly that the position of economists has been altered by the attack from the ethical side, for he adds: "In the present book, normal action is taken to be that which may be expected, under certain conditions, from the members of an industrial group; and no attempt is made to exclude the influence of any motives, the action of which is regular, merely because they are altruistic." It is a gain when economists cease to regard man merely as a producing, or absorbing, or exchanging animal, and Mr. Marshall shows in the attitude he takes throughout his work that he is fully alive to the greater plasticity of economic laws as due to the pliability of human nature. The book is delightful reading to one who has been impatient with the more arid treatment of economics, and yet recognizes the limitations of the field, for it is made interesting by a wide inclusion of subjects perfectly apposite, yet not often taken into full account, such as the effect of systems of education on labor, the advantages and disadvantages of large firms, colonization, and similar incidental subjects. The educated man will find in the work an agreeable enlargement of his conception of many familiar themes. — Wheelbarrow: Articles and Discussions on the Labor Question. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A number of papers signed "Wheelbarrow" have appeared in *The Open Court*, and are here collected into a volume, prefaced by an interesting autobiographic sketch, which tells all but the author's name. It takes little ingenuity, though, to discover that, especially

with his portrait for a frontispiece. The papers are random shots, which sometimes hit the mark and sometimes miss it. — *The Conflicts of Capital and Labor*, historically and economically considered; being a History and Review of the Trade Unions of Great Britain, showing their origin, progress, constitution, and objects, in their varied political, social, economical, and industrial aspects. By George Howell. (Macmillan.) This is a second, revised edition of a work which in its first form appeared twelve years ago. Electricians and mayors of Western cities are accustomed to boast of the speed with which their achievements make ancient history of a decade, but there is progress also in the movement of the great wave of labor. Trade unions are no longer regarded as the device of the worst elements in the community to secure control of wealth. Indeed, the right to combine has passed so far into a duty, in the regard of many, that the right to refrain from combination demands champions. Mr. Howell's material is almost exclusively British, and it would be interesting to compare English conditions with American. — *First Mohawk Conference on the Negro Question*. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows has reported in full the interesting discussions which were held at this conference in June, 1890, touching such questions as Industrial Schools, Home Life of the Negroes, the Negro's View of the Race Question, the Negro Citizen in the New American Life. The earnestness and the practical character of the discussions, which were engaged in by many men and women who are experimenters, and not merely scholars, make the report very different from the customary perfunctory documents of societies.

Theology and Philosophy. Boston Unitarianism, a Study of the Life and Work of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. (Putnam's.) A delightful book for all who are in any way familiar with the Boston which it preserves; for Mr. Frothingham, with a happy disregard of mere formal book-making, has filled this sketch of his father and the group to which he belonged with numberless charming details. He had so thoroughly discussed the fuller subject to which Boston Unitarianism is related in previous writings that he could afford to take his ease in this affectionate, sympathetic study. Those who have no personal association with the theme, but have an interest in the religious and literary movement which made Boston famous in the second quarter of this century will find this book throwing a good deal of oblique light.